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Preface by
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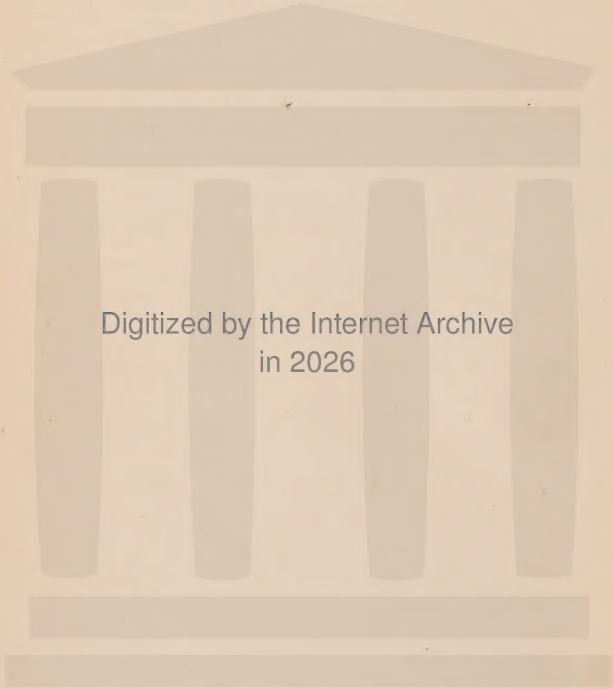

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STATUE OF ST. ALBAN IN THE ABBEY.

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HISTORIC LINKS

Topographical Aids to the Reading of History

BY

D. L. MAGUIRE, L.L.A.

LATE ASSISTANT MISTRESS AT THE S. W. LONDON COLLEGE

WITH A PREFACE BY

HUBERT HALL

of H.M. Public Record Office, F.S.A., Director of the Royal Historical Society, Vice-President of the Historical Association, Foreign Member of the American Antiquarian Society, etc., etc.

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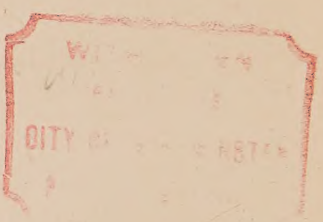

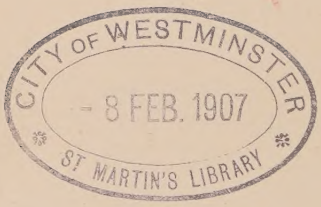

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PREFACE

WHEN a busy worker is asked to write a few words by way of Preface to some book in which he has professed an interest, he may usually hope to excuse himself by a general plea of incompetence or a special plea of over-work. In the present case either of these excuses might have been offered with perfect sincerity, but neither would have commended itself to my former student, whose faith is great, or to my publishers of old whose requirements in the matter of space are not exacting. Moreover having privately expressed my firm conviction that there was room, even in the present crowded region of historical literature, for this modest little work, I could scarcely refuse to publish my opinion when an opportunity presented itself. With these excuses for an unwonted egotism I will address myself to my appointed task.

It would not be difficult to show that in the present day the demand for "culture-books" dealing with the social aspects of our national history is well maintained. Indeed, without disparagement of any living writer, it might be thought that the supply is unequal to the demand, in quantity and quality alike. The vast output, during recent years, of published Records and other original materials, if it has not yet affected the historical ideals of our younger students, is beginning to influence the methods of their teachers. The new generation of history graduates, men and women who follow the career of teachers in secondary schools and private families, have felt the meaning of historical research and demand a standard of historical literature far above the level of the complacent studies pursued by their predecessors.

Now for these, and for their more proficient pupils, there is prepared, as we well know, an endless choice of books in the shape of new Political and Constitutional Histories of England, Histories of Modern Europe and divers weighty works of reference in the departments of Social and Economic History and Archæology. But these books are not for the very young, and the compilations that are based on them in turn do not exactly appeal to the imagination. For intellectual stimulus and relaxation, failing the historical novel of our golden youth and the historical drama of our poorer middle-age, we need some dispensation from historical routine; something that will combine the curious learning of the *Merchant and the Friar* with the subtle literary charm of the *Cameos from English History;* some literary device or illusion of art whereby the bones of saints and kings, the ruins of abbeys and palaces may for a brief while take their former shapes. Then in that rosy twilight of the young, when playtime wanes, and new tasks do not invite, the "culture-book" will begin to work its spell.

But there is another aspect of the "culture-book," and it is here that my own personal interest in Miss Maguire's historical and literary method supervened. The culture-book may be scholarly, and it is sure to be "improving," but it frequently lacks a distinct purpose. It does not always present to the British or Colonial child a picture of the national life as well as a version of the national history.

To one who long ago was thrilled by Palgrave's daring medley, and who can still remember the lessons taught by Charlotte Yonge, these *Links with the Past* appealed by reason of the earnest purpose displayed on every page. Moreover this is not only a book worth reading, but one that allows itself to be read; and when such books have become more widely used in English schools and English homes we should feel fewer pangs of conscience when we make our rare pilgrimages to those historic shrines which would seem to have been preserved for the especial gratification of American and Continental visitors.

HUBERT HALL.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

It may be helpful to any who will use this little book if I state briefly its aim and purpose. It is intended, not so much to teach history, as to help the child to realise the facts he has already learned, and thus to arouse in his mind a greater interest in the past. The places described are chosen for the sake of their historical associations, and are so arranged as to illustrate successive periods of English history. The book may therefore be used as supplementary to the ordinary history lesson, being read aloud either by the children themselves or by the teacher to the pupils, with frequent pauses for the answering of questions. In giving similar lessons to the lower and middle forms of schools, it has been found that when the children had prepared beforehand answers to a few simple questions bearing on the period of study, their interest in the subject was greatly increased.

In some of the chapters the periods necessarily overlap; but often many interesting facts about the place are left untold (or are given later on), so as to avoid confusion in the child's mind, and to let a few main facts stand out clearly. In "The Home of St. Wystan," however, the story is carried down through the centuries so as to bring out the main thought—*viz:* that of "continuity"—the link between past and present.

I am glad to take this opportunity of acknowledging my

great indebtedness to Mr. Hubert Hall for having kindly looked through the proof-sheets of this book, as well as for his advice on various points. My thanks are also due to the Rev. F. C. Hipkins for allowing me to use the frontispiece to his book, "Repton and its Neighbourhood;" and to Mr. William Page, F.S.A., for suggestions received from him. The word pictures at the end of Chapter I. were suggested by somewhat similar descriptions in Mr. R. Grove Lowe's "Roman Theatre at Verulum," 1848.

D. L. M.

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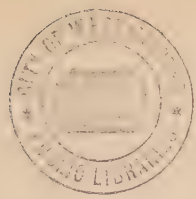
PART I.—ROMAN BRITAIN



CHAPTER I

A City of the Past

Is it not sometimes rather difficult to "make real" to ourselves the events we read about in history? The people who were concerned in them lived so long ago that we almost forget that they were men and women like those we see around us now. And yet it does not matter that they dressed differently, or even that their customs and ideas are strange to us; in all the most important things they really were the same. They loved, they were sad or merry just as we are; some were born to rule, others were obliged to work hard; home and country, freedom, religion were dear to them as they are to us.

But as it often is hard to feel that this is true, I want you to come with me in fancy to some places in this old England of ours which will help us to picture the great events of the every-day life of the past. Then, when you really go to see these land-marks of history, as I hope you will, you will understand their deeper meaning. For all such historic spots should be links between us, who live to-day, and those old dim centuries of long ago, when Great Britain, as we know it now, was being built up bit by bit by the thoughts and deeds of the men who have gone before us.

1. The River Walk

We are on the outskirts of a large town whose chief beauty lies in its great Abbey Church with massive square tower and long line of nave; it stands on a hill, and can be seen from a distance rising grandly over the red roofs of the houses which cluster about and below it. It is one of those calm, beautiful days we sometimes get in October, and, as we cross the meadows, by way of a footpath which leads down the slope, we feel the joy of the autumn sunshine, and wonder at the rich hues of russet and yellow mingled with green that make the trees so glorious. Our path is strewn with fallen leaves, and overhead a bird sings in clear mellow notes a song of quiet content; while the Abbey bells ring out a quaint chime over the meadows. The path leads us into a lane, turning round by a very ancient looking house, half-timbered, and with pointed roof. Further on we come to some mills and a little bridge crossing the stream which flows south of the town. Once across, we notice that there is a dip in the ground; then it rises again sharply, forming a causeway above the fields on each side. We follow this path till we come to a gate leading into the woods; how beautiful the trees are in their changing autumn dress! Now look, on our right is a crumbling wall; notice it carefully, for it is of great age, and perhaps it has a story of its own to tell us. It is partly grown over with ivy and climbing shrubs, but where it peeps through here and there we can see that it is built up partly of rough flints welded together by a kind of concrete, partly of red tiles or bricks ranged in regular lines. If we look down from the other side of the causeway we see a deep and wide

ditch, or rather what was once a ditch, but is now a green wooded dell.

We have gone some distance along this straight path, when we find it ended by a little gate leading out into the road. Shall we pass through, and turn to the right, where the ditch seems to be continued? It seems to be a very ordinary road, bounded by trees and fields; never mind, we will go on and explore a little further. We are going down hill now; then up again; and now I think I spy a little gate and a stile beside it, leading into a field. "Do let us climb over, and go back by this way to the town," you say. So we will, only first let us rest for a moment, sitting on the stile, for just at this spot we have a splendid view of the Abbey Church on the hill above the river. How grand the great tower looks from here, with the noon-day sunshine bringing out the deep rich red of its colouring! Now we climb over into the field and follow the path that runs down the slope by the side of a hedge. All around and in front of us are fields and grassy meadows, and as we go on, we see through the trees a square church tower and the red roofs of cottages.

Yes, all this is here to be seen. Shall I surprise you if I say that besides all this there is more, far more, which you cannot see? Close by, almost under our very feet, perhaps, lie wonderful things you would never suspect, hidden away from our eyes. This path we are walking on was once a wide paved road, trodden by thousands of feet. Over there close to the church, near where the vicarage stands with its garden, men have dug, and have found the foundations of walls, chambers, bases of columns, and pavements of mosaic in different patterns and colours—red, blue, yellow and so on. There is a field further away to the left called the Black

Grounds, (most likely because the soil there has been found to be mixed with blackened stones and charcoal,) where the remains of a whole building have been found; more of the tesselated or chequered pavement, and parts of the wall, sometimes painted in fresco in colours as clear and distinct as ever. Often in the meadows round here men have found ancient coins, dim and discoloured, but with a story of their own to tell. Pottery has been dug up; vases, jugs, basins of the rough, unglazed kind, as well as of a better sort, beautifully moulded with figures of birds, leaves, and hunting-scenes in relief. Sometimes when men are ploughing in the fields, they turn up fragments of red tile or bits of mosaic; or they may even lay bare the surface of red and white pavement, so near it is in places to the upper soil. One day in the glebe land belonging to this church close by, a dead cherry tree was to be uprooted; when the labourers tried to dig up the roots, they found the were closely entwined in a piece of ancient wall below the ground. That led to further excavation (or "digging out,") and some of the interesting discoveries were made which I have described to you. But the land was wanted for grass, so the walls and beautiful pavements were carefully covered up again. That is why we cannot see any of these things; yet there they are, hidden away in the dark earth, telling us of a city that once, many centuries ago, stood on this site. Now it is dead and cold and silent; then it was out in the open air and sunshine, and living men and women thronged its streets and lived in its houses.

St. Michael's Church, which we are now passing, is very old indeed, yet not nearly as ancient as the city over which it is built. Some of the tombs in the churchyard are also

very old, and the wooden tablets which mark the resting-places of the poorer folk lean this way and that, as if they had been put there a long time ago. Under this sacred ground too are relics of the past, for often the sexton, while digging a grave, has felt his spade strike against something hard which told him he could not penetrate further in that direction.

We go down the village street, noticing, as we pass, the quaint gabled houses with red roofs, and come now to a bridge and a little pond. The prettiest walk back to the town, however, is through a gate and along the field path which leads us by the side of the little river. It is very peaceful here, and the trees that hang over the water on the opposite bank are beautiful in their autumn colouring. Here, where we stand between the new city and the old—the visible and the invisible—shall I read you the riddle of those mysterious findings in the meadows?

2. The British Stronghold

Nearly two thousand years ago this same river was here. Just about the place where we are now walking it overflowed its banks and formed a great lake. There was no town, and of course no Abbey, on the hill over yonder beyond the trees. But on this side, I cannot tell you exactly where, only that perhaps it was among the meadows where we have been, there was a collection of rude huts, thatched with straw, and with walls made of wood, mud, or stones loosely put together. They were protected by an earth-work and ditch on three sides; the river and the marsh were sufficient defence on the fourth. What people owned these rough dwellings? You will guess, I think,

that they were the Britons, that Celtic race which inhabited our island long before our English forefathers made their appearance on our shores. It will not surprise you, then, that nobody should be able to tell us exactly how long ago it was that these people made their stronghold so near this spot; it may have been many years before the day came on which they were to receive a rude shock. There had been rumours for some time of the approach of an invading Roman army, led by the great general Julius Cæsar; and Cassivellaunus, the chief of the Cassii, as the Britons in this part of the country were called, had gone out with his chariots to harass the march of the enemy. Cæsar himself tells us how terrible these Britons looked in battle, with their long hair, and their skin dyed a blue colour; some people think this means that they were tattooed. He says, too, how skilful the drivers were in managing their chariots. These were like narrow two-wheeled carts, and were drawn by small horses; the wheels seem to have been very high. Two men were in the chariot with the driver, who was very expert in turning the horses suddenly, or in stopping them. Sometimes, if they made a breach in the enemy's line, the warriors would spring down from the chariot, rush in, and fight on foot. The Romans found this kind of warfare new, and difficult to contend with.

But in spite of this, and of the trouble it must have given them to find a way through the thick forest with which most of the country was covered, the Romans did succeed in reaching the camp on the river. We know from Cæsar's account that not only was it protected by forests and marshes, but by a wall and a ditch, as I have told you. Many of the Britons had taken refuge here. Cæsar, with his

legionaries, attacked the place on two sides; he does not tell us from which quarter, or whether he crossed the river and marsh by the causeway. The Britons, armed with axes, and swords of bronze or iron, held out for some time, but they could not long withstand the rush of the disciplined Roman soldiers, protected by their heavy mail and round shields. They gave way at last, and broke forth at different points of their camp, attempting to escape; many were slain in the pursuit, and the stronghold was taken. You who are learning Latin can read all this for yourselves in the pages of the great general himself; I suppose it never occurred to him to think that future inhabitants of the barbarous island would ever do so. At any rate, you can find out there how Cassivellaunus promised to pay tribute, and how it was that the Romans withdrew for the time, and returned to Gaul, leaving behind them in the hearts of the natives a great fear lest they should some day return.

Well, you know that they *did* come back, this time to conquer the country, and to stay during a long period; but not till nearly a century afterwards. All this time the Britons were learning more of civilization from their neighbours the Gauls, with whom they carried on a good deal of trade; and in that way they would come into contact with the Romans, to whom Gaul (that is, our modern France) belonged. Do we know anything about Britain in the interval between Cæsar's invasion and that under the Emperor Claudius in A.D. 43? Not much from books, for the Britons of those days did not write any history of their own. But you remember I told you how coins—of gold, silver, copper—have been found on or near the site of this British stronghold. Some of these belong to the time of this interval, and bear the name of the king who ruled over the

Cassii after the days of Julius Cæsar, and about the time of the birth of our Lord far away in Palestine. "Tascio" is the name clearly to be read on some of these coins; that is short for Tasciovanus. The word *Ver* or *Verlam* is sometimes stamped on the coin too, so you see we know the name of the place even in those early days; the coins were minted here, and many of the same kind have been found in other parts of England. That seems to show that Tasciovanus was a powerful king, and that his coins were current over a large district. Here is a description of one very fine gold coin which has the name of Tasciovanus upon it; it was found not very far from here. There is a picture on it of a horseman in full gallop; he wears armour, and seems to have a crown on his head, and holds a curiously shaped trumpet in his hand—the "carnyx" or Celtic war trumpet. Tasciovanus is supposed to have died about A.D. 5; he had a son, Cunobeline, who reigned over the Trinobantes in the East as well as over the Cassii, and whose capital was at Colchester. Shakespeare, in one of his plays, calls him "Cymbeline," and makes him refuse to pay the tribute to Rome which Cassivellanus had promised. But the only *true* history about him is told on his coins. Some have his name and his father's both stamped on them; this may mean that they reigned jointly for a time. Here is one made of copper, which you may see any day in the British Museum; I give it as an instance, though it was found in another part of England. There is a warrior on one side, fully armed, and wearing something like a kilt; he has a plumed helmet on his head, and carries a spear and a circular shield. On the other side of the coin we see represented a horseman of a much more barbarous type—wearing no clothes, and brandishing a dart in his right hand, while on

his left arm he holds a large shield, oval in shape. We can tell from these coins that armour was certainly well known to the Britons, but that it was not always worn. Other devices found, besides horses and horsemen, engraved on pieces of money, are wild boars, bulls, and so on. I have seen too some tiny coins, smaller than farthings, that were struck at Verlamio or Verulam, and which belong to the time of Cunobeline.

3. The Roman City

Now it seems that it was only a very few years after the death of this king that Britain was again invaded by the Romans (A.D. 43), this time under a general named Aulus Plautius, and was really brought under their dominion. Once again the Cassii on the river Ver heard with terror of the approach of a Roman army, and were compelled to yield to the conquering legions. Here we come to a new chapter in the history of Verulam ; so far we have seen only a rude village of huts, fortified in the usual British way. Now, in the Roman period, perhaps not exactly on the same site, but very near it, we see the rise of a strong city, guarded by walls and gates. The first Roman Verulamium, indeed, must have been destroyed in that terrible uprising of the Britons against their new masters, which was led, as you know, by the heroic Queen of the Iceni, Boadicea. You have the picture of her in your mind, have you not, as she is generally described, riding in her chariot ? A tall, stately woman, with yellow hair flowing from under her helmet over a collar of gold. At first she was victorious, and she it was who laid waste Verulamium, putting to the sword a great number of the Roman inhabitants. But at last, we

know, her army was put to rout by the conquerors of the world, whom no one could long withstand, and she herself took poison rather than allow herself to be taken captive.

The new Verulamium, that arose out of the ruins of the first, is the city we want to picture for ourselves now. We look back over the sunlit fields and meadows, so quiet and peaceful now-a-days, and wonder whether our knowledge is great enough, or our fancy strong enough, to call up from the past that city whose foundations lie buried under the soil. To do so, even very feebly, we must summon to our aid not only what the Roman writers themselves tell us of their cities, but the labours of many scholars and the discoveries that have been made both on this spot and elsewhere. We begin with what we have ourselves seen.

You remember when we had crossed the little river and were walking on the causeway, which still rises above the surrounding fields, we saw a fragment of ruined wall? That is a bit of the wall that ran right round the whole of the city, defending it north, south, east and west. It was twelve feet thick and about twenty feet high. We have seen the flints, and the red tiles arranged in regular rows above, that form its structure; the bricks are not quite like ours, for not only are they longer and broader, but thinner, too, and much harder. There may still be seen, behind the Abbey in the new town over there, the remains of the clay pits where the Romans found the materials for their bricks, and where they burnt them, and made them hard and strong enough to last for thousands of years. They understood the use of mortar, though the Britons did not until they learnt it from their conquerors, and they used it in their building. Outside the wall was a deep fosse, or ditch: this was only wanted on three sides, as on the north-east,

where the river is, you know there was a wide-spreading lake which most likely reached right up to the city wall. The meadows that stretch to-day between the river and the site of Verulam represent the bed of this lake, and Fishpool Street in the town over there keeps its memory. You remember looking down from the path into the fosse, do you not? It was like a wood, and there were beeches there, still keeping their summer dress of clear green. Where we came to the end of the woods, and turned to the right along the road, we were walking along the south-west boundary of Verulam. "And the stile, where we climbed over into the field?" you ask. Why, just at that place was one of the city gates, and we entered by the Camlet Way, the road that ran across Verulam from one side to the other. This was crossed by the Roman road called Watling Street, which you know ran from London to Chester; its course through the city can be partly traced even now by a line of trees, which you may have noticed on the right before we reached St. Michael's. We touched the site of the north wall and gate before we had got out of St. Michael's village; soon after we turned to the right by the river-side. That gives us some idea of the breadth of the city; as to its circumference—well, we have not walked so far as to get half way round it, so you see it must have extended a good deal further than we have seen. In shape it was not a square, though it had four sides, but roughly oblong, as its length was greater than its breadth. Its chief streets were built on a regular plan, as were those of most Roman cities; running side by side, or parallel with each other, and crossed again by others. The heart of the city was the market-place, called the *Forum;* this was where the citizens met, and where most of the business of the town

went on. You must imagine a great open space, with the public buildings ranged around it; on one side the *Basilica*, or Hall of Justice, where cases were tried, and which would be sure to be a large and magnificent erection, supported on great pillars. Most likely there would be several temples, dedicated to the Roman gods, as well as public baths, and a colonnade would run right round the whole of the space, forming a pleasant sauntering place on a summer evening.

If we look at a plan of Verulam as it is now, only with the outline of the ancient city marked on it, we see that the centre of the whole would be not far from the present St. Michael's church. And this is just where I told you that tesselated pavements have been found, and bases of pillars, perhaps of the colonnade or of the Basilica. You can see plenty of these fragments of tesselated work in the British Museum; if you look closely at it, you will notice that it is made up of small stones of different colours fitted exactly together, and forming various patterns and designs. They were laid close together in a bed of plaster. One of the little cubes would be called a tessela or "tessera," a word which comes from the Greek word for "four." Here then, it is thought, was the Forum. What a busy scene it must have presented nearly two thousand years ago, when Romans of all ranks, as well as natives of the country dressed in their tunics and trousers of thick cloth, striped and chequered in bright colours, thronged the open space! Imagine the chaffering at the stalls in the market, magistrates and nobles of high degree carried by in their litters by slaves, perhaps on their way to the Basilica, knights wearing tunic and white toga, or cloaks fastened with brooches made of precious stones. Verulam was a

city of importance, you see, for it had the great privilege of being a *municipium;* all born within its walls, Romans or Britons, were free citizens of the empire. Most of the streets we may think of as narrow, lined with the shops of the bakers, wine-sellers, and others; the houses plain on the exterior, with few windows, but even the poorest adorned with paintings within.

Not far from the Forum, (you remember the "Black Grounds" I told you of) was the Theatre. This was a large building, erected on gently sloping ground; its outer walls, formed of flints and tiles, comprised rather more than a half circle ending in a straight wall. Suppose that you and I (in fancy) join the great crowd of citizens who are streaming in at the great entrance to the building. Just within the wall a corridor runs round on either side of us; then come the seats within the semi-circle. In the centre is an open space called the orchestra, and beyond that, opposite the entrance, is the stage. The seats are rapidly filling with people, and we too take our places; it may be that the very great folk will go and sit in the orchestra, where they will have a splendid view of the performance, but I cannot be sure of that, for the space may be wanted for the chorus, if there is one, or for the musicians and dancers. The stage looks a very long way off from where we are sitting, for the theatre is very large, and we wonder whether we shall see anything. There is a curtain, but we think it very odd that it should be at the back of the stage instead of in front of it; well, it is only meant to hide the scene which is painted in the background. Will it be a street, we wonder, a palace, or a wood? While we are waiting for the performance to begin, let us look round at the beautiful building, with its columns of stone. There are exquisite frescoes painted on

the walls around; red and blue are the colours most used, though there are others as well. "But how will these paintings stand the damp climate of Britain?" you say; "surely the artist forgot that this country is not like sunny Italy." (I believe too that there is no roof over our heads in this theatre, though just now there may be an awning stretched across to protect us from the sun or rain). No, the paintings will last, never fear, and I will tell you why. Before the artist began his frescoes, the walls were all plastered over with mortar, perhaps the pink kind made of crushed or pounded tiles, and the surface made perfectly smooth and even. Over this was laid a very thin coat of the finest white mortar, and while this was still wet, the mineral water-colours used by the painter were put on. They dried together with the mortar, and are preserved by it.

If we get tired of looking at the beauties of the building, we have plenty to interest us in our neighbours. There are probably many types and races represented here, and many kinds of dress: genuine Romans, with dark hair and eyes and strong profiles, Britons of tall stature and fair skin, though mingling among them are men smaller in figure and more swarthy of complexion; there may be fair-haired Germans, too, serving as soldiers under the Empire. Roman officials and nobles will wear the tunic of white woollen cloth, its purple stripes showing their high rank, with the white toga draped carefully over it; and because this is a colder climate they may have a brightly coloured cloak round their shoulders. The women we see are clothed with a long garment reaching to the feet, with a wrap called the *palla* thrown over it: they wear veils and a great many ornaments. Some of the natives are evidently copying Roman fashions, but many still wear the dress of thick

woolly felt, dyed in the gayest of colours and in patterns rather like what we call tartans. They love ornaments of all sorts; you can see that by their enamelled brooches—red, blue, and green—which, indeed, the Romans seem to be wearing too. There is a great buzz of talking all round us; everyone, of course, is eager to see the play, and, as it is a new amusement to the Britons, they are naturally the more excited.

Now at last the curtain goes up. As there is no roof, it is not pulled up from above, but by means of mechanism which is hidden under the stage. The scena, as it is called, is revealed, and the actors emerge from the doors which open from it on to the stage. They wear masks, very large and covering the head and shoulders, and so that they shall not look deformed, they have padded themselves out so as to appear bigger altogether, and have high shoes. The theatre is so large, you see, that to the people sitting or standing behind they do not look any larger than they ought to be.

Well, we can imagine the performance as we like—sad or laughable—most likely the latter, for this would please the people most. Probably there is both music and dancing; and perhaps there are jugglers and clowns, or even a performing bear. When the air of the theatre begins to feel hot and close, we are refreshed by the spraying of sweet scents. But at last all is over, and the great crowds pour out into the streets.

If we want to know what the interior of a Roman house is like, we may as well follow some wealthy citizen to his dwelling. This house is not built on the same plan as the villa he lived in when he was in Rome, or in some other part of Italy. There the rooms were placed around an inner court, and facing into it; and behind this again was a

garden with a colonnade, and round it more rooms. But I suppose that, when the Romans began to build houses over here, they found the climate so different from what they were used to in Italy that they adapted the plan of their dwellings to the new conditions. What they said about the weather in Britain was (for their words have been handed down to us) that there was more rain than snow, and that when it was not raining there was a fog; not a very cheerful account, was it? So they made their rooms in a straight row, and opening into a corridor; that would set them farther back, and give them more warmth. In some large houses, there were several such rows of rooms with corridors, built round three sides of a courtyard. In winter some of the rooms were kept beautifully warm by means of heating-chambers underneath; these were called hypocausts, and from these hot air was conveyed by flues up the walls.

We follow our Roman into his house, built on the larger plan, and find that in its furniture and arrangements, at any rate, it is much the same as it would be in Italy. There are the tesselated pavements again, with many different devices and mythological subjects represented on them. Orpheus taming the wild beasts by the sweet music he draws from his lyre is a very favourite one, and I have seen it suggested that this may have had a bit of sly meaning in it, and was a picture of the way in which the Romans tamed the Britons by giving them fine public buildings, shows, and amusements such as we have just seen in the theatre. Can you fancy one of these tamed Britons, a young dandy, learning to frequent the baths and to dress like the Roman youths, coming in to visit the master of the house and admiring the mosaic? He would be quite innocent of its meaning, of course. He would wonder, as we do, at the

frescoes painted on the walls, (and which, you know, have been really found at Verulam), and if the Roman condescended so far as to invite him to dinner, would be delighted to recline on one of the couches at an exquisitely carved table, arrayed in an easy garment, purple or sky-blue in colour, and partake of many dainty dishes, fruit and cakes, and perhaps even wine from Greece or Italy—this last would be a great luxury. There would be sure to be some vases or vessels in the room of graceful shapes, and made of that so-called Samian ware which has been dug up in such quantities; it is deep red in colour, and has a lustre which we do not find in common pottery. It has raised patterns and figures moulded on the outside—birds, leaves, hunting-scenes, and fighting gladiators. This kind of ware was not manufactured in Britain, but was brought in from abroad. But it would take me too long to tell you of all the wonderful things to be seen in the Roman's house: the lamps, some of bronze, and all of exquisite design and finish; or terrra cotta candlesticks; that lovely little Greek lamp, decorated with vine leaves and grapes. And yet, luxurious as the owner may be, he tells his guest that his villa in Rome is far more beautiful, and that he has treasures of art there which he cannot hope to bring to this out of the way spot.

4. Why the Abbey was Built

I have tried to show you something of ancient Verulam, as it was in the days of the Empire. Before we leave it, I will tell you a story of one of its citizens, through whom the Roman city, though hidden from sight, has never been quite forgotten. The chroniclers of long ago have handed

down the tale to us, and though some of them may have added to it here and there bits of legend which had grown up about this man, still we may take the story as true in the main. Nearly three hundred years had passed since the conquest of Britain, when Alban, a young man of rank, was living in the city of Verulam. He may have lived in one of those corridored houses of which I have told you, surrounded by wealth and luxury. He had been brought up to worship the gods of Rome, but probably, like many other men of his time, he had not much faith in them, and honoured them more out of custom and habit than for any other reason. I think he was trying to do right as far as he knew how, and he must have had a gentle and compassionate heart, for one day he took into his house a stranger, who was fleeing from pursuit, and who had somehow come across his path. Alban seems to have felt at once that this man, who is called in the story Amphibalus, was innocent of any crime; he found out that he was a Christian, and a deacon of the Church, and that for this cause only his life was threatened.

Probably by this time there were a good many Christians in Britain, for long before the year A.D. 304, when these things are said to have happened, the truth of the Gospel had been brought to this country by soldiers or merchants from Rome. So far the little Church had been let alone, but now a cruel persecution, ordered by the Emperor Diocletian, was raging in other parts of the Empire, and some at any rate had to suffer here, though perhaps not many. Alban must have heard about the Christian religion before, but most likely did not know much about it till that day, so important for him, when Amphibalus came to his house, and was given a shelter and a hiding-place. He had not been there long

before Alban began to be attracted towards him by a kind of gentle saintliness of character which so far he had met with in no one else. He wondered why his guest spent so much time in prayer, and to whom he was praying. This is how I imagine their conversations began: Alban would ask the meaning of the cross which Amphibalus carried about with him as his greatest treasure, and so by degrees as they talked together, sometimes far into the night, light broke on the Roman; he understood, and believed, and became a Christian, one writer says, "with his whole heart." All this seems to have happened within a few days; for very soon it became clear to Alban that the house was suspected, and that it was no longer safe for the deacon to stop there. The two men talked it over together, and it ended in Alban's persuading him to make his escape, disguised in a garment belonging to his host, worn only by men of high rank, and richly embroidered with gold. In this dress he could safely pass out through one of the city gates, and make his way toward Wales, where he might find a surer hiding-place. Alban, who now loved and reverenced Amphibalus as his teacher and friend, begged that he would leave him his cloak in exchange for the dress; the deacon did so, and gave him too the cross of which I have spoken. It was very early in the morning, before daybreak, that the two friends parted, never to meet again on earth. "Who, seeing their tears, could himself refrain from weeping?" says one of the chroniclers to whom we owe this story.

Now Alban was left alone, and very soon, as he had feared, a party of soldiers, sent by the governor, came to demand the surrender of Amphibalus. They searched the house (we can fancy the noise and clamour), and at last found only Alban himself, wearing the deacon's cloak, and

prostrate in prayer before the cross which Amphibalus had left him. Perhaps he was praying for courage to be a good soldier of Jesus Christ, for he must have known that he would come under suspicion for hiding a Christian. At any rate he rose up from his prayer brave and strong, and quite ready to go with the soldiers before the judge. But he would not go without the cross, which he carried even in his bound hands, that he might show himself to be a Christian. The judge, together with the assembled people, was about to do sacrifice to the gods, and Alban was commanded to offer incense on the altar; but he refused, in bold words denying the reality of the heathen divinities, or their power to help. The people looked on, and listened breathlessly, for Alban was a man of note, and to hear him confess himself a Christian seemed a sudden and strange thing. "I worship and adore the True and Living God, Who created all things," he declared plainly and boldly, when the judge pressed him with questions. Then he was cruelly scourged, but this did not shake his constancy. Lastly he was led out of the city to die; the soldiers dragged him perhaps over that very causeway that we know, across the river Ver and up the green hill beyond. It was a hot day in June, the grass was carpeted with wild flowers, and here, on this sweet spot, the first of our martyrs suffered, being beheaded by a Roman soldier. Stories of miracles performed by St. Alban, as he came to be called, are intertwined with the record of his death. The river was said to have dried up at the prayer of the martyr, that he might pass over to his death; for the bridge across was crowded with people. The soldier in charge of Alban, whose duty it was to carry out the sentence, was so struck with wonder at this that he threw down his sword, and said that he also

would be a Christian. According to the story, he too suffered as a martyr immediately after Alban--baptized in his own blood, as one old writer says. Other wonders were told which you can some day read for yourself. The story of his death is said to have been inscribed on the wall of the city, and was never forgotten. Not many years after, when all fear of persecution was over, and a Christian Emperor was ruling over the dominions of Rome, a little church was built on the hill, on the spot where St. Alban had been beheaded, and was dedicated to his memory. This church, of course, was built by Roman and British Christians.

And what happened to Verulam? Why is scarcely anything left of it now except what is buried underground? Well, you know from your history lessons that the Roman occupation came to an end about the year A.D. 410, after the legions had been gradually withdrawn to protect Italy itself from barbarian attacks. It is as yet a disputed point among historians how far Roman civilisation continued to influence Britain after military rule had ceased. Certainly a time of confusion must have followed, for there was no central government. The people, however, had got used to living in towns, so that for some time Verulam would have a population, perhaps not altogether British, but still partly foreign.

Now that we have reached the fifth century, and the end of Roman rule in Britain, this chapter might well come to an end; only that then I should not quite have answered the question, "What became of Verulam?" To do this, very briefly, I will show you three pictures of what happened later. Think that they are passing rapidly before you, one after the other.

1st Picture.—A scene of terror and distress. The people

of Verulam have fought their best to defend the city against that horde of fierce warriors, of strange race, fair-haired and blue-eyed, who have suddenly fallen upon them. But in vain, the enemy break in, slaughter the inhabitants, and do their utmost to destroy the beautiful buildings. Pillars are broken down, houses lie in ruins, and the city is left desolate.

2nd Picture.—Great changes have taken place. The ruined city is still there, with its encompassing wall and ditch ; it is uninhabited for the most part. But on the hill across the river where Alban suffered we see now not only a church, but the buildings of a monastery beginning to spread over the meadows between. And where is the great fishpool which in earlier times had been a lake? One of the late abbots over there has had the water drained off, and has turned the bed of the pool into dry land. Surely, too, a town is beginning to grow up around the monastery. Even within the borders of Verulam itself a little church is being built which is to be dedicated to St. Michael. The robbers and lawless men who only lately used to make their dwelling in the underground vaults and passages in the ruins have been driven out, and the country around is at peace.

3rd Picture.—More changes have taken place. We see far less of the ruins of Verulam now. Across the Ver, still flowing peacefully by, there rises a great abbey church as well as the monastery. It does not look at all like the church that stood there before. We wonder most at its massive tower, square in shape, and deep red in colour, for is it not built of the Roman tiles and stones which the new Norman abbot, Paul of Caen, has had brought over from the ruins of Verulam for this very purpose?

That was seven centuries ago ; and here we stand to-day

close to the plank bridge across the Ver, and the silk-mills beside the water. We look across the green meadows where the monastery once lay on the slope of the hill, to the Abbey beyond; it is a Cathedral church now, and has a bishop of its own. There still rises the great tower that Abbot Paul built of Roman bricks, and still the church bears its witness to the memory of our first martyr, for we call it St. Alban's Abbey. The town that in the course of centuries has grown up around it bears the same name—St. Albans. Now we understand the saying which gives the history of the place in rhyme :—

"When Verulam stood
St. Albans was a wood;
Now Verulam's down,
St. Albans is a town."

The two have indeed changed places. The busy town of to-day, called after the martyr, witnesses to the triumph of Alban's faith; while on the other side of the river the glory of heathen Rome lies buried and forgotten.

PART II. SAXON ENGLAND.

CHAPTER II

The Home of St. Wystan

More than 1300 years ago, when the greater part of this England of ours was still covered with forest and marsh, there stood on the high rocky bank of a wide river a Saxon town or village. *Hreopandun* was its name, very likely for the following reason.

During the time that the fierce Angles of whom you have read in history as coming from Germany, were conquering and settling down in the central parts of England, a man named *Hreopa*, leader of his folk, looked about him for some spot where he might fix his home for ever, and chose the *dun* or hill which still bears his name. Sailing up the river in their long ships, Hreopa and his followers had up to that time found no foothold, so thickly the dense forest fringed the northern bank, so low and marshy was the ground on the other side till they came to the spot on which they actually did settle. The river flowing beneath the hill was the Trent of those days. The people who raised the first rude dwellings above the stream looked across it over the fringe of forest and low-lying meadow to where beyond ran the ancient Roman road, called Icknield Street, from London to the north. Behind the village, to the south, stretched a long, low range of thickly-wooded hills. It must

have been a somewhat dreary solitude; apart from the life of the village, there were few sounds to be heard: only the wailing cry of the peewit, flying low over the marshes, the screaming of the wild-fowl, or at night the howling of wolves in the forest. The Marchland or *Mercia* of Saxon England, which was slowly and gradually coming into being, was very different from the peaceful Midland country of to-day. There were no green hedge-rows, or winding canals bordered by stunted willows; as yet there were but few sleepy kine grazing or resting in sun-lit pastures; for much of what is now meadowland was then covered with water, and after heavy rains must have been like some great lake or inland sea. Yet, as time went on, the Anglian settlement of Hreopandun grew and spread, and increased too in importance; for already the chiefs of the Mercian tribe had risen to the dignity of kingship, and the village by the Trent had become their royal seat. We can picture to ourselves the clustering homesteads, each one a little group of buildings, with hall and bower, stables and barns. Each of these homesteads was enclosed by a bank or hedge, and the larger ones were protected by a moat. The women were very busy with cooking, baking, and other household work, besides the spinning and weaving of woollen stuffs; while the men worked on the farm and cared for the cattle that grazed in the pastures. Each villager had too his own strip of ground belonging to the plough-land outside, which he might till for the support of his family. They had to do everything for themselves, you see, and though the men were fierce and cruel in time of war, they were ready enough to settle down to quiet farming when the need of fighting was over. In many ways, though, they still needed civilizing, and, as you know, they were yet a heathen people,

worshipping Woden and Thor, and dreaming of a heaven whose greatest joys would be the fury of battle and the feasting in the mead-hall.

The palace of the Mercian kings was at Hreopandun. Of these, the strongest and most warlike was Penda, the fierce heathen monarch, who for many years carried on a contest with the neighbouring kingdom of Northumbria—each claiming the overlordship over Middle England. Most of all Penda was the great enemy of the Christian faith, which was making its way steadily in other parts of the country. North, South, and East of Penda's kingdom men were submitting gladly to the yoke of Christ, and receiving baptism. Only Mercia remained in heathenism under its fierce, unbending king, who, in his old age, as throughout his whole life, was the champion of the ancient gods against the Christian kings around. Edwin, the great king of Northumbria, and his successor Oswald had both fallen in battle fighting against Penda. Yet, in spite of his victories, Christian influences were at work in his own kingdom, and in his own family. It was natural that the daughter he had married to Alchfrid, son of King Oswy of Northumbria, should accept her husband's faith and become a Christian. But matters went further still. Penda's very son and heir, a young man named Peada, paid a visit to the Northumbrian Court, seeking to win one of Oswy's daughters in marriage. "He should have her," the King said, "if he would become a Christian—but the princess should never wed a pagan." So for her sake first Peada bent his will humbly to learn the new teaching, and Alchfrid, his brother by marriage, undertook to instruct him. We may picture Alchfrid to ourselves, I think, as a noble youth, very real and earnest in his faith, and winning in speech. Very soon,

at any rate, Peada was so drawn to the faith of Christ, that he longed to make it his own; for its own sake, and even if after all he should never be granted his princess in marriage. He was baptized, and returned home a Christian, bringing with him four priests, that they might teach his subjects, the Middle English, whom he ruled under his father. Penda does not seem to have opposed this; perhaps it had begun to dawn upon him that the Cross was stronger than heathenism. His last attack on the Christian kings of Northumbria was in 656, when he met Oswy in battle. This time, however, the Northern kings were victorious, and Penda was slain, dying, as he had lived, a pagan.

Mercia was now for a time subject to Northumbria; south of the Trent, where, as you know, Hreopandun was situated, Peada ruled indeed, but still owning Oswy's overlordship. Now that stern old king Penda was dead, there was no longer any real opposition to the spread of the new teaching. Let us then picture a wonderful scene taking place in the royal village by the river. A crowd has gathered near the spreading oak in whose shade the elders of the people, with all the freemen, are wont to meet in council. A grave matter indeed is now awaiting their decision. There are hardy warriors, with half-reluctant mien; sunburnt tillers of the soil; women, too, with little fair-haired children clinging to their skirts—all gazing in wonder at a central group. It is not, however, the stately figure of Peada, the King, nor the magnificence of his thegns, wearing finely embroidered garments, and short blue cloaks fastened with golden buckles, that attracts so much attention. All eyes are fixed on four men in strange garb, but of peaceful aspect, who have come there to speak to the people of Hreopandun. One, a

foreigner in look and in manner of speech, stands forward, bearing in his hand a roughly-shaped wooden cross. Gentle in appearance, earnest and tender in word, Diuma of far-away Iona delivers his message of joy to the heathen folk who have been kept waiting so long for the light to shine on their darkness. The other three men are missionaries from Lindisfarne; one of them is brother to the gentle and lowly St. Chad, who a few years later was made bishop of the Mercians.

Well, we do not know how long it took for the folk who dwelt in the royal village to accept the new teaching. For the most part, I think, they did so gladly; and very soon a little church was built on the bank of the river. It was most likely made of wood, as most of the early Anglo-Saxon churches were. It would be square in shape, the walls and roof consisting of split trunks of oak trees, covered with reeds, and plastered over with clay. A monastery was founded, not long after, close to the church. It was the custom in those early days to appoint a woman as head of the religious houses in which both men and women seeking to live a life of prayer sought refuge. It often happened that a lady of high rank—the daughter of a king perhaps—became abbess; and so it was at Hreopandun. Women held a high position among the early English; and as in the social, so in the religious life, they were accounted fit to rule.

The monastery then founded lasted for about two hundred years, and during that period was famous throughout England as a centre of religion. Monastic life was simple then, and very real for the most part. It had an influence for good on the humble folk who lived without

the walls, and who were often tenants and servants of the monastery; for the kings gave presents of lands to the convents, which gradually became rich. Through the monastery at Hreopandun, then, not only were the people of the village taught how to live Christian lives, but they were being civilized as well. Meadows were drained, and more land put under tillage; and when there was more work to do, there was more inducement to live a peaceful life, and to get rid of the idea that fighting was the one thing that a man was meant to live for. You see a great change was coming over England, for what was happening in Mercia was going on in other places as well. It may have been partly because of its royal distinction as the King's residence, but partly also on account of its reputation for saintliness, that Hreopandun came to be so much thought of that long after the monastery was destroyed it was remembered as a place where many holy men and women were buried, some of high rank. Let us pause a moment to think of one of these, who, more than any of the others, has to do with our story.

It was many years after the founding of the monastery that there lived a boy named Wystan, son of Wimund, the then reigning king of Mercia. As the royal Palace was at Hreopandun, the child grew up in the neighbourhood of the convent, and the simple, earnest religious life of the men and women there made a deep impression on him. The Christian faith, still only very slowly and gradually getting the better of the fierce heathenism in Saxon England, was real, very real to Wystan, as it had been to his predecessor Peada.

From his early days, the boy fixed his thoughts on the glorious crown "which God hath promised to them that

love Him," and the earthly crown to which he was hei lost its brightness. To be king of Mercia! That meant splendour and pomp; feasting, it might be riotously, among his nobles in the mead-hall; sometimes donning the coat of ringed mail and helmet surmounted by the fierce boar-crest wrought in bronze, to lead forth his warriors to battle and bloodshed. How should Wystan, in such a life, follow Christ? Anxious care for a kingdom! his duty, may-be—but how if matters of state, questions of policy, grew all absorbing, took up *all* his mind, *all* his thoughts—and so dimmed the vision of God? Might he not serve his people better by prayer for their true weal? Could he ever help them really if he disobeyed the inner voice that called him? No, not though his name were handed down to after ages as that of a mighty ruler, and gleemen should sing his heroic exploits in ballads taught by fathers to their children. For a man must first be true to himself and to the light that God gives him. Only then can he do the work he was meant to do.

The musty parchment wherein we may read in solemn-sounding Latin the story of Wystan's life—traced in crabbed characters by the hand of some learned monk in a monastery far away from Hreopandun, does not tell us that the prince, as he grew up into a strong and vigorous manhood, debated within himself just exactly after this manner. But there is such a thing, you know, as reading between the lines—and some such thoughts as these must, I think, have passed through Wystan's mind. The great thing is, how did he *act* when his father, King Wimund, died, and the crisis of his life came? The kingdom was now his, and great was the rejoicing at his accession, for he was loved by the people, and known to be wise beyond

his years. From every township the folk came to do honour to the new ruler; all the great men of Mercia and the chief clergy were there. But, to the surprise of everyone, Wystan told them that he did not wish to be king—indeed, he could not, for God had called him to a different life wherein he might more closely follow the Master in poverty and humility. "Following the example of the Lord," writes the old chronicler, "he refused an earthly kingdom, exchanging it for a heavenly one." Still he did not forget that he had a duty to his people, and would not leave them until he had settled the affairs of the kingdom, and left it in peace and order in the care of his mother, Queen Elfleda, and the chief nobles. He was even willing to be called king until such time as God "should have provided another king in his place."

So all seemed going well, when suddenly and secretly an enemy arose to disturb the newly-settled peace of the land. This was a kinsman of Wystan, a much older man, named Brifard. He now began to covet the place of king, and because he knew he was not the next heir, and that his claims would not be allowed by the chief men of Mercia, he bethought him how he might best gain his end, whether by craft or violence. His first plan was to seek the hand of Elfleda, the Queen, in marriage, and at the beginning she was half inclined to listen to him. But the laws of the Church forbade such a union, seeing that Brifard was of kin to Elfleda's late husband; so that this clever scheme, by which the ambitious man had hoped to strengthen his claim, came to nothing.

Wystan had used his influence with his mother to persuade her against such a wrong marriage, therefore Brifard was filled with fury against him, and determined

by wicked means to get him out of the way, and seize the throne for himself. How he did this is all fully set down in the old chronicle of which I have told you. On a certain day he invited Wystan to a peaceful conference, pretending that he wished to consult with him on important matters of state. The meeting between them took place on Whitsun Eve at a spot called ever since "Wystanstow." The king, for such he was still considered, never thought of suspecting any danger; both he and his nobles were quite unarmed. Brifard and his followers, on the contrary, had daggers concealed beneath their cloaks. "Come, my son," the traitor said, as Wystan approached him, "give me the kiss of holy peace." "In the name of holy peace I kiss thee," was Wystan's gentle answer. In that moment the wicked deed was done. Brifard, pretending to give the embrace, drew out his sword and struck at Wystan's head—crowned him, as it were, with a blow, says the monk who tells the tale, for the wound was given just where the earthly crown would have rested, had Wystan not refused it. Thus Brifard slew his lord treacherously—yet never gained the reward he hoped for, or became king of Mercia. The body of Wystan, held in reverence ever after as a saint and a martyr, was buried in the monastery at Hreopandun. "Christ's athlete," the old chronicle calls him—surely a beautiful title to win, and a true one, for it was through the unworldliness, the simple, lofty aims of this Mercian prince, and of others like him, that the greed and savagery of heathen England at last shrank back rebuked, and learnt to hide itself in dark and obscure corners. Such champions of Jesus Christ did win the battle for Him at last. However difficult it may be for us now-a-days to understand their methods of fighting, we can see one thing

clearly, as the rough warriors of their time saw—that their faith was a real thing, that they had actually grasped the fact that "the things which are not seen are eternal."

Not very many years after the body of the saint had been laid to rest, a terrible thing happened to Hreopandun. You have read in history of the Danish invasions: how wild, fierce Norsemen landed on the English shores, robbing, burning, and harrying the country. Not even churches or religious houses were safe from their attacks; for you remember that the Danes were a heathen people, even as the English had been on their first coming to the island, and therefore wreaked their greatest hatred on all that was Christian. One day, alas, a wild horde of Danes came west from Lincolnshire, and fell in fury on Hreopandun (A.D. 874) The waters of the Trent were red in the light of the flames that rose up from the doomed monastery and church; for the Danes had no mercy, but destroyed them both utterly. We may hope that the inhabitants had time to escape, for, according to one account, they had had warning beforehand of the enemy's approach. The Mercian king fled, and for many years after Hreopandun remained in the hands of the enemy.

Repyngdon: its Church and Priory

When the curtain rises again, the scene has changed, for, meanwhile, many events have taken place. Perhaps you remember Ethelflaed, the brave daughter of our hero King Alfred the Great, and how she, as the "Lady of Mercia," continued her father's wars with the Danes. She took the towns of Derby and Leicester from them, and so made it easier for her brother, Edward the Elder, to conquer the

Danelagh, the middle and east of England, where the Danes had chiefly settled. By the middle of the tenth century Mercia, as well as the other old English kingdoms, owned the sway of the great King Edgar, another of Alfred's descendants. Danes and English were settling quietly down together, the more easily as they were really men of one race—and now that so many of the late invaders had consented to accept the Christian faith, men of one religion also. People began to remember how Hreopandun, or *Repyngdon*, as the place began to be called, had once been reverenced as the abode of holy men and the burial place of saints. Indeed there were probably a few fragments of the monastery still left standing to mark the site; and this may have been one reason why it came into the minds of some good people to build a church on the ruins.

Thus, about 100 years after the destruction of the monastery, Christian worship began again to be offered at Repyngdon, and has continued to be ever since on that very same spot—that is, for over 900 years. We can really say, men have worshipped in the very same church; for though, at first, the building raised was only of wood laid on the old foundations, before many years had passed, and while Edgar still reigned over England, that was pulled down, and the church was rebuilt of stone. Part, at any rate, of that old English church still stands, and Sunday after Sunday men meet to worship there, just as the Saxons and Danes did all those hundreds of years ago. Can you fancy you see them, entering singly or in little groups of twos and threes, by the stone porch? Peasant and noble alike wear much the same shape of coat or frock, falling to the knees, only while that of the simple

freeman is made of coarse linen, the man of high rank has one of richer texture and colour, encircled at the waist by an elaborately embroidered belt. His short blue cloak, fastened with a jewelled buckle, I have already described. Both men and women wear many gold ornaments, and seem to like bright colours in their dress. In the early days of the monastery, we are told, even the monks and nuns found it very hard to give up the vanity of rich hued garments, such as scarlet tunics and head-dresses, and to be content to wear undyed woollen clothing.

And what was the church itself like? I think we can make a picture of it in our minds. It was built with the nave running east and west, as is still our custom, and was most likely cruciform, that is, in the shape of a cross. The chancel, or east end, where the high altar stood, had a roof with a steep slant, high-pitched, we should call it. The walls were roughly built of stone. The wooden church had had two choirs, an upper and a lower one, but when the rebuilding in stone took place, the lower choir was turned into a crypt. You may, perhaps, have seen a crypt when visiting some old church or cathedral. The word comes from the Greek "κρυπτω," I hide, because a crypt is a hidden, underground place. The one at Repyngdon was, and still is, a very curious and beautiful one. They built a vaulted stone roof over it, the roof of course making part of the floor of the church above. The arches of the roof are supported on pillars which are quite different from any we see in churches now-a-days; curious rings run twisting round each column. There is a swell in the stone between the rings, which is one mark of Anglo-Saxon building. Each pillar is made of one single block of stone dug out of quarries in the neighbourhood, and called freestone. It

had a pretty pinkish tinge at first, when the crypt was new, and even now, when it is all grey, and crumbling with age, we can see patches of colour here and there. It is thought that the walls of the crypt are really a part of the ancient monastery, built into the new church.

Now imagine that we go up again from the crypt, which still exists as I have described it, and see the church above as it was in that past time. Besides chancel and choir, it had a nave—that is, you know, the central body of the church, running east and west—but probably it was only a small one. Later on, really some hundreds of years after, the nave was made longer, and some new windows in the style of the period were put into the chancel. It is interesting to notice how this old church went on changing and growing into greater beauty as the years went by. Each generation left its mark upon it, as if to say: "Here is *our* offering. We add this pointed arch—these mullioned windows—this fragment of carving—that we may make this house of God by so much more worthy of His worship." It was dedicated to St. Wystan, whose memory was still held in great reverence. We shall see presently what further change took place in the building: but in the meantime I must tell you of an important event that took place.

It was after the Norman Conquest, in the reign of the first Plantagenet, that it came into the mind of Maud, Countess of Chester, at that time Lady of the Manor of Repyngdon, to build a beautiful priory close to the church of St. Wystan—east of it, and close to the river. Probably it was her wish to revive the glories of old days when the Anglo-Saxon Monastery still existed. Therefore she invited men of a religious order (1172) called "Canons of St. Augustine," (or "Austin Canons" for short) to come and

live in her new priory. St. Wystan's too was given to them, continuing still, however, to be the parish church. These Canons were really monks, living under the rule of the great St. Augustine of Hippo. They were sometimes called "Black Canons," for they wore a black dress and four-cornered black cap.

During the next few hundred years, the Priory went on growing, and by the beginning of the fourteenth century was one of the finest of English monasteries. We can make for ourselves a fairly accurate picture of the Austin Canons' home. The Priory was almost like a little world in itself, for as the monks were so shut in, they were obliged to have all they needed within their own walls. So there were a great many buildings within the precincts, which were very large, and surrounded by a wall on three sides. On the north side was the river Trent; therefore the Canons were provided with one necessary of life, always having plenty of water close to their doors. A beautiful pointed archway, which is still standing, shows even now where the entrance was from the village to the Priory. It was the outer arch of the gate-house, where the porter lived. When the gates were closed for the night, it might still happen that some tired and foot-sore traveller begged for admittance. Shall we imagine ourselves following the footsteps of such a one? Then let us boldly put back the hands of the clock, and for a few moments try to live in the past.

We are in the last quarter of the fourteenth century, and King Richard II. reigns over us. That is a troublous time, you will say, to be living in; yet the quiet country side, the green meadows and grazing cattle beside the flowing Trent, look peaceful enough on this summer evening of long ago. A stranger is just crossing the river in the ferry-boat, for

there is no bridge. We watch him as the little skiff touches the bank on the Repyngdon side, and he steps out. We see that he is a man of middle age, in a dress quaint to our eyes: a long cloth gown, girt round at the waist with a leather girdle, and a hood with a long liripipe or pointed end hanging down. On the whole he is not unlike the pictures you may see of the poet Chaucer, and wears the same kind of forked beard. We follow the traveller as he takes the road from the river leading straight into the village: he passes St. Wystan's church, and comes to the monastery gate. He knocks, and the porter, who lives in the gate-house, opens the wicket, or small door, and admits the stranger; they were always hospitable in monasteries, and entertained many guests. This man, however, has come on a special errand to the Prior concerning an altar-tomb of alabaster which is to be erected in the church to the memory of Sir Robert Francis, the late lord of Foremark Manor, close to Repyngdon.

We will fancy that the stranger has come from Burton-on-the-Trent, which long ago was noted for its workers in alabaster; he belongs to this craft, and we may call him for convenience Master Humphrey Corbet.

He is now within the monastery precincts, and by the porter's direction turns to where, on his right hand, the stately tower of the great Priory church stands out clear against the evening sky, entering the beautiful building by the south door. Keep quite clear in your mind that this is not the church of St. Wystan, of which we have before spoken, and which stands on the west side of the Priory, close by—but the Canons' own church, built solely for them, and much larger and more splendid than the other. The Prior, a grave, stately-looking man,

with two or three of the monks, is there in the south aisle, where, as it happens, the altar-tomb is to be placed; they are even now discussing its exact situation and dimensions; so that Master Humphrey arrives at a fitting moment, and is heartily welcomed.

Leaving them in earnest consultation, we of the twentieth century (being of course invisible to their eyes) take our stand in the dimly-lighted nave, and look around us in awe and admiration. On each side rise glorious clustered columns supporting above pointed arches deep in shadow. In the gathering twilight we can scarcely see anything of the wonderful vaulted roof over our heads, or of the traceried windows. Yet in front of us the four great pillars that support the central tower are visible, and so is the carved stone screen beyond, separating the body of the church from the choir. Lamps burn softly in the various little chapels of the nave and transepts, lighting up wondrous carved work in wood, and sculptured forms of saint and apostle; while in the dim distance, on either side of the screen, stretch shadowy aisles with more clustered columns and arches pointing heavenward.

But now it is growing late, and the little group yonder is dispersing. The Prior gives Master Humphrey into the charge of one ot the monks, who conducts him out of the church by a door opposite to the one at which he came in. This brings him into the cloisters—paved stone passages roofed over with lead enclosing a central space or "garth." (Perhaps you have seen the cloisters of some Cathedral or college, with the green lawn in the middle of the enclosure, and have felt the quiet of the place—so still that the echoing of your footsteps along the stone walk under the arching roof was the only sound to be heard). In the twilight,

then, we imagine the black-robed monks pacing slowly round the cloisters, deep in thought ; for these stone alleys are really the Canons' living-room, as we shall see. Their refectory or dining-hall, where they will presently be partaking of their evening meal, is on the side of the cloister opposite to the nave of the church. It is a long, low building, with the buttery conveniently placed at one end.

The monk who is looking after Master Humphrey, however, does not take him to the refectory, but to the Guest Hall, on the west side of the cloisters ; the name of the building shows that this is where strangers would be lodged. There are several chambers built entirely for their use, and the Cellarer, part of whose business it is to provide for the entertainment of visitors, brings the newcomer into the hall, where several guests are assembled, and are just sitting down to supper. A few are pilgrims, come to pay their vows at the shrine of St. Wystan in the Priory church ; two or three are travellers who have been hospitably taken in, and one is the official messenger of Burton Abbey, and well known to Master Humphrey.

There is talk among these guests about the monument to be erected, and one tells the story of the courage shewn by Sir Robert Francis some thirty years before this time, when a serious riot had broken out at Repyngdon. There had been for a long time discontent among the villagers on account of certain dues demanded from them by the Bishop of Lichfield. On a certain occasion the Canons were assembled in the Chapterhouse, for it was the day of the Bishop's visitation to the Priory. Suddenly the orderly quiet was broken by shouts and cries from without. The porter and some of the lay brethren came rushing in with tidings that a disorderly rabble, armed

with clubs, swords, bows and arrows, were at the gate-house, clamouring for admittance, and threatening to break in. It was an hour of fear and terror, and the Bishop sent two swift messengers, one to ride in haste to beg succour of Sir Robert Francis at Foremark, the other to a second knight in the neighbourhood. Both came without delay, armed, and followed by their retainers, and soon dispersed the mob before any real harm had been done to the Priory.

Sir Robert is counted worthy of a fair memorial, and Master Humphrey describes what it is to be like, and how the effigy of the knight is to rest upon the tomb, armed from head to foot, with helmet for pillow, as beseems a warrior, his feet resting on a hound.

And the conversation turns to the dangers of the roads, and the numbers of robbers and masterless men who hide in the woods that fringe the highways and make it impossible to travel after dusk.

The hour is now, however, growing late, and the visitors soon retire to rest, some in the sleeping rooms leading out of the hall, others lying down in the dining-chamber itself, but all equally glad of the comfortable rest on the "fether beddes" given them to sleep on. (For the inventories of the monastery assure us that such comforts were really provided in the Guest-house). The tolling of the great church bell at midnight and at an early hour in the morning would scarcely wake so sound a sleeper as is Humphrey Corbet; the Austin Canons may get up from their beds to attend the services, but he dreams on, as do most of the others. When he does wake, the sun is shining brightly in through the diamond-paned windows, and he looks out over the quiet cloister at the

Chapter-house just opposite, and adjoining the church he was in the evening before. The Canons' sleeping rooms or dormitories are over the Chapter-house, and in this building they meet with the Prior at certain times to transact the necessary business of the brotherhood. For you must not suppose that there was nothing to do in the monastery but to attend the services in the church; it was really a very busy place, where there was a great deal of work to be done.

So on this morning we are picturing to ourselves, a great deal of bustle is certainly going on in the great kitchen underneath the guest chambers. However quietly the lay-brothers may be going about their work, still the clattering of pots and kettles, and the washing of cups and trenchers must make a resounding noise in a large hall with a vaulted stone roof. There are a great many people to be provided for, you see.

Outside the precincts, the peasants who owe service to the monastery because they live on its lands (and by this time the Austin Canons have become great landowners) are tilling the Priory fields, cutting down trees in the Priory forests, and looking after the Priory cattle. Within the walls, corn is being ground in the mill whose big wheel is turned by a stream that flows through the meadows; meal is being sifted in the boultyng house; the wood brought in from the forest has to be split up into logs to feed the huge kitchen fire. Then again, there are the Prior's tenants riding in to pay their dues and to transact business with him, and sometimes one of the Canons may be sent on a message to some outlying estate belonging to the monastery. Those of the brethren who are skilful with brush and pen are busy in the Scriptorium, a chamber below

the refectory, producing such beautiful manuscripts as those we may still see preserved with jealous care in some cathedral libraries. Or perhaps the writers are seated at their desks in the south cloister—a cold, draughty place to work in on winter mornings, we think, when the keen north wind blows from across the river—but to-day, when the sun is beating fiercely down on the monastery roofs, the cool shade of the stone passages is most welcome. Can you fancy that we are watching one of these patient workers, as he bends over the parchment, tracing each letter with the same care. Where colour is to be used, he leaves a blank, and later on another hand will continue the work, with delicate skill illuminating the margins of the pages with graceful designs of flower and herb, and grotesque figures of griffins and dragons, just as his imagination may suggest to him? Even at this present day the colours have not faded; we wonder now to see how perfectly and lovingly the work was done. Others of the brethren are tending the sick in the infirmary, which stands on the bank of the river, behind the refectory; and some again, as we have seen, are occupied with the entertainment of the guests. But first, and before all these everyday duties, come those more closely connected with their religious life. Day after day the church bell sounds sweetly over the quiet pastures and softly flowing river—sometimes in unison with that of St. Wystan's close by—and the hours of prayer succeed one another at regular intervals. Year after year fast and festival come round, even as seedtime and harvest follow in due succession.

Such is the life of the monastery on the morning when Master Humphrey, after a last interview with the Prior in his chamber adjoining the Guest-house, bids farewell to

Repton Church and School Gateway.

his kindly entertainers before starting on his return journey. First, however, he must visit the church of St. Wystan beyond the precincts, which you remember is the parish church of Repyngdon. It has grown too small for the needs of the people, and has of late been much restored and increased in size. Standing by the gateway of the Priory, in the village street, Master Humphrey has a good view of St. Wystan's new glories, especially the lofty tower and slender spire, built not so many years before. In fancy we enter the church with him—through a fine arched doorway —looking up as we do so to see the statue of St. Wystan in the niche above. Within, how lovely is the ancient building in its new beauty, fresh from the hand of the architect. It is wider, altogether more spacious than it used to be, and the nave is now divided from north and south aisles by lofty pointed arches, rising from slender columns ; only two arches on each side, those nearest the east end, are rounded in the old Norman style, and rest on round and massive pillars. That part of the church is but little changed ; there is the ancient chancel as it has always been ; only that new windows have been added. Yonder the south aisle widens into a chapel ; the lord of Repyngdon Manor built that for a chantry. See that fine window that lights it ; how skilfully the builder has shaped the stone into four-leaved (quatrefoil) pattern above ; and how gloriously the noon-day sun pours in through the coloured glass of the four narrow lights. Most of the newer windows are of the lancet shape, like those in the Priory church, only of plainer fashion. And then there is the beautiful oak carving of the screens and choir stalls, and the shadowy grandeur of the high-pitched roof above, as well as the ancient tombs and monuments in the church.

But now Master Humphrey has delayed long enough, and must go. He passes out through the south door, into the open space beyond, where stands the market cross ; it was put there, probably, to remind the people who bought and sold that they were Christian folk, and so were pledged never to deal unfairly by one another. The worker in alabaster once more crosses the river and turns his face in the direction of Burton ; once or twice, however, he looks back to where the two stately church towers rise above the surrounding monastery buildings and the thatched cottages of the humble village folk.

Gladly would we stop Master Humphrey and enter into talk with him. We should like to know the thoughts of a plain honest craftsman of the end of the fourteenth century—what he thinks of the Austin Canons he has just left, and whether they are not, in his opinion, getting just a little too much burdened with worldly possessions. We should like to ask him what he thinks of the Lollards ; does he consider them good people, or do they mix themselves up with preachers of discontent? And is *he* contented with the world as he knows it? Has he ever read the writings of a priest called John Wycliffe—any scraps of his English Bible? or can he, indeed, read at all? But alas, we belong to a time that for him lies in the far future, and he will not understand our queer English. Besides, it is too late, for his sturdy figure in hood and gown is disappearing yonder along the distant high road—indeed, the whole scene is changing, and churches, monastery, and river have passed from view. We are back in our own times, you see, and if we want to know what kind of a king Richard II. was, and why his cousin took the crown from him, we must go back to our history books ; perhaps after all Master Humphrey

could not have told us much even about the events of his own time that were leading up to the fall of the last Plantagenet.

And now begins quite a new chapter of our story. A century and a half later we find Repyngdon to all outward appearance but little changed; except, indeed, in one thing. I told you that the river Trent flowed at the foot of the rocky bank on which the church and Priory were built. It was most likely within these 150 years—say between 1390 and 1540—that a strange event happened. For some reason—just when or how we do not know—the course of the river was changed, and the main current made to run in a different direction. A smaller, feebler stream still flowed along the old bed, and so past Repyndon; but gradually it became more and more shallow; in time it came to be called the "Old Trent," and still keeps this name. The church of St. Wystan, where the village people still worshipped, had undergone some changes. The high-pitched roof had been lowered at some time during the fifteenth century, and a flat wooden roof substituted for it. Just at that period many very beautiful wooden roofs were built in what is called the "Perpendicular" style; and the roof of St. Wystan's is one of this kind. Great beams of timber were laid crossing one another, with fine carved work in the spaces between, and great bunches or "bosses" of leaves just where the rafters joined. More light was given to the church by putting in new windows above the arches on each side of the nave; such a line of windows is called a "clerestory."

And what about the Priory and the Black Canons? You are beginning to guess, perhaps, what was going to happen to them; for you have read in history about Henry VIII.

and the Reformation, and you know that, by the year 1536, that great change had fairly begun. We have nothing to do here with the political events which hastened it. The only part of this great movement which concerns us just now is what is called "the dissolution of the monasteries"—that is, their breaking up. Now why was this necessary? The answer, given shortly, is—because the time of their usefulness was over. We know that an individual—be it man or woman—who is doing no good to anybody, does not stop short at being useless, but must actually do harm; and it is just the same with an institution. We have seen how in the early days the monasteries were a help and a centre of light to the whole country round. By their good example the monks showed men what the Christian life meant—by their teaching they civilized them—and how much they did by their prayers we can never tell. But by the sixteenth century they were very different, and had in great measure lost the people's respect. Their rules were still very strict, but in many monasteries they did not keep them as they used to do, but were content to live comfortable, easy-going lives, such as their founders had never dreamt of. Lands and treasures had been heaped upon them—not their fault at the beginning, you see—and now some of the abbots were powerful princes, with trains of servants and retainers at their beck and call. In some houses, indeed, the brethren were said to be leading even wicked lives, but I do not think this was at all common. Some monasteries were responsible only to the Pope for their conduct, and the English bishops had no authority over them; and the monks were often a great trouble to the parish clergy, and a hindrance to them in their work. So it was better they should go.

Strict enquiry was made by the order of King Henry VIII. (following the advice of his clever and pitiless minister, Thomas Cromwell) into the kind of lives led by the inhabitants of the monasteries, and therefore Repyngdon Priory too was visited for this purpose. Did the messengers always bring back a true account, we wonder? It seems not—they knew what report they were expected to bring, and how greedy the King was for the wealth of the monasteries. Repyngdon is, I think, one instance of this, for there is no real proof that the Black Canons there were not still good men, living up to their rule. They shared, however, in the superstitions of their time; you have read about the abuses that had come to be connected with the old custom of pilgrimages, and I have spoken of the shrine of St. Wystan in the Priory church. We know his story, and can feel how right it was that the memory of so holy a man should be held in honour; unfortunately, the pious custom of coming to pray at his tomb grew into a superstitious one, and I am afraid the Canons were tempted to encourage it for the sake of the rich presents the pilgrims brought with them as offerings to the shrine of the saint. There was another shrine in the church, dedicated to St. Guthlac, also a holy Mercian prince, and a bell which had somehow come to be associated with his name, and was thought by pilgrims to have great virtue in curing headache. These shrines, with all their wealth, were first of all taken away—the same thing happening in many other places; and then, in 1536, came the Act of Parliament which ordered the dissolution of the smaller monasteries. Our Priory was counted among these, and two years later, in 1538, the blow came which must have been such a terrible one to the poor Canons. They were all turned out, to go—no one

can say whither—and their property taken possession of by the King. Just as all the rich jewels that decorated the shrines had gone to him a few years before, so now all the wealth of the monks became his. When Henry had utterly despoiled the monastery of its treasure, he granted the deserted buildings—so silent now—to one of his favourites.

We may count it as fairly certain that the Austin Canons, whether they were pious men or not, were greatly missed by the poor folk who lived on their lands, and also by the tenants who rented their farms. For monks were easy-going landowners, and not hard masters; whereas we find in reading English history that a little later on there was a good deal of discontent because pasture land, which had always been considered common property, where any poor man might put his cow or his few sheep to graze, was beginning to be claimed and "enclosed" by the new owners of the monastery estates. We have seen too how very hospitable the monks were; imagine, then, how desolate a weary traveller must have felt, when, coming into the village, he saw only the dismantled and deserted buildings, and knew that it was of no use to knock at the gate, begging for a night's shelter. The very poor must have sorely missed the constant doles of food given away at the Priory gates; life was harder for them when the monks had gone away, and the bells of the great church ceased to ring at regular intervals throughout the day and night. The bells, indeed, were all melted down; the roofs were taken off for the sake of their valuable lead. Not only that either, but we may read in the pages of an old chronicler how the beautiful Priory church itself was pulled down, stone by stone, and levelled with the ground. "He would destroy the nest for fear the birds should build therein again"—so said the man

who committed this barbarous act. The historian adds his own remark to the story—"church work is a cripple in going up, but rides post in coming down;" for the building was taken down all in one day.

St. Wystan's, of course, was left untouched, so far, at least, as the building itself was concerned. That was the parish church, and belonged, therefore, to the people. In spite of many changes, the ancient worship continued, and has never ceased to be offered there.

Repton and its School

Now, as it is not my object to give you a full and complete history of one little Midland village, but rather by its means to link together the days of long ago with the times in which we ourselves live, I will ask you to fly with me very swiftly over the years that lie between the sixteenth century and the twentieth. What kind of place is Repygdon to-day? To begin with, we have got to alter its name just a little; for names change, you know, like people and places, and we have travelled a long way from Hreopandun, dwelling-place of Mercian kings and saints, to the Repyngdon of the Priory monks, arriving at last at the pretty little Derbyshire village now known as *Repton*.

You ask, what kind of people have taken the place of the kings and monks? Does no one live there now but the farmers who till the land and the labourers who work for them? Wait a minute, and you shall see. We are crossing the real, or *new* Trent, as we may call it, by a bridge which did not exist a century ago. The river, flowing between level green banks, is coming from Burton, over yonder to our right, and is on its way to the north-east to mingle its

waters with the Yorkshire Ouse at Humber mouth. In front of us are wooded hills, and, lying between, a stretch of green pasture land. It is marshy still here and there; down among the tall grasses in the damp meadows the moorhen still rears her young ones, and we see a flash of white wings in the afternoon sun as the peewit flies past us over the fields. But most conspicuous of all from the bridge, there rises above the pastures a grey old tower surmounted by a slender spire. We guess at once what it is—the church of St. Wystan; and our thoughts go back over more than a thousand years to the prince who gave up his earthly crown because he loved the heavenly one better. We follow the line of white road some way further, and now we are in full view of the church, built high on the rocky bank beside a shallow sluggish stream—all that remains now of the Old Trent, which was once a river with a strong current, flowing steadily past the village. In winter, after heavy rains and melting snows, when the Trent valley becomes flooded as it often does, this old river bed is filled again, and the water rises; but just now it is scarcely more than a stagnant pool, partially mantled with green duckweed. On its edge, a little beyond the church, we notice a fine house built of red brick —just there the infirmary of the monks used to be. On the other side of the stream the road bends to the left and brings us to the churchyard gate, opposite a row of old-fashioned thatched cottages. The gate is open, and we go up the path leading to the beautiful old porch beneath the battlemented roof; we look up at the empty niche where the statue of St. Wystan once stood. We go in, and find ourselves in the subdued light of the church, and, looking round, recognise all again. There is the ancient chancel built in Anglo-Saxon days; it has a ruder, plainer look than

the rest of the building, and people who understand can shew us how in some parts of the wall over the chancel arch the stones are laid, short ones upright and long ones placed across, as was the fashion of that time. We do not see any rounded arches or pillars ; the whole arcade on both sides of the nave now consists of lofty pointed arches resting on six-sided columns. All except the two on each side nearest the chancel, which, you remember, were once of the rounded Norman style, belong to the fourteenth century, and were there when, as we imagined, Master Humphrey visited the church. We call this style of building *Decorated*, and though at Repton the arches and pillars seem too plain for such a name as that, there often is really in work of that period a great deal of beautiful and elaborate ornament. The window over there to the south, of four lights, and with fine stone tracery above, is one we have seen before. We may look up, too, at the beautiful oak roof which you know we called "Perpendicular," and which belongs to the fifteenth century, and at the clerestory windows of the same date.

But of course you must want to go down to see the old, old crypt, or hidden place I told you of. Here is a narrow little flight of stone steps near the chancel arch ; we must descend them carefully, as it is very dark down here, and the steps are a good deal worn away in places. We pass through a low doorway, and find ourselves in a stone chamber with a vaulted roof, and those curious twisted pillars that have already been described. There is light enough in the crypt for us to see all this, and something else. For here, hidden away in the dust and twilight of this underground place, is surely the stone effigy of a man—a mailed knight, whose armour is of the kind worn in the

fourteenth century, at Crecy or Poitiers perhaps. Who is he? As we peer closely into the details of the stone figure, we begin to remember how Master Humphrey, sitting in the Guest-hall, described to those around him the alabaster monument that the Prior intended to raise in memory of Sir Robert Francis. We see that the knight's head rests on a helmet—the crest, indeed is broken off, though something like the claws of a bird remain—and his mailed feet rest on a dog. It is said that this monument was once in the church above—some think it may have come originally from the Priory church. Well, it may be the stalwart knight who helped to put down the riot, or it may not; whoever this man may be, it seems sad that his monument should be thrust down here out of sight, neglected and forgotten.

But now that we have seen all that chiefly interests us here, we must hasten on. We pass again through the churchyard gate, and, turning to the left, find ourselves in front of an ancient-looking gateway, built in the pointed style of the fourteenth century. You will ask—and your guess will be right—if this is not the way into the Austin Canons' Priory. Yes, just here we fancied the stranger from Burton knocking at the great gate of the monastery. There is an open archway now, with a lodge just within it, but no gate porter comes forward to ask us our business. Instead, we are surprised to meet a little crowd of boys coming out with books in their hands; and, looking past them, we see more, leaving the doorway of a building opposite. "What can these school-boys be doing in the old Priory precincts?" Well, suppose we were to put that question (only in a somewhat politer form) to one of them. He would probably answer: "Why, don't you know that old John Porte, in the reign of Queen Mary, left money in his will to found a

Boys' Grammar School? After he died it was built just here where the monks used to live. You can see a picture of him in the stained glass window in our Memorial Hall."

It was just about that time, as we know, in the reigns of the Tudor kings and queens, that so many of our great schools were founded. About Sir John Porte himself I cannot tell you much. He was a knight, and Sheriff of Derbyshire, and a rich man. When near the end of his life it came into his mind to do something with his wealth for the love of God and man; and with his bequest, as we have just heard, the old Priory ruins were bought and turned into a school. He left money to build almshouses too, wherein six poor men should be lodged, and this charity of his still remains in a little village not far off. There too you may see the pretty little church in which Sir John Porte lies buried.

But perhaps you ask: "Is there nothing here but these school buildings? Nothing of the old Priory left at all?" My answer is to lead you some short distance to the right, and there we find ourselves standing close to the broken bases of several massive pillars. Here, where we now are, was the glorious and stately Priory church, and these fluted columns once supported the great arches on which the central tower rested. See this old, worn step among the ruined fragments; it used to lead down into the choir. Think how many feet must have trodden there long ago; and picture to yourself the black-robed Canons following one after another in solemn procession to take their places in the church. The gravelled space of ground where we stand ends abruptly a little further on; the east end of the building must have extended as far as to that field yonder. A low wall bounding the meadow marks the limit

of the Priory precincts on that side; and where the boys now play cricket, there once ran the stream that turned the wheel of the water-mill and supplied the fish-pond. If we turn a little to the left, we see a bit of the old north aisle wall of the church, and here we may examine some of the tiles that were burnt in the Priory kiln, and were used for decoration in the church. Some have raised patterns on them in various colours—coats-of-arms, or oak leaves with acorns, or curious figures of men and animals.

But now let us go back through the archway into the village street. We must not say good-bye without first glancing at the Repton market cross, as it is called, though the cross itself is no longer there, but only a shaft with quaint broken steps leading up to it, very much worn away by age and use. In the Middle Ages, as we have seen, it marked the place where the townspeople of Repton held their markets, and even a grand fair once in the summer. I always like to think that where the cross stands was the spot Diuma chose on which to preach Christ to the heathen Mercians gathered around him.

Thinking of that scene, we turn to go; for, across the river, the sun is going down over the pastures, and the rooks, cawing loudly, fly homeward to their roosting-place among the trees yonder, where a grassy slope leads down to the Old Trent. The bells of St. Wystan's are ringing for evening prayer, calling those who live to-day to come and kneel in the same church where their forefathers worshipped. And we feel that, though so many hundreds of years lie between, yet we are one with them, and that by many sacred links past and present are bound together.

PART III. NORMAN ENGLAND

CHAPTER III

The Conqueror's Tower

Most of us have seen, in old castles or manor-houses, some of that wonderful needlework which we call by the name of tapestry. If we take the trouble really to look at it and to think about it, we shall be astonished to find how much of interest there is, woven in, as it were, among the faded threads of the fabric. Whose were the patient hands that wrought such cunning work, we wonder? What high-born lady with her attendant maidens thought out the design and skilfully arranged the colours?

There is one such piece of work which has an interest of its own far beyond these imaginations, and which probably only very few of us may ever be privileged to see. I mean that wonderful series of "needle-pictures," known by the name of the "Bayeux Tapestry." It was made more than 800 years ago, probably for the Cathedral of the old Norman town of Bayeux, and is kept now as a great treasure in the Library of that city. It is a long strip of linen, originally perhaps white, now by reason of age the colour of brown holland, embroidered all over with pictures of things that really happened; here we see kings sitting on their thrones, men in armour fighting on foot and on horseback, men feasting, ships sailing on the sea, horses and dogs, all

worked with the needle in worsteds of different colours—red, green, etc. No one can tell us who worked all this, or who designed these figures, which are quaint indeed, but have a life and spirit all their own. Whoever the workers were, they certainly let their imagination run riot in the border at the top and bottom of the tapestry, for here are lions and dragons, birds, camels, and various other creatures.

Now the pictures in this tapestry are, as I have said, true history, and though they are to be seen in France, and not in England, their interest is chiefly for us. Many of the events pictured in it happened here in our own country; there are English kings in it, and men, armed in coats-of-mail and wielding great battle axes—men of the same race as those I told you about in our last reading, who over-ran and conquered Britain, and founded Mercia and the other English kingdoms.

But a careful observer would notice that in the Tapestry there are men of another race as well—their dress is much the same, but they carry lances and swords, and while the men of English race wears a moustache, these are clean shaven. They ride horses of a larger size, with flowing manes; and they do battle with the English. Who are these men of strange race who invade our shores? For you can see them landing from their boats and setting to work at once to erect fortifications.

Well, you know well enough, do you not? And you are not surprised either that the Tapestry should be found in Normandy; for you have been told, and have read for yourselves how more than 800 years ago, England *was* invaded and a fierce battle *was* fought in which the foreign men were victorious. Why, we call it "the Conquest," do we not? And the horsemen with long lances and smooth-

Norman Soldiers, from the Bayeux Tapestry.

shaven faces are the Normans or Northmen who landed at Pevensey, and fought the battle of Hastings in 1066.

Now we are on very familiar ground; every boy and girl knows this date, and that it marks a great and important crisis in English History. We need not go over the story of the accession of Harold, a strong warrior, though not of the royal house; and of the coming of William the Norman, stronger still, and determined to be king of England; all that is told us in the Tapestry at Bayeux, even in the fanciful margin I spoke of, where a fierce hawk is to be seen chasing a rabbit.

We leave that now, and think of what happened after the battle of Hastings. William did not lose time, or give the English a chance to rally, but advanced through Kent on London, leaving Dover and Canterbury, which had submitted to him, to keep guard over the road in his rear. Now, in this lesson it is London, and its connection with the Normans, that we mainly want to think of. The Duke knew well enough that if he was to be King of England by law (at least in name), and not only by right of conquest, he must win over the Londoners. For even then London was beginning to take the lead, and there William had made up his mind to be accepted and crowned. Picture to yourself the "stark" warrior at the head of his knights—a tall, strongly-built man riding his horse with an air of command—and followed by a motley array of horsemen and archers on foot. They approach the southern bank of the Thames, and see, though perhaps dimly, (for it is late in the year, and chilly mists hang over the river) the walls of the city on the other side. We do not need to draw on our imagination in order to call to life these warriors of long ago; they are pictured for us in the Tapestry: the horsemen wearing

close-fitting mail shirts and pointed steel caps, and armed with long lances and swords. They carry kite-shaped shields, some plain, some bearing a device such as a lion or dragon. The archers are on foot, wielding their great lances.

They do not attempt to enter the City by force—William is too wise for that,—but neither do they linger among the fishing-huts of Southwark. No, but before he passes on westward and crosses the river at another point, the Duke orders that this same fishing village shall be set ablaze; perhaps to show the Londoners opposite, who are evidently putting their city into a state of defence, what he can and will do if he is resisted. So, as he marches by, the fire blazes up furiously, and the wooden huts crackle in the burning heat. Daylight has faded, but by the lurid light of the flames we see across the water the London of that day. The Norman Duke and his army must, we think, see it too, lit up by the fires they have left behind them.

What is it like? We citizens of to-day would not recognise it as our London at all. The river is there indeed, but wider than we know it; marshy flats extend along its banks at low tide. We see a walled city, with towers and gates; the wall indeed is very old, for it was built first in Roman times; then, long after, Alfred the Great found it in a ruined condition, and restored it. It protects the City east, west, and north on the landward side, and portions of it are still standing on the river bank, where it once formed a continuous line of defence. This river wall was first broken into for the building of water gates—as yonder, to the left of where we stand, Dowgate, where the Walbrook flows into the Thames, and to the right, Billingsgate, which for a long time has been the port of London. It has a good harbour,

generally crowded with shipping, for London carries on quite a large trade already with other countries. Just there is the Bridge, and that too is very old, built of wood, on wooden piles driven down deep into the river bed, and with quite an intricate network of timber beams and supports crossing and re-crossing each other—for you see the Bridge has needed strengthening from time to time, when high ides and storms have threatened to wash it away. There are a good many houses built along the river bank, but they look very mean and poor to us; some indeed are mere huts where the fisher people live, or other poor folk who find employment on the quays and wharves of Billingsgate, or of Queenhithe, another port further to the left.

Behind these riverside dwellings rises the City, small indeed in proportion to the London we know, and not as yet to be called grand or stately. Very few of its buildings rise above the level of the surrounding wall. There is the Church of St. Paul's, indeed, built on the hill; but most of the other churches have low towers, and the houses are chiefly of wood, the streets narrow and crooked, though with large open spaces between. Outside the wall to the west, and below the steep cliffs on which it is built, we see again the gleam of water, for here another river, called the Fleet, joins the Thames. When the tide comes up from the sea, the Fleet spreads out wide, filling the valley; and we fancy we can see a bridge crossing it. In that direction lies the way to the City of Westminster and the great church of St. Peter, lately built by the King and Saint, Edward the Confessor, in the new Norman style of architecture. But that is some distance off, round a bend in the river.

So much for a rapid glance at London in 1066. Now that we can to some extent picture it to ourselves, we wane

to know what the Londoners there across the river were thinking and doing that night, when the victorious Norman Duke was passing so close to their walls, and they saw in the flames rising up from Southwark the signs of his destroying progress. They were strong, sturdy men, these citizens of London, and not at all disposed to give in easily to a foreign invader. They had already played their part manfully in the battle of Hastings; they at least had rallied around Harold at that terrible crisis, and their brave leader, a man called Ansgar, or Esegar, the "Staller," who held the office of Sheriff of Middlesex, had been brought back wounded from the battlefield. Now that they had lost their king, the Londoners were thankful to have Ansgar still with them; and we are told, that, helpless in body as he was, he was carried about the City on a litter, encouraging the defenders to hold out. As we have seen, however, William passed by without making any attack on London.

For the moment the City could draw a breath of relief, but very soon news came that the Norman army had crossed the Thames higher up, and was now encamped at a place called Berkhampstead. William was waiting for the submission of London, and very soon it had to be made. "Why?" you say, "if the Londoners were such brave men?" The answer is, briefly: because England was not yet really and actually one united kingdom, and Englishmen had not yet learnt to stand together, foot to foot, in a common danger. There were the two great Northern Earls, Edwin and Morcar; they, with the forces under their command had held aloof and not come to the help of Harold at Hastings. If they had only done their duty on that day everything might have been different. Nor did they after-

wards hasten to support London; now they were cut off from doing so by William's disposal of his forces, and the Londoners saw that no succour was to be hoped for from that quarter. What then, could they do but make the best terms possible with the Conqueror? So that sad little procession set out from London to the Norman camp at Berkhampstead, at its head the real heir to the throne, Edgar the Ætheling, who had indeed been chosen king on the death of Harold, but now laid down his right in favour of William. That scene ended the resistance of London to the Norman Duke, who was crowned King of England on Christmas Day, 1066, at Westminster.

Now it seems strange that it should be so, yet in reality this very submission to a foreign conqueror connects itself with something of which Londoners are justly proud. Stored away in the archives of the great City, in the Guildhall, is the ancient Charter, in which William promised to the citizens that they should retain their old rights and privileges. It runs as follows:—

"William, King, greets William, Bishop, and Gosfregdh, Portreeve, and all the burgesses within London, French and English, friendly. And I give you to know that I will ye be all those laws worthy that ye were in King Edward's day. And I will that every child be his father's heir after his father's day, and I will not suffer that any man offer you any wrong. God keep you."

It is small wonder that this charter, written in ink now faded on a small strip of parchment, soiled and crumbling with age, should be so jealously guarded as one of the nation's greatest treasures. The charter shows that London was governed at that time by the joint authority of the Portreeve, or chief Magistrate, and the Bishop; and also

that even then there were foreigners living in the City as well as Englishmen.

The City was won for William, but he had many dangers still to overcome. He was a long way yet from being master of the whole of England; therefore he was careful to make sure of his conquests by building what are called "castles" near the most important places which he had taken, and wished to protect. These castles generally had to be built in great haste, either by William or by some of his barons, and there are pictures of them in the Bayeux Tapestry, so that we know what they were like:—a mound of earth was thrown up, and a wooden tower built on it, the whole surrounded by a ditch, generally with further defences beyond that again.

It was only likely, then, that William would be anxious to guard London too; it had its walls, and the river, but he did not consider these enough. Its trade had to be protected, and besides it was only too probable that the citizens might even yet turn against him—and therefore he must have some strongly fortified place, not altogether inside the walls, but commanding both the City and the river way, and so keeping the Londoners in subjection to himself, while at the same time they were protected from outside enemies.

William was not long in choosing a site for his fortress; he decided that it should stand at the south-east corner of the City wall, and close to the river, where it would command a view of all vessels coming up with the tide. Here, where the wall was very thick and strong, there stood two great bastions or towers of brickwork; at first the Conqueror was content to strengthen these with a palisade and a ditch, but when more than ten years had passed, and he felt

satisfied that he had indeed chosen the right spot, he ordered these bastions to be pulled down. In their place, on the rising ground above the river, he now began to build the main part of his fortress, a strong stone keep or tower.

The man he chose to design and carry out the building of this, was Gundulf, the new Bishop of Rochester, who was known already as a great architect, and indeed was busy even then in the building of his cathedral. He had been a monk in the Abbey of Bec in Normandy, and was a friend of the learned Lanfranc. Gundulf must have been a gentle, tenderhearted man, for we read that he was easily moved to tears by any tale of sorrow. If he had known what sorrowful things were to happen in his beautiful tower, what sighs and groanings of unhappy prisoners would sound through its gloomy vaults, one fancies that he would have wept indeed. Of all this he knew nothing, and probably only thought how strong and lasting his work should be. He built a massive, four-sided or quadrangular stone keep—not really square, for the sides were not equal. He made only one doorway leading into it, and that was placed high up, and was very narrow; it was reached by an outside staircase, and even that could be taken away. The windows were like narrow slits in the wall. You see the the reason of all this? It shows that the tower was indeed built for a fortress—for strength and security, and not for comfort and convenience. If besieged, it would be very difficult to enter, while prisoners inside would, you would suppose, find it impossible to escape.

Gundulf lived till 1108, when Henry I. was on the throne, and it is thought that before he died the tower was quite finished. About that time, or soon after, we can picture to

ourselves the fortress as consisting of other buildings as well—a surrounding wall or "curtain," as it is called, enclosing both the keep and a royal palace built south of it, a ditch outside that again, and a tower close to the river, marking the spot where the City wall once ran down to the bank. So it was growing, you see, both in size and strength, though not at all to the satisfaction of the citizens of London, who looked on it with a jealous eye.

What do the Londoners of the present day think of Gundulf's keep and its surrounding defences? Those of you who read this, and live in the great city, know well enough, and are proud too of the venerable fortress that has stood the wear and tear of so many ages. "The Tower of London"—every child knows it, or looks forward to seeing it some day. "But," you will say, "there is much more of it than you have told us of—ever so many towers and more walls, and a church, and Traitor's Gate, and Tower Green." Yes, because you see the great fortress went on growing, and later kings added to it, till we have (as you will see in most castles), two enclosures:—an Inner Ward or Bailey, as it is sometimes called, in which stands the Keep, as well as other buildings, enclosed by a strong wall which in this case has thirteen towers of its own; and an Outer Ward, again surrounded by a wall; the whole encircled by a moat, long since dry. How all this came to be I shall leave you to find out for yourselves; and this puzzle too: how is it that the tower, built in Norman times (the Wakefield Tower, as we call it), and which I told you was close to the water's edge, is now quite a long way from the bank? Why, between it and the river is the outer wall, and the moat, and more besides. Mind, it is not enough to say, "Oh, the Thames

has got narrower;" you must find out how that could happen.

Just now we are thinking of Norman times only. Shall we suppose, that with this in your mind you pay a visit on some holiday to the Tower of London. You have crossed the moat and passed through the gateways of the two Wards; I may remind you later on of that second gloomy gateway, where you look up at the iron bars of the portcullis or massive grating overhead. A little further on, and up, for the fortress, you know, is built on rising ground, and we see Gundulf's Keep or the "White Tower" before us. It was not given this latter name till the reign of Henry III.—"la Blanche Tour," the King's courtiers would call it. There it stands, strong and massive as ever; only the windows are much larger than those I have described to you, having been altered at a later time, and the door by which we enter is not the original one.

Now it is not easy to find out for one's self the plan of the Keep, so I must tell you roughly what that is. The whole building inside is crossed by a wall, dividing it into two parts, east and west; archways cut out in the masonry lead from one to the other. There are four floors or stages: beginning with the dark, gloomy vaults underground, once used as prisons: then the main floor, with two large rooms which seem to have been occupied by the guards of the fortress, and a vaulted room, or crypt, on the south-east side; above that, the banqueting-hall, and the lower part of St. John's Chapel (over the crypt); and higher again, the great Council Chamber, a smaller room, and the galleries of the Chapel, which, you see, being lofty, really extends upward through two stories. There are other rooms too, and passages in the very walls themselves.

We have said that the Tower was built in the first place for a fortress; but it was also a palace and a prison. It does not seem that the White Tower itself was used much as an actual residence by the kings and their families; very soon after its building, at any rate, they lived in the royal apartments on the south of it, which you must not expect to see now. The Keep itself was not built for comfort, though it is hard for us now to realise how terribly dark and gloomy it must have been when only such narrow windows pierced the walls. Still it *was* a palace, for there is the banqueting-chamber, which actually has a fire-place of its own—a convenience not always to be found in a Norman keep; and the chapel I have told you of, where you can see for yourselves in what sort of private or family church the sons of the Conqueror, and perhaps William himself, worshipped. Most castles had such private chapels; St. John's in the Tower is the best example of its kind. You see it is like all the rest of the Norman work—very simple, very strong. Rounded arches rest on short, thick columns of stone; the east end of the church rounds itself in a half-circle; such a recess is called an "apse." Only some of the pillars have any ornament carved on their capitals. The simplicity of the chapel, indeed, shows to what an early period of Norman architecture it belongs. The roof is vaulted in stone. There is a gallery above, where it is thought the King and his family would be during the service, as near the eastern end it opens into a passage leading into the principal chambers of the Keep.

And now, the Tower as a prison? We chiefly think of it, perhaps, in that character. But again, just now we are thinking only of Norman times, and for the present have nothing to do with the greater number of distinguished

captives of whom we read in history. One I can tell you of, who was imprisoned in the White Tower in the reign of Henry I; he was indeed the very first of the State captives to be shut up within its walls. This was Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, who had held high office as treasurer and justiciar under William Rufus, and was hated by the people as an unjust man, and an oppressor. To please them, Henry, on coming to the throne, imprisoned Flambard in the Keep, which he, strangely enough, by his harsh exactions of money had helped to build. He was very indulgently treated, however; the banqueting floor was his prison, and for those days was not uncomfortable. He was allowed to have his own servants about him, and might have any luxuries that he chose to buy. You remember how difficult Gundulf had made it to gain access to the Keep, and it would seem to have been quite impossible for any prisoner to escape. Yet this one, the very first of all, did manage to do so. It was by cunning, however. One night he gave a great feast to the Norman knights whose business it was to guard him, and persuaded them, amid much revelry, to drink copious draughts of wine,—till, one after another, they all dropped off to sleep. Then he took a long rope (which, the story says, had been sent him by a friend in a flagon of that same wine), tied it to the shaft of one of the narrow windows, and let himself down sixty-five feet to the ground. The rope proved to be too short, and Flambard had a rather heavy fall—being a stout man—besides cutting one of his hands badly with the harsh cord; but some of his servants were waiting for him below, and it was not far to the river, where a boat was ready for him. So he escaped to France, and a few years later was allowed to return to his bishopric.

Other prisoners succeeded him as years went by, some

far more innocent than he. But many of these are associated with other and later buildings in the Tower of London, and we must wait till we are further on in our story to picture their fate. Then perhaps we may come back for another glimpse of the noble fortress rising grandly over the Pool of London, with Gundulf's Keep as its centre. Here was the beginning of all its greatness; and here the Tower still stands like a silent sentinel, placed there by Norman William, still guarding the City, watching over its port and trade, and dearly loved by that same London that once looked on at its building with mingled feelings of fear and jealousy.

CHAPTER IV

The Story of an Old Gate

There is a part of London, not far from the heart of the great City, whose name still recalls memories of days long ago, when, instead of streets and shops, one saw green meadows and streams of water sparkling and rippling in the sunlight; in particular there was a noted well where it was the custom for learned clerks to assemble and to perform solemn religious dramas which were called "Miracle Plays." The "Clerks' Well," or "Clerkenwell" gave its name to the whole neighbourhood, though there is little enough now in its network of dingy streets to remind us of such pleasant things as a spring of clear water in a grassy place.

Yet who knows? Even here we may come across something beautiful. We are passing through a lane of very unlovely appearance, dirty and uninviting, but suddenly, as we turn the corner into a narrow street beyond, we see before us a beautiful old gateway. It is so absolutely unlike its surroundings, so grand and stately in its form, that we stand to look at it full of surprise. For there is nothing in the street itself to suggest anything so beautiful—its shops and houses are very commonplace, and people, who perhaps see it every day, and are therefore less struck by the contrast than we are, pass in and out under the archway, seemingly

intent on their business. The street, however, is quiet enough; and we can look up and see for ourselves what the gate is like. We notice the battlements above, the two wide projecting towers, one on each side, the archway with the large window over it—like a church window, you say. Over the gate are several shields bearing coats of arms. Passing underneath we look up at the great ribs of stone which support the arch—"groining," you remember, we called it,—and on the central boss we dimly see the sculptured figure of a lamb.

Does the gateway lead anywhere? Only to another London street, wider, and with a tramway running through it. Here the building stands, solitary in its silent grandeur, and we ask, "What is it? When was it built, and for what purpose?" Perhaps someone suggests, "It may be one of the old City gates. You told us London used to have walls and gates to defend it long ago." No; for one thing I scarcely think this gate, massive as it looks, would be sufficiently strong for that. Besides—and this is the main point—where did the old wall of the City run? Was it just here? No again; Clerkenwell was quite out in the country beyond London, as you will see presently from a plan I shall give you in a later lesson. Perhaps we can learn something from its name; any passer by would tell us that it is called "St. John's Gate," and that St. John's Church is close by. Some of you with good eyesight may be able to see on the gate itself a cross of eight points borne on a shield, and you may know that we call this a Maltese cross. Keep this in mind, and also the lamb carved in stone which we have just seen. And surely too there is a date up there above the archway—1504—telling us in what year the gate was built.

Well, that sounds as if we had made a tremendous leap since our last lesson about Norman times; but wait a moment, and you will see that it is not so. Suppose that before this gate was built, another, perhaps smaller and less beautiful, stood on the same spot—that may take us back a long way; but the name of the gate, and the cross and the lamb go back farther still, and it is with those that the story I have to tell you really begins.

In the same century, and just about the time in which the conquest of our country by the Norman Duke took place, something very different was happening in another quarter of the world, as far off as Palestine, or the Holy Land, as we call it. So humble it was, and so small in its beginnings that no one would ever have imagined to what great results it would lead. It all began with a kind thought, carried out into action by a few men, merchants from Italy, who had made money by trading, and who realized that their wealth was not given them only for themselves. So it came about that they built a *hospitium* or house of refuge in Jerusalem, not far from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, for the relief of the pilgrims, who, as you know, came hither from all parts of Christendom. If you think what travelling meant in those days, the suffering of the long sea voyage, the dangers of the road, you will see what a house of mercy this must have been to many. Then too, as if it were not enough to have endured all the hardships of the journey, to have been attacked by sickness, most likely, or to have been robbed by the way, many a pilgrim, on arriving at the gates of Jerusalem, found himself exposed to further sufferings at the hands of the Turks, the new masters of the Holy City, who, as you know, often ill-treated the Christians, or refused to let them enter unless

they were able to pay money for doing so. If it had not been for the good brethren and sisters who carried on the work of the Hospital, very many more pilgrims must have died of sickness or want, or must on account of their poverty have turned their faces towards home without accomplishing their heart's desire. Weary, footsore wayfarers were taken in to be fed and rested, the sick were tenderly nursed, and the wounded received careful treatment. "Hospital" meant more then, you see, than it does now; not only were the sick tended there, but travellers were entertained and aid was given to the poor. We have several words all derived from the Latin word "hospitium" —"hostel, hotel, hospice, hospital,"—if you think of the different meanings those terms convey to you, you will better realise the character of the house I am describing. The merchants who founded it had dedicated it to St. John of Jerusalem, or John the Almoner, patriarch of Alexandria in the seventh century, who had been remembered for his charity, especially to the poor Christians of Jerusalem. But it seems that the patron saint of the Hospital was changed later on to St. John the Baptist, whose symbol is always the lamb.

Now you probably know that it was at the end of this eleventh century that the great wars began called the Crusades, or the wars of the Cross, undertaken by Christians from the various countries of Europe on purpose to rescue Jerusalem and the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Turks. You could tell me all about Peter the Hermit, and about the red cross worn by every crusader as a badge; and you may know that in the year 1099 the City of Jerusalem was actually taken by the Christians under Godfrey de Bouillon. Soon after, we

read that this brave knight and leader visited the Hospital of St. John, and was greatly struck by the self-denying lives of Gerard, the Master, and his brethren, who gave the best they had to the sick, and contented themselves with such food as bran and the coarsest of flour.

Now comes an important date, 1100, which you must remember as marking the time when the brethren of the Hospital were first formed into a regular monastic order, taking vows, and having rules drawn up for them to keep. They were not allowed, however, to remain plain monks, devoting themselves solely to the care of the sick. In 1118, when it was beginning to be felt that the new Christian kingdom of Jerusalem was sorely in need of defenders, the brotherhood of St. John became a military, as well as a religious order. Many of the brethren had been knights before they joined the Hospital, trained in the art of war, and their arms were given back to them, only with this difference, that now they must wield them, not for the winning of earthly fame, but only for the cross and in defence of the Holy City against the infidel. Nevertheless their first duty continued to be the care of the sick and wounded, and the exercise of hospitality to all who might need it. The distinctive dress of the Order was a black robe with a cowl (a monk's hood,) with a cross of eight points in white linen worn on the left breast. From this time we call the brethren Knights of St. John, or Knights Hospitallers. In battle of course they wore armour like other soldiers; at a later period those of the first rank, who had really attained to the full honours of knighthood, were known by the red surcoat they were allowed to wear over their armour, as well as by the white cross on a red ground.

As long as the Crusades lasted, even though Jerusalem was lost and never again taken by the Christians, the Knights Hospitallers were among the bravest and best of the chivalry of Europe that fought in the Holy Land. As the Knights Templars, the other Military Order that arose at the same time, always claimed the post of honour on the right wing in battle, so the Knights of St. John were always to be found on the left, always valiant, doing splendid deeds of courage. Their fame spread through all Christendom, and riches and honours poured in upon the Order; lands were given them in different countries of Europe, and very soon there were Knights of St. John, not only in Palestine, but in many other places. In England they established a House almost as soon as the Order was formed, that is, about 1100.

Now I believe you are quite ready to guess where the English priory, as it was called, was built—for you are quite sure by this time that the old gate we began with must have belonged to the Knights of St. John; of course that was why we saw over the archway the eight-pointed cross which was the symbol of the Order, and the lamb in the groined roof which represents their patron saint. Here then, though long before that gate was erected, and just at the very beginning of the reign of Henry I., a knight or nobleman, named Jordain Briset, founded the Priory, not far from the Clerks' Well, and outside the walls of London. It took years in building, but when finished, we know that it was very beautiful—monastery gardens and precincts covering a space of five acres as far as the Fleet River. "Is there nothing at all left of it?" you ask. Yes, just a little; you remember the church close by dedicated to St. John; though the building itself is not very old, yet, if we

go deep down into the crypt, we shall see part of Briset's Norman church, with massive rounded arches and stone vaulting of that period, as well as two more pointed arches added later. Here worshipped the first Knights Hospitallers in England, in the early days of the Order, when their aims were still clear, and their motives pure; when they looked upon themselves as the servants of the poor, and could honestly say, "It does not become us as servants to be richer than our lords."

As for the rest, we know that a great priory was like a little town in itself. There would be a central court, with houses for the knights and servants of the order on the east and west sides; the church, growing ever more stately as the years went on, and the Prior's house on the north, and the chief entrance and guest chambers on the south. There would be gardens, and orchards, and a fish-pond; besides the bakery, brewery, &c., and the wall enclosing the whole, separating it from the outer world.

Now I think it would be quite a reasonable question if someone were to ask "But why should there be Knights of St. John living in England? Were they not pledged to fight for the Holy Land, and what good could they be so far away?" Well, I suppose every Knight Hospitaller looked upon this as his more or less immediate duty, and kept himself ready to go forth, if called, against the Turk. But I imagine it was in this way: that when enthusiastic admirers of the Knights gave them gifts of land in England or other countries, it was a natural thing for the Grand Master, as the head of the Order was called, to send a certain number of the brethren thither to look after the new estates—to settle there, farm the lands, collect the rents, and forward the revenues to headquarters. So that,

without actually living in Palestine, or taking part in a Crusade, a Knight, if he were conscientiously doing his duty at home, might still be serving the same end as were those abroad, and working for the deliverance of Jerusalem from the infidel. Of course sometimes a body of the knights would be sent out from some preceptory (as their establishments in Europe were called) to active service in the Holy Land. An old chronicler, Matthew Paris, tells us of one such expedition setting out from the House at Clerkenwell—how Theodore the Prior himself, at the head of a troop of Knights, splendid in shining armour, their spears raised, and their banner going on before, rode out from that older gate (on the same spot where stands the one we have seen). Fancy how the crowds of watching people would make way for them to pass along the narrow streets, till they reached the Bridge across the Thames—a stone one now, in place of the wooden structure I told you of in our last chapter.

This was in the reign of our King Henry III., when the Crusades were nearly at an end. All the valour of European chivalry, often indeed misdirected and badly organised, could not stem the tide of Mohammedan conquest; and at last the Christians were driven forth altogether from the Holy Land. Now what were the Knights of St. John to do? They were rich enough, and could have retired to their Preceptories in different countries, and have lived a fairly easy life. But no, these brave men had not forgotten the meaning and purpose of their Order, and were determined never to cease fighting against the enemies of Christendom. At first they went to Cyprus, which you will find in the map quite close to the coast of Asia; but in 1310 they succeeded in capturing

the island of Rhodes, a very important event in their history. Here too, you will see, they were not far from the mainland; and here they settled, fortifying their harbour, and building a strong castle; and in this island they remained for 200 years, defying the Turks and checking their advance. They became powerful by sea, too, and their galleys went out against the enemy's pirate ships on the Mediterranean. They did not forget their other great duty, either; many a poor Christian captive taken by the Turks was rescued by their courage, and taken to Rhodes to be succoured, and if sick or wounded, nursed back to health.

Rhodes, then, had become the post of danger, and the headquarters of the Order; here lived the Grand Master, and knights of every nationality. There were seven langues or nations in the Order—England was one, and the chief seat of the Hospitallers in this country was the Priory at Clerkenwell. This too had to pass through a troublous time, though its enemies were very different to the Turks. You remember how much mischief was done in London, in the reign of Richard II., by the Kentish rebels under Wat Tyler? Among other things, they attacked St. John's Clerkenwell house, beheaded the Prior, and set fire to the beautiful buildings. What a terrible fire that must have been, to last seven days, and what a large extent of ground must have been covered by the Priory for it to go on so long! Almost immediately after, however, the Knights set to work to rebuild their home; it took a long time, but gradually a new and equally beautiful Priory arose from the ruins. The church, indeed, (still retaining its Norman crypt, which remained uninjured,) was more splendid than ever. It had a bell-tower of such

a height and such beauty that it was known far and wide as one of the most glorious buildings of London. The gate-house was built last of all, and was finished by Prior Docwra—you know when, for you have seen the date carved in stone over the archway—1504.

Such was the home of the English Knights of St. John. I call them English because they belonged to the "Langue" of England; but we know that some of them were foreigners. The Hospitallers, you see, did not consider themselves as belonging to any special country—or at least this was not as important to them as the fact that they belonged to their Order, of which they were so proud. I have spoken only of "Knights," but all were not of such high rank. There were three classes in the Order, everywhere, and not only in England. First of all the knights, who must be of noble birth; secondly, the priests, whose duties, of course, were strictly religious; and thirdly, the serving brothers. These came to be divided into two kinds: the servants-at-arms, who were of gentle birth and acted as esquires to the knights, and who might one day be admitted to the higher rank themselves, and the servants-at-office, who belonged to a humbler class in life, and had the domestic duties to perform in the monastery. It was the serving brothers chiefly who looked after the poor and sick in hospital. Each knight was allowed to have one squire and three horses. The squire's duties you know, do you not? A young man of good family, but not as yet knighted, would, on joining the Order, find himself placed among the servants-at-arms, and in attendance on one special knight; this meant that he would have to look after his master's accoutrements; keep his armour bright, be ready with a second horse in

HOSPITALARIORVM Militum S. IOH. HIEROSOL.
Domus olim excellæ in suburbio civitatis LONDIN
portæ Australis a Circio prospectus

St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, in 1661.

battle, and so on. The ceremonies used in creating a new knight of the Order were very solemn and full of meaning. A sword was given to him as the sign of courage; gilt spurs were put on him, showing that he must spurn riches at his heels; the white cross was the sign of purity.

What kind of life was that led by the brethren at Clerkenwell? Their head, the Grand Prior, was chief of the English "Langue," and as the Order grew ever richer and more famous, he was even looked on as the first of the lay barons, and sat with the Lords in Parliament. In the monastery, however, his dress would be as plain as that of the others; though in public he must have worn some special mark of higher rank. Besides their religious duties, and the constant exercise of hospitality, there was plenty of work to be done, for the "Langue" possessed a number of preceptories or commanderies in different parts of England,—manors, that is, belonging to the knights—and this would mean a great deal of business to be transacted by the Prior. Then there were the accounts to be kept, and the farming of their neighbouring estates—they had one not far off, in a district which still keeps its name of "St. John's Wood," and another on the Thames bank, higher up than the City, where the Prior had a country lodge. We may hear of that again, perhaps, in a later lesson. Then we must not forget how much work there would be connected with the hospitality of the House. Why, the brethren, you may say, kept open house for all wayfarers, and a poor man would ask help almost as a right, not as charity. Think of the amount of food that would be wanted—the loaves to be baked—fine white bread for the higher guests, the common ration bread for others, and black bread. And how busy they must have been in the brewery, for beer was drunk in great

quantities every day, both of the better and ordinary kind. Eggs and poultry, and other country produce would be brought in from the farms belonging to the Priory.

The house was so near London and the city of Westminster, where Parliament met, and where the King lived, that the Knights were sure to have a great many visitors—sometimes more than they wanted, perhaps. The King himself had a special right to demand hospitality at any time, either for himself or for any of his servants whom he might send to dine or sleep at the Priory. We hear of King John staying there for a whole month, and when Edward I. married Eleanor of Castile, the young couple went to stay for some time with the Knights. Great lords and barons would claim hospitality too; perhaps when they might have business to transact in the courts of law, and found it necessary to stay for a time near the City. Or there would be brethren coming up from some preceptory in the country to see the Prior, or for some other reason; and of course they were always welcome.

You would like to know something about these preceptories? They were manors in the country, as I have said, and were farmed by brethren and servants of the Order, living in community, but having, of course, a far smaller house than that in Clerkenwell. The head of a preceptory would most often be of knightly rank, though not always, and would be called the *Preceptor*. He had one brother, or perhaps more, to help him in the management of the estate; these might belong to any of the three degrees—if priests, they could conduct the services in the Preceptory church as well. Sometimes there were paid chaplains, however. There would be a steward, and under him servants, who might be "free" (not having taken the vows)

—as gate-keeper, forester, cook, baker, etc.—the number required depending partly on the character of the manor, partly on the usual number of guests to be expected, or whom the house could accommodate. For here, as everywhere else, the most generous hospitality was the rule. There were even people who were allowed the privilege of having always a place at table—it was as if a man were more than a guest, really one of the family. If of gentle birth, this privileged person would sit with the brothers; if not, at the servants' table. Or if at any time he did not come to the Preceptory for his meals, then he was granted a certain allowance of food every day—so much bread, so much beer, etc., and perhaps provender for his horse.

We can see these things all carefully set down in the accounts kept by the Knights, and sent yearly to the Grand Master of the Order, together with the money due from that particular manor. "What musty old parchments," you would think, if you saw them, "and how uninteresting it must be to have to read all that." But it is the people who have taken the trouble to do this who can tell us about the kind of life that was lived by the Knights in these country places—about the meadows where they pastured their sheep and cattle, the gardens and orchards that belonged to them, and the dovecotes they kept, which seem to have brought them in a good deal of money. They had water-mills driven by the streams that flowed through their meadows. Tenants lived on the manor lands, and owed the Knights certain "works and customs,"—that is, they paid for their little holdings either by their labours (ploughing fields, cleaning out ditches, and the like) or by money; as time went on, this last came to be most usual. Often the tenant's rent was paid in "kind," that is, in produce

from their own small farms—and in this way the brothers would be supplied with eggs, poultry and so on. Looking after all this made a good deal of work for the latter; at certain times, too, they sat as judges in the manor court to try small cases and to adjudge fines and penalties.

Before we leave this part of our subject, shall I tell you of a place I have seen, which once belonged to the Knights, and is said to have been one of these preceptories? You have not forgotten the river Trent, have you, or the monastery at Repton? Well, not far from this, and close to a bend in the stream, where it flows slowly between low-lying banks, bordered by meadow, there is a village called Barrow, which has a fine church that once was in the possession of the Hospitallers. If we turn off from the high road leading to the church, and go through the gate across the fields where the cattle are grazing, we shall come on a farmhouse standing by itself on rising ground which overlooks the river and the hills beyond—you can even see the spire of St. Wystan's church in the distance. We go through the farm-yard, past the straggling barns and out-buildings, and perhaps we exclaim, "What a very old house this looks!" It is indeed a picturesque gabled, half-timbered building, the lower portion partly of stone, partly of brick.

We tap at the open door, and find no difficulty in making friends with the homely folk who live in this out-of-the-way spot. "Yes," says the woman who comes at our summons, "this house is very old, and people say it was once a monastery." She is quite willing to show us the bit of the house that is so very, very old, and lights us with a candle down a flight of stone steps that seem to lead down into a dark vault or cellar. Stepping very cautiously we find

ourselves in a low-roofed chamber all of stone, not unlike a crypt. The flickering light of the candle shows us a stone seat running along the wall, and an old hinge, where evidently there was once a door leading from one part of the basement to the other. This cellar-like place, where we can scarcely stand upright for its low roof, really is part of the old Preceptory that once stood on this spot. The rest of the house, as it now is, was built later. One cannot tell what this basement was used for; perhaps it really was a cellar, and most likely the large hall of the house was built over it. Here at Arleston, as the place is called, travellers would be entertained and the poor relieved, and black-robed brethren would pass to and fro between the Preceptory and the church close by at Barrow. The country side is very quiet hereabouts, and very lonely; one wonders whether it is not even more so now than it was then, when a religious house stood there. Possibly more strangers were drawn that way, where they knew they were sure to receive a friendly welcome if they asked for admittance.

But all this has carried us on far beyond our period of the Crusades. The Knights of St. John, you see, found work to do in fulfilment of their vow, even long after those wars were over. The Order lasted, indeed, much longer than that of the Knights Templars, who, though equally noted for their bravery, had by the beginning of the fourteenth century, fallen into great discredit. If you have read Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe," you will remember the Templar, Brian de Bois-Gilbert, and how very far he fell short of what a true knight ought to be; nor does the Grand Master in the "Talisman" give us a favourable idea of the Order. People are not at all sure now whether the Knights Templars really did all the wicked things they were accused

of; but at any rate they lost the good opinion of their age, and made enemies. It was at the time when Edward II. was ruling here in England that the Order was finally dissolved. This fact is of importance in our story, because much of their property went to the Knights of St. John, who thus became richer than before.

Meanwhile in Rhodes the brave warriors held out against the Turks, who were growing stronger, and threatening Europe. It was not the fault of the Hospitallers that they were not driven back, but of Christian kings, who made war on one another instead of uniting their forces against the common enemy, and of the Popes, who were greedily snatching at temporal power and so losing their spiritual influence. And one day it came to pass that the Turk had got a firm footing in Europe, had captured the old Greek city of Constantinople; and has never since been dislodged, but rules, or we might say, misrules there still.

Now it was only a question of time for the Knights of St. John—how long could they hold out in their fortifications at Rhodes? Again and again they were attacked by the Turkish forces, and again and again they drove them back with splendid courage. But the odds were too great, and the princes of Europe did not come to their aid, so that at last they were compelled to give up their beautiful island to the Sultan, and to go forth once more without a home. Some years after they settled in the little island of Malta, and here they remained till 1798, when the Order practically came to an end. So long as the Turks continued to be a real danger to Europe or there were pirate vessels to chase in the Mediterranean, the Knights kept up their old reputation for courage. Some day you must read

the splendid story of the great siege of Malta, and the heroism of the defenders under their Grand Master La Vallette. But the power of the Sultans grew gradually weaker, and it seemed that the work of the Knights was over; at all events they had so little of their old spirit left that they gave up Malta to the French without even a show of resistance, and are scarcely heard of again.

And the Priory at Clerkenwell? I left that in order to tell you about the closing history of the Order. That too had come to an end—not long, indeed, after the knights took refuge in Malta. Just about the time when those other monks I told you of at Repton were turned out of their home, the same thing happened to the Hospitallers in England. Of course Henry VIII. had no right at all to their lands and houses, which were the property of the Order, but he excused himself by saying that when the Knights were driven out of Rhodes, they had ceased to count any longer as a distinct body. Possibly, if they had been willing to swear allegiance to the king as head of their Order, they might have kept their estates, at any rate for a time, but this they refused to do. So the Priory was dissolved, and its beautiful buildings, as well as all the country manors belonging to the Order, were seized by the Crown. The Prior, William Weston, died on the very day of the event, and the brethren were scattered, some few, perhaps, going to Malta, where they would be found later taking part in its defence against the Turks. The house and church at Clerkenwell were spared from actual destruction for a few years, but after a time the work of pulling down began, and actually, when a great palace was being erected in the Strand by the Protector Somerset, in the reign of Edward VI., the lovely bell tower of which I

told you was blown up with gunpowder and the stones carried away to be used for the other building.

We have seen already what actually remains of the Priory. There is the old Norman crypt; the church above it has been almost altogether rebuilt. And there is the gate —now we know the story it has to tell us, we look up at its noble arch and grey battlements with greater understanding. The width of the great window over the gateway, its mullions running straight up to the top, and the square headed doorways speak to us of Tudor times, and so do the arms of Prior Docwra, who when he expended so much thought and money on the building of a beautiful gate-house, little knew for what few years it was to fulfil its purpose. It is a house as well as a gate, or why should it want windows? If we like we can go through the door at one side and climb the narrow winding staircase to the rooms that belong now to the people who are still carrying on a part of the Knights Hospitallers' work. You have heard of the "St. John's Ambulance," have you not? and of "First Aid to the Injured?" It is pleasant to think that the old gate-house is given up to such real successors of the men who were sick nurses as well as soldiers. We may dream if we will of the days when mailed knights rode forth from beneath that archway, or of princes and their retainers passing in to claim hospitality from the Prior, who may indeed have entertained them in this same gate-house. Or we fancy how at night-fall some faint and wearied traveller would pray for food and lodging, and be sure that he would not be turned away. These things are no more; the Knights Hospitallers in their day fulfilled their work, but now we no longer need their services in warfare with Saracens or in battle on the seas with pirates. Yet the

spirit of the Order still dwells with us, and wherever we see a strong man caring for the weak, or a gentle hand of pity stretched out to help the sick or the suffering, there is still a true Knight of St. John.

CHAPTER V

The Field Beyond the Walls

Suppose that to-day we continue our walk in London, starting from St. John's Gate, and going in the direction of the City. We should like to know what kind of neighbours the English Hospitallers had; and if we are only persevering in our search and keep our eyes open, we may come on some other bit of Old London yet remaining.

We have crossed a wide street, and passed through some narrow passages, and now, as we come round by the meat market on our right, we find ourselves entering a large open space. It is a busy spot; waggons take up much of the wide roadway, and many people are coming and going, as we cross over to the other side to look at the great buildings there. Here is a lofty gateway, its doors flung open; it is the entrance to one of our great London hospitals, where the sick poor are cared for free of all charge, and have the very best medical attendance and the most skilful nursing. "St. Bartholomew's Hospital," it is called, as you can see if you look up at the writing on its walls; inside the railing there is a church, dedicated to the same saint. "Is it an old hospital?" you ask. Yes, very old indeed—much older than the time of that king whose stone effigy you see up there over the gateway; if you cannot recognise him,

you must wait awhile to know, as we have a great deal to think of first. The actual buildings, indeed, that we see before us, are not at all ancient; and yet this *is* an old hospital, for we must go back hundreds of years to the time when it was first founded. You shall hear the story about that presently.

The open space in which we are standing is called Smithfield, and was once much larger than it is now. It used to be, very long ago, waste marshy meadow land outside the wall of the City. But I see you are looking at something over yonder; is it that old gateway, wedged in, as it were, among shops, with the cross above shining golden in the sunlight? Surely it must be the entrance to a church. Come across and look at it, as closely as the hurrying people will let us. This, we feel certain, is very old, for see how parts of it have crumbled away; the slender shafts that seemed to support the pointed arch have disappeared, and only their upper parts or capitals remain. Notice the finely-cut mouldings of the arch, and the ornament running round which is called the "dog-tooth."

Shall we pass through, and leave the noisy street behind? "Bartholomew Close," we see written up at the side as we enter, crossing a little passage; and now we are in a churchyard. Beyond the tombstones on our left are the backs of houses with gabled roofs, wearing an ancient and somewhat dilapidated appearance. Right in front of us at the end of the straight path is a church with a square tower. There is a quaint, old-world atmosphere about this place; so suddenly, it seems, we have stepped in here out of the ordinary, everyday traffic of the London that we know; and, as we enter the sacred building, we feel a great stillness fall upon us. We have come in just under the tower we saw

from outside, and now we turn a little to the left, and pass through the opening in the organ screen. Here we pause to look around us. Just above this open space where we stand was once the great central tower, now no longer existing—but we can still look up at the four great arches which supported it, and notice that two are rounded in form —the eastern and western—while those to the north and south are pointed. On either hand the church widens out into transepts; before us, beyond the eastern tower-arch, we see on each side rounded arches, resting on strong, massive columns of stone, and continuing round the east end of the chancel, thus forming a half-circle, or apse. The aisle runs all round behind this arcade, and is called an "ambulatory," which means "a walk round." Above is another row of arches, and above that again, is the clerestory. You will remember, I think, that we have seen architecture like this before; do not the arches and columns remind you of those we saw in St. John's Chapel in the Tower, and is not the general form of the church the same? Only that here we have it all on a larger and grander scale, and if you look carefully you will notice that there is more decoration. Do you see that running pattern round the arch up there? It was a favourite one with the Normans, and is called billet moulding; you will see it better presently when we go further up the church. Over these tower-arches runs the zig-zag moulding, so often seen in Norman buildings. Parts of the church have had to be built over again of late, so much of it had fallen into neglect and ruin—and part has disappeared altogether; but the greater portion of what I have been showing you is the actual work of men long since passed away. You can see for yourselves how crumbling and broken some of the

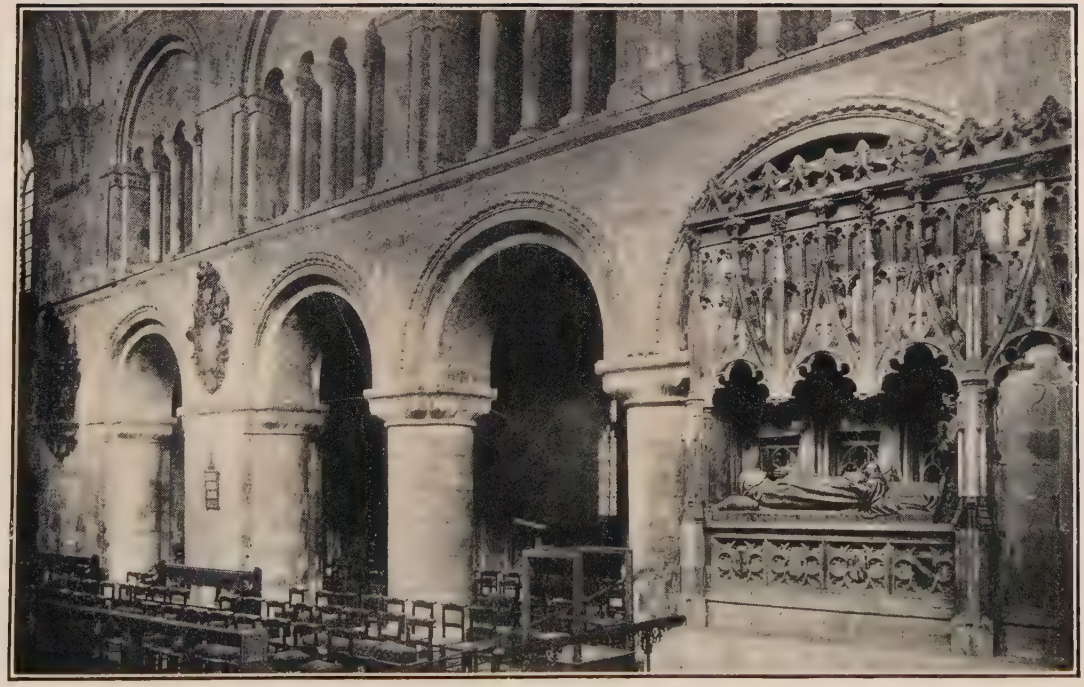
pillars are, and how stained by age and weather is the ancient stone.

If we feel the greatness and solemnity of the Norman style of building, we shall not be surprised to read in history, as we do, that it went hand in hand with a new earnestness among men. There was an eager desire in the hearts of many to raise beautiful churches that should in some measure express real reverence and devotion toward God. The man who founded this church of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield seems to have felt such a longing. Shall we sit down here in this quiet corner, in the solemn shadow of the great arches, while I tell you very softly what I have heard about him?

At the court of the Norman King, Henry I. of England, was a young man named Rahere. It was a gay time, and the King and his nobles were pleasure-loving, so that feasts and revelry were the order of the day. Rahere was one of the merriest and most thoughtless of all the courtiers, and was a favourite with Henry on account of his brilliancy and wit. But one day the great trouble came suddenly which darkened the rest of the King's life; a message was brought telling him how his only son, Prince William, had been drowned at sea when crossing over from Normandy. You remember the tale, and how it was said that Henry "never smiled again." When Rahere found that he could no longer amuse the King with his jests and songs, he too began to think more seriously, and in the fashion of those days, he showed his repentance for his past careless, selfish life, by starting on a pilgrimage to Rome. While there, he was taken very ill with malarial fever; we are not told whether he met with kind treatment and nursing, but probably he had to feel what a dreadful thing it was to be sick and help-

less alone among strangers. Perhaps it was partly this, and a new feeling of sympathy with other sufferers, as well as his own great distress, which caused him to make a solemn vow that, if he recovered, he would build a hospital for the sick poor of London. He did get well; and one night, while he was getting better, he had a wonderful dream or vision. He thought that a terrible monster, having four feet and two wings, carried him up to a great height, whence he looked down into a deep pit. He feared lest he should fall, and uttered a loud cry of terror. Then there appeared to him a man of great beauty and dignity of form, who, looking earnestly on him, said, "O man, what and how much service shouldst thou give to him, that in so great peril hath brought help to thee?" And Rahere said that he would give his very best. Then said the other, "I am Bartholomew, the Apostle of Jesus Christ, that come to succour thee in thine anguish." He went on to say that Rahere was to build a church in a place called Smithfield, "and it shall be the house of God." "This spiritual house," he added, "Almighty God shall inhabit and hallow it."

Rahere felt that he must obey this command, and, wishing from henceforth to give himself to a religious life, he became a canon of the Order of St. Austin. You know what that means, for you have nor forgotten the Priory at Repyngdon. On his return to England, he persuaded the King, who was fond of him, to give him a grant of some waste land outside the City wall in the marshy meadows of Smithfield. The place was within the King's market, which perhaps was held among some great elm trees that used to stand beside the wet spongy marsh where Rahere began to build his church. The ground had to be drained before this could be done, but a large piece of water was



ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT, SMITHFIELD, AND TOMB OF RAHERE.

left, and was afterwards used as a horse-pond. That his beautiful church, dedicated of course to St. Bartholomew, might be well served, Rahere also founded a house for the canons of St. Austin, becoming himself its prior; and close by, in fulfilment of his vow, a hospital for the sick. This was in the year 1123—just about the time that Jordain Briset was building his house for the Hospitallers only a short distance off.

We have only to look round the church to see that Rahere spared no pains to make his offering to God as beautiful as he could. When he died, others carried on his plan, building the tower, which was above the place where we are now sitting, and the nave, which extended down through the present churchyard almost as far as the gateway by which we entered from Smithfield. The building we now see, then, is really only the choir of Rahere's church, with its aisles and transepts, and the Lady Chapel behind the apse; and some of these parts, as I have said, have had to be rebuilt.

Now let us go further up the church, and stand quietly as near as we can to the Founder's tomb at the East end. How beautiful it is, set within one of the rounded arches, and overhung by a canopy of stone, richly carved, though in the fashion of a much later time. That figure lying beneath, with folded hands as if in prayer, is Rahere, resting, as it were, from his labours. He wears the garb of an Austin Canon, a black mantle and hood over a white garment; the face is a strong one, and some people, at any rate, think it is really a likeness of the man. At his feet kneels a crowned angel, and on either side are two small figures of monks with open books. We can see what words they are reading, in Latin. and taken from the prophet Isaiah:—

"For the Lord shall comfort Zion; He will comfort all her waste places, and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." Whoever chose these words to put on the Prior's tomb must have been thinking how from the waste and desolate land outside the City wall so much beauty had arisen, and what a different place Rahere had made of it.

But now we must not stay much longer in the old church; we can walk round behind the apse if you like, looking into the new Lady Chapel as we pass, and so through the south aisle to where we came in. Or you may want to climb the steps leading up to the triforium, as the gallery is called which runs along above the choir arches, between those and the clerestory, and look down from its dark recesses. You can peep out of Prior Bolton's window up there; we saw it from below just now. This Prior lived long after Rahere's time, so his window, which looks into the church, is of a later style; much larger than a Norman window would be, and with mullions running straight up to the top. Looking down from it, we see Rahere's tomb nearly opposite; perhaps that was why Prior Bolton put his window just there, that some watcher might see from above that no harm came to the Founder's monument.

Well, we must go, remembering, as we pass down the churchyard, that we are really in the old nave. We understand now too why the part inside the gateway should be called the "Close"—it was once the enclosure of the Priory. Even now, if we had time to explore, we should find that there are a number of little lanes and passages around the church where long ago stood the cloisters,

refectory, and so on, just as we saw them at Repton. Most likely some of the old houses there now are built partly of stones that once belonged to the Priory. As for the orchards, and the famous mulberry garden that belonged to the Black Canons, they have all been built over long ago. That part of the story—the breaking up of the great house that Rahere had founded—we need not dwell on now, for you know we have twice before seen the same thing happen. The church was left, or rather the choir of the church, and the Priory precincts came to be the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great in Smithfield. The tower we see, looking back from the gateway, was built later still; the earlier one, you remember, was over the centre of the church.

Now that we are again in the open space of Smithfield we must think of Rahere's hospital, which, with its chapel, was also dedicated to St. Bartholomew. We can easily see how greatly it must have been needed, if we call to mind what London was like in Norman times. The people lived in houses built of wood, and thatched generally with straw or reeds. The streets were very narrow, not paved as we see them now, and with a deep gutter running through, into which the inhabitants threw refuse of every kind—fragments of meat, decaying fish and vegetables, and so on. The water that ran through the gutter was very dirty indeed, as you will understand if I tell you that the people washed their linen in it. Pigs and hens ran about the streets, and wild, fierce-looking dogs sniffed about among the heaps of refuse, looking for scraps of food. The air could not always have been very sweet, could it?—and you are not surprised that there was a good deal of sickness, especially in the lanes leading down to the

Thames, where the people were crowded together in wretched hovels. Londoners lived very much on salted food, too, in those days; they ate a great deal of fish, which was sometimes stale or bad, and far less of fresh green vegetables than we do. This also was a cause of much illness among the poor. Think too how comfortless and wretched their own homes would be for sick persons; how noisy the street outside must have been, even without the traffic of these days. So that St. Bartholomew's hospital, even in its small beginning, must have been a great boon to the poor then, just as the great institution into which it has since grown is now to a much greater number.

Nothing remains in Smithfield to show us what that old hospital, as Rahere founded it, was like. But at some distance from London, hidden away among quiet streets in the ancient city of Chichester, there is still a quaint old building which carries us back a long way into the past—at any rate to the century following that which saw the founding of St. Bartholomew's. Suppose we let the wings of imagination, which fly so much faster than any train, take us for just a peep at this place, which still bears its old name of the "Hospital of St. Mary."

We enter by an archway, and through the garden, a fine old Hall, and perhaps are puzzled at first to know what kind of place it can be. It is so different from anything we have ever seen. That lofty roof of timber to which we look up, those arches resting on great oak pillars, four on each side, remind us somewhat of a church, and straight in front of us is a beautifully carved screen, also of oak, behind which rises the great east window. That part of the Hall, beyond the screen, is indeed a chapel for the worship of God; all

the rest, down to the west door where we came in, is the actual hospital. On either side, behind a kind of railing or fence, are doors leading to rooms occupied by the poor folk who come here to spend their last years in quiet. Nowadays we call such a place as this an "almshouse," do we not? For all that St. Mary's keeps its old name of "hospital;" when it was first built, about the end of the thirteenth century, and for long after, it was intended for the reception of the sick and infirm, who were cared for by a certain number of brethren and sisters. The rooms on each side were not there then, nor that fence; instead, you must imagine beds laid down along by the walls for the patients, who would watch their dark-robed nurses moving gently to and fro, and could join in the solemn services recited by the priest in the chapel at the east end. "How strange," you may say, "to have a hospital and a church all in one!" And it does look strange to us now to see the Hall as it is, with brooms and pails and brushes stowed away behind the fence I spoke of. Yet why should we think so? It is true that we cannot be too reverent, and that it is right to treat our churches as sacred places; yet St. Mary's Hospital always seems to me to speak of a daily life lived in the presence of God.

Well, we have had our peep at the old Hall, and now come back once more to the hospital in Smithfield. It was built more than a century before St. Mary's, so that the style of its arches and windows would be different; yet its general plan would most likely be the same. We may fancy, then, a long, lofty hall, with a chapel at one end, just as I have shown you at Chichester. But this hall would be much darker, for instead of large windows letting in plenty of light, there would be only the narrow ones of Norman

times. If there were arches and pillars, they would be round like those we saw in the church yonder. There would not be fireplaces opening into chimneys, but perhaps one fire burning in the middle of the hall, the smoke rising to the roof.* The patients would be lying in beds along by the wall, and though we pity them for what seems to us the discomfort of their surroundings—the dark, smoky hall, where so little air or light could get in, the poor food they got, and the rough doctoring—we must remember that things looked very different to them. Here there was peace and quiet and order—there were clean rushes laid down on the floor, instead of the dirty ones in their own wretched houses, which might lie unchanged for months; and the food was most likely better than they would have been able to get at home. If they had to lie two, or even three in a bed, that would probably be nothing new to them.

The Hospital was managed by a Master, with brethren and sisters under him. They had not much money at first to spend on the sick, and even had to go to the butchers near by at Newgate to beg for scraps of meat to feed them with. What a small beginning it was! and yet look what it has grown into: the great Hospital of St. Bartholomew, with its skilful doctors and trained nurses instead of the little band of brethren and sisters just doing their poor best to help the suffering; its clean, airy wards, its famous school of medicine. See that notice on the building itself, telling us that in the last fifty years, no fewer than seven millions of people have been treated there by the doctors. The words on Rahere's tomb have come true, have they not? In spite of all the sad sights to be seen in a London hospital

* Most likely there would be two such halls, one for men and one for women.

still there is "comfort" there for the sick and dying; "joy and gladness" when some patient goes home well and strong; and often, let us hope, "thanksgiving."

Now let us turn our gaze on Smithfield, as it was, not as it is in the twentieth century. Suppose that more than a hundred years have passed since the foundation of Rahere's Priory, and that England is now under Plantagenet rule. Yonder from the hospital gate there comes forth a poor man, pale from recent sickness and leaning heavily on his staff; yet he is one of the thankful ones, for though he has been at death's door, the good brethren have done their best for him and set him on his feet again. Now he is going back to his family, and, though his home is in one of those crowded, unwholesome lanes leading down to the Thames, yet he is full of joy at the thought of going back. It is an afternoon in late summer, and the sun is going down over the City; yet the light seems dazzling to the convalescent as he comes out into the open space of the "Smooth" Field; his eyes have become so used to the dim twilight of the Norman hall. More bewildering than the sunshine, however, is the scene which suddenly presents itself to his gaze. It is the Eve of St. Bartholomew, and the great Fair which for more than a century has been held here every year at the Feast of the patron Saint of the Priory, has begun. It will last three days, he knows: to-morrow, which is Saint Bartholomew's Day, and the day after, and during that time Smithfield will be crowded with people of all sorts, come to buy or sell, to amuse themselves, or to look on. The tolls of the Fair will go to the Black Canons inside the gateway over there, for they are its masters, and the profits are theirs by right of royal charter. The principal part of the Fair, indeed, is held within the monastery precincts, on the north

side of the church, and its first and chief object is the sale of cloth, spun and woven from the wool of English sheep; but, though it is a Cloth Fair to begin with, it is much more as well; year by year it has grown larger, and has now overflowed into Smithfield itself. There is a cool, refreshing breeze blowing from the meadows in the open country away on the north and east; there are scarcely any buildings on that side except the stately church and monastery of the Knights Hospitallers. Not far off, on the other side, rises the turreted wall of the City, seen through the trees.

Our friend (Dickon of Billingsgate, we may call him), though he is feeling weak and rather giddy, yet is anxious to see the sights of the Fair, and presses in among the motley crowd. Such a merry scene it is! all life and colour and laughter, as well as sober traffic. Countrymen are there, selling the cattle they have driven in from the pastures; travelling pedlars and hawkers are showing off their gay wares to the women. Booths and tents are set up near the Priory gate and perhaps among the elm trees near the horse-pond, and such a babel of sounds! Music of pipes and tambourines over there where a kind of stage has been set up, and acting seems to be going on; loud crying of wares; singing of minstrels, and shouts of laughter among the crowd of poor folk when the jester makes some rough joke, or the tumblers perform some specially funny antic. Gay knights and ladies are there on horseback, some of the Austin Canons in their black gowns mingle with the noisy throng, and foreign faces are seen in the crowd, merchants from Flanders, perhaps, come to sell their fine cloth. Suddenly from one of the booths comes a great noise of shouting; the crowd surges to and fro, everyone eagerly asking what is the matter. Dickon is carried along in the press, and only for

the help of a kindly woman, who pulls him aside into the shelter of her stall, might have fainted and fallen down. Then he sees what all the commotion is about; several men are dragging along a poor, wretched-looking lad, and are evidently taking him into the Priory precincts. The woman tells Dickon what it is all about; the youth has been caught stealing from one of the booths, and will be tried before the Court which sits during the Fair, and has power to judge only such cases as arise in connection with the same. It is called the Court of Pie Powder; a curious name, is it not?—thought to be derived from the French, "pieds poudreux." (Most likely the "dusty feet" were the travelling pedlars who came to the fair, and whose long journeys on foot would give them a good claim to such a title. Disputes as to the value of their wares, or concerning weight and measure, might easily arise, and so it was convenient to have a Court close at hand for deciding all such matters.)

Dickon does not follow to see what happens to the luckless thief, or to inspect the cloth put out for sale in the Canons' precincts, together with other goods of leather, pewter, and so on. He is anxious to continue his way homeward, for he feels dizzy with the noise of the Fair, and besides it will not be long now before the great bell of St. Martin's le Grand rings the curfew; and then the City gates will be closed for the night. We watch him till he is lost in the throng of citizens, and then the scene grows dim, and the Fair and the holiday-makers fade from view.

Pass over another hundred years, and we see another picture. It is the same Smithfield, and the Priory and Hospital are still there; only there are more houses now, built around the open space. The sunshine of a long June

day pours down on their red-tiled roofs, and on the same walled city. But we cannot look at the buildings, for we are wondering what is the meaning of this vast concourse of men that fills one side of the market square. No holiday gathering this; we hear no laughter, no jesting from this silent, threatening crowd. Yet it is no regular army either, arrayed in disciplined order—but here in their thousands are rough-looking peasants, some with the appearance of having but just come from their work in the fields; a few wearing armour, but all with some kind of weapon, if it is only a rusty sword or even a stout stick, or an ancient bow, and perhaps only one arrow to shoot with it. They are here with a purpose, that seems clear, and they stand waiting in expectation of something about to happen. Presently a stately cavalcade of knights, followed by men-at-arms, rides across the field, stopping at the Priory gateway. There is a stir and a movement in the ranks of waiting men opposite; then their leader, armed and mounted on a small horse, rides forward to meet the troop yonder, and a conference takes place. The countryman, bold and even insolent in look and gesture, is speaking to one who, by his appearance and air of command, seems to be the head of the party. Yet he is very young—a mere boy, of handsome countenance and richly dressed. His colour rises, we fancy, at the tone of familiarity in which he is addressed; but he answers quietly and with evident desire to appease this man. The boy is King of England, but at this critical moment his crown is in danger—aye, and his life too. His followers know it as well as himself, and are watching the interview with anxious faces, which yet are full of stern resolve.

"Give me thy dagger," says the rebel leader, insolently, to the King's squire, who rides behind, and who indignantly

refuses. "Yet give it to him," says the young King, and the squire obeys, though unwillingly. The peasant toys with the dagger, as though thinking what further to demand; then, "Give me also that sword." But this is too much, for it is the King's sword the squire carries, and he flashes out in wrath no longer to be kept back. "If there were no more here but thou and I, thou durst not speak those words for as much gold in quantity as all yonder church of St. Paul."

At this moment, another man, in civic gown and mantle, followed by men-at-arms, rides forward from behind; and what does really happen is hard to see, for the King's followers close up around the rebel leader, and for a few moments all is in confusion. The peasants waiting in their ranks over there cannot see either. "They are making him a knight," cry some of them. But no, something very different has happened; in that one moment their leader has been struck down by a sudden blow. There he lies on the ground, dying, if not already dead. It is a terrible moment of suspense; what will happen now? The King has only a few men at his back, and over against them stand thousands of angry men, reckless and desperate. Yes, indeed, there they bend their bows; surely now a volley of arrows will come this way, and all will be over.

But see, the King—so very young, and yet so perfectly calm—rides forward alone, right up to the hostile ranks. "I am your leader. Follow me," he cries. The peasants look up in amaze; the bows are relaxed. They are satisfied if their own King, this handsome boy with the winning smile, will be their friend and chief; certainly he will give them all they ask—their freedom. So they follow him, as he, after a few brief words with his lords, leads them away from Smithfield

into the neighbouring fields; over there where we see that cloud of smoke, every now and then tinged with ruddy flame, as from a burning ruin. The King is alone with the rebels, and at their mercy, but now the horsemen he has left behind are seen galloping at full speed across the market-place toward the City. They go to bring help for their master; to call the Londoners to arms. Very soon, almost before we could think it possible, the tramp of steady marching is heard, and armed men pour into Smithfield, going to the aid of the King.

Well, you know the story, and can give names to the chief actors in it. The young King is Richard II., and it was Wat Tyler who was struck down in sight of his followers by William Walworth, the Mayor. We might have seen the gates of the Hospital open, and kindly hands lift the unfortunate man and carry him in. You know too, that the cloud of fiery smoke came from the burning Monastery of St. John of Jerusalem, whose Prior had already met with his death at the hands of the rebels. The history books tell us how the Peasants' Rising ended. For three days the rebels had held London in terror, but they were surrounded on that Saturday evening in the meadows of Clerkenwell, and being badly armed and undisciplined, were obliged to yield. Richard had behaved with splendid courage and presence of mind in a great crisis, but we wish he had kept faith with the poor peasants who trusted in him; he had promised them their liberty, but as soon as the danger was over, he took back his word, and the charter he had given them. For the time being they were crushed, yet the spirit of resistance never died out, and little by little they won their freedom, though that took a long time.

Shall we look at one more dissolving view before we put

away the magic lantern? There are many I could show you: the busy scene on a Friday, when the horse market was held in Smithfield, and racing followed, when buying and selling was over. Or we might see the great sheet of water frozen over in winter, and covered with crowds of skaters; at other times, on holiday afternoons, the field was a playground for the youth of the City, and wrestling, games of ball-throwing and the like, went on. I might show you sad and terrible things that took place there; even when the Fair was going on, we might have looked up and seen a gibbet erected among the elm trees. For this was often the place chosen for executions; here the Scottish hero William Wallace, was cruelly done to death, and here in front of that very gateway of the Priory that we see to-day, men and women were burnt at the stake for their religious beliefs. But I choose a different scene for our last.

Richard Plantagenet is still on the throne, but he is now a grown man. The days of chivalry are really passing away, but jousts and tournaments are still kept up with greater splendour than ever. Richard, who loves magnificence, both in dress and ceremony, has determined to hold a series of splendid tournaments in London which shall last several days, and to which the knights of France, Germany, Flanders, and other countries, have already been invited by royal proclamation. Only lately the French King has been celebrating just such grand festivities, and Richard is determined not to be outdone. The great day has come, and a gorgeous procession has set out from the Tower, passed through Cheapside, and out at one of the City gates (Ludgate or Newgate), entering the open space of Smithfield by way of Giltspur Street. We fancy that we stand in the crowd of spectators watching the gay pageant. First come the

squires, sixty in number, mounted on horses richly caparisoned; then follow the same number of ladies, of the highest rank, in splendid silken robes and mantles lined with fur, each one riding on a palfrey, and leading a knight by a silver chain. The knights are fully armed, with broad plates of steel buckled over the coat-of-mail for extra protection; on their heads they wear pointed helmets called basinets. So, heralded by blare of trumpets, the procession advances slowly. Then the ladies dismount with the help of their servants, and after them the squires, who bring the knights their horses, and lace on their masters' great iron helmets, which rest on the shoulders, and are too heavy for ordinary use.

The King and Queen are there already with many of the nobles to look on at the tournament; the foreign knights are arriving and the tilting begins. We hear the blast of trumpets and the heralds proclaiming the varying combatants. The English knights may be known by their wearing the King's badge, the white hart. We watch the shock of the encounter, as the knights meet in the lists, and though their lances are blunt, we are not surprised that some are unhorsed. and others lose their helmets. If one is seriously hurt, he is carried into the Hospital close by, to have his wounds bandaged. The best of the tilting will take place next day, though, and there is great eagerness among the foreigners to win the prize, a crown of gold, which will be adjudged by the ladies to the best of them. For the English knight who acquits himself most nobly among those who hold the lists, the prize is to be a rich golden clasp. The day after the squires will have their turn at tilting; and during all these days there will be feasting and dancing in the evening till it is time to break up the tournament. But all this, alas, we

cannot see; only if you want to know more, you may read the story of this pageant written down in the pages of the Flemish chronicler Froissart. He will tell you which of the foreign knights won the prize, and how, strangely enough, his doing so, and the honours showered upon him afterwards brought him ill-luck.

Our pictures are over, and we are back once more in the Smithfield of our own day; its meat market, its shops and houses, the rumbling wagons, and the stir of people passing to and fro. Yet there is still the old gateway of Rahere's Priory, leading to the choir of his church; and here close beside us is St. Bartholomew's Hospital which he founded. The king whose statue we see up there is not indeed the Henry of Rahere's time, but Henry VIII., who after dissolving the Priory, refounded the Hospital, which has lasted down to the present day. The Fair exists no longer, though it outlived the Austin Canons by several centuries, and was not really done away with till the middle of the nineteenth century. Yet even of this there is a memorial left; for if we go into that narrow little street to the left of the Priory gate, we shall see that it bears the name of *Cloth Fair*. Here, within the monastery enclosure, the booths were set up where cloth was sold, and where English and foreign merchants brought their wares; and here was the Court of Pie Powder. Those old houses on the right are the same that we saw from the churchyard of St. Bartholomew's; only that then we were looking at their backs.

It may sometimes happen in the future that you or I will have business to transact in Smithfield or its neighbourhood, and may come here with minds intent on our work. Even so, shall we not spare one thought for the past, and, remembering the pictures we have called up, see once more the

open waste and marshy ground, and Rahere in his black robe superintending the building of his church? Or, looking up at the Hospital, we shall think how the once gay and selfish courtier showed forth his new-born love for God and men. Nor will we forget the many thousands of feet that have trodden this ground before us; the holiday-makers, the knights athirst for glory, or the peasants struggling to win their freedom, all of them in one way or another helping to build up the England that now is.

PART IV.—ENGLAND UNDER THE PLANTAGENETS.

CHAPTER VI.

Town and Gown in the Middle Ages.

In one of our earlier lessons we spoke of the Crusades, and we saw that in the end they failed in the carrying out of their purpose: the deliverance of the Holy City from the Turks. Would it be true to say, then, that nothing at all came of these wars? No, the movement was too great a one to be quite fruitless; yet the strange thing is that, as we who live so long after can see, it was in Europe itself that its influence was most felt. Let us look at one of the ways in which this happened.

Here were numbers of men from various parts of Europe —France, Germany, England, and other countries, spending years of their life in Palestine, where they came into contact with different races, who had their own ways of thinking, their own customs, literature, and civilization. You must remember that the Crusaders were not always fighting battles, and that they had plenty of opportunity for studying the ways of Eastern nations, both Greek and Moslem, and for getting to know their language and their learning. And some of them, who had sense enough to see it, found out that there were some very wise men out there, who could teach them a great deal about science in its different branches, and especially, what was very useful to them,

about medicine. Do you not think, then, that much of the wisdom and learning of the East must have been carried home to Europe by the more thoughtful of the men who returned from Palestine or Egypt? This was not indeed the only channel by which such learning filtered through to this Continent, but it was at least a very important one. Think too what excitement there would be in a village or town when a Crusader came back after long years of absence, sunbrowned and scarred, and seeming somehow different from what he used to be. How people would settle down comfortably to listen to his tales of adventure, of the strange countries and peoples he had seen! Why, to the folk who had always stayed at home it would all seem most marvellous. The world grew bigger, as it were, and their eyes were opened to many new things. This is what we mean when we say that one result of the Crusades was to arouse in men's minds a new thirst for knowledge; they woke up to find that there were a great many things to be learnt, and that they were worth learning. Men belonging to the different nations of Europe had been brought closer together too, and in spite of all the quarrelling and disunion which was the real cause of the failure of the Crusades, had come to know each other better. Englishmen, especially, who had left their little island for the world outside, had learnt to enter into the thought and interests of other parts of Europe, as well as sharing in the benefits of Eastern travel.

Now, partly, at any rate, for these reasons, we find that in the twelfth century, just about the time when the Norman rule in our country was passing over into that of the Plantagenets, there was a great stir and movement among the young men nearly all over Europe. They wanted learning, and in some way they were determined to get it. In

older times a lad of promise was often taken into a monastery school, for there only, as you know, were books and learning to be found. But this was not enough to satisfy the new longing; these would-be students wanted to study, not only theology, but Roman law, physical science, and philosophy. Where could they go to learn all this?

Well, we scarcely know how it happened, but I suppose just because the demand was so great, there came into being in different parts of Europe schools for the higher kind of learning. Not at all like what we call "schools" now, but collections of scholars and teachers, living just where they could, and gradually forming into distinct bodies with a government and laws of their own. A union of this kind came to be called a *university*. One of these schools had grown up in Paris, and had come to be looked on as a great centre of learning; many youths, from England as well as from other countries, thronged to it, even though it was not an easy matter in those days to go so far.

One day, about the year 1167, there came quite suddenly an order from Henry II., the first Plantagenet king of England, that all clerks studying or teaching at Paris who held office on the other side of the Channel, should return within three months, "as they loved their revenues." This must have been a great shock to many, even though most likely they knew the reason of the command. You see the English king was not on good terms with the king of France just then; I wonder if any of you can tell why? You know the story of Henry's quarrel with Thomas à Becket, and how at one stage of it, the Archbishop fled to France and was sheltered by the king of that country; this gave great offence to the Plantagenet monarch. The question is, what did the Englishmen at Paris University do? Probably

most of them returned home as they were bidden, both masters and scholars, and then looked about for a new place where they might carry on their studies. It was a very usual thing in the Middle Ages for a clerk, as such a scholar would be called, to wander from one school to another, and it seems there was already at least one town in England beginning to be known as a place of learning. It was a good centre, for it was not very far from London, and situated on the river Thames; for that reason it was growing into a prosperous trading town, and received a charter from this very king Henry, in which it was said that its people "and the citizens of London are of one and the same custom, law and liberty." What city was this which bade fair to rival the capital itself as a centre of trade?

It was the town of Oxford to which these returning students were likely to be attracted, and which from that time to the present day has been famous for its great school of learning. It seems that by this action of the king its numbers were very much increased, and that more and more scholars poured in; not only those returning from Paris, together with their teachers, who would be sure to be noted men, but others too, who as matters stood were prevented from going abroad as they might otherwise have done.

Suppose a group of these young men, trudging along with staff and bundle, to have reached the town, what sort of place would they have seen? Nothing at all like the Oxford of to-day, with its stately colleges, its lovely gardens and river walks. They would see a walled town with gates, situated on the tongue of land between the Thames and the Cherwell, indeed, nearly surrounded by water. It was a damp, unhealthy spot, for the country round was marshy,

and often flooded. Entering probably by the east gate, the newcomers would find themselves in a narrow street lined with mean wooden houses, whose upper stories projected over the lower. Here so much traffic went on that foot passengers must sometimes have found it difficult to pass—men leading horses loaded with straw blocked up the way in one place, pigs were being sold in another. Nor were the streets any cleaner than we have seen them in London at the same period. Our scholars would pass the church of St. Mary, which seems from the beginning to have belonged to the masters and students of the schools; it was a parish church, but they borrowed it for their own use. The street led to Carfax or Quatre voix (four ways), so called because at this point four roads met. Here, in the heart of the town stood St. Martin's church, and here was the centre of the town life. It was the deep clanging of St. Martin's bell that called the burghers together, to take counsel or to assemble in arms when some danger threatened. In the street running north from this central point the corn market was held; the vintners and spicers had their stalls to the south. Close to Carfax itself were the vendors of fine white bread; and in the street leading west were the butchers. Over in that direction rose the towers of the fine Norman castle, built at the time of the Conquest (because of the important position of Oxford on the waterway of the Thames). The strangers would look up at it with interest, remembering how Matilda had been besieged in that fortress by Stephen not very long before, and had escaped one winter night over the frozen streams which formed a natural moat, dressed in white, and with only a few knights to guard her. In the southern part of the town was the church of St. Frideswide, (a Saxon princess), at that time rising in fresh beauty day by day; we

have seen already in Smithfield and at St. Albans how in Norman times a great passion for building took hold of men. Sometimes older churches were rebuilt, as happened in this instance at Oxford. Only now, when you know the first Plantagenet king was on the throne, we notice a change coming over the fashion of building. St. Frideswide's was rebuilt in what is called the Transition Norman style. Even now in our own day we can admire the massive rounded pillars of this church and see the beginning of the pointed arch, which is one great feature of the new kind of architecture that was coming in.

All this might have been seen by the scholars in passing through the town; there were other churches too besides those I have mentioned, and close to Carfax was the part of the town called the *Jewry*. Soon after the Conquest Jews had been allowed to settle in Oxford, and here they lived apart from the rest of the inhabitants, distinguished from other people by their yellow garb, and, except as money-lenders, holding no intercourse with the Christians, who held them in contempt. Sometimes, it may be, a few rather daring students would seek them out for the sake of their scientific learning, hidden away in ancient Hebrew parchments written in strange characters.

I shall not follow the fortunes of our imaginary scholars, but leave them to find some humble lodging in one of the lanes in Oxford. There was no College for them to go to, and if there had been they could not have afforded it; they must have looked very poor and insignificant, and a well-to-do burgher, passing them in the street, would scarcely notice them. Little did he think what power these gatherings of noisy, troublesome boys were to wield in Oxford at a future day.

Now pass on with me to the next century—the thirteenth, which in many ways was the greatest and most glorious in the Middle Ages. Some of the best and most wonderful men who ever lived belong to that period; perhaps in the course of our story we shall just touch on a few of them. First, however, let us see how the scholars, who had vastly increased in numbers, were getting on. It was in the thirteenth century that this body of students, masters and learners, at first so loosely knit together, came by degrees to deserve the title of "University." It had grown up of itself, as one may say, without help from any monastery, and as time went on its customs became fixed, and stiffened into laws by which its members were strictly bound. And who was its head? For surely such a numerous assemblage of men and boys could not do without one? Well, from nearly the beginning of the century we find an officer appointed over it, holding his authority from the Bishop of Lincoln, in whose diocese Oxford lay. I must tell you, however, that this official, who has always been called the Chancellor of the University, became more and more independent of the Bishop, perhaps because Lincoln was such a long way off; he was chosen from among the Masters, and seems to have been elected by them. If his power increased, therefore, as it did, that meant that the University itself was becoming more powerful. The scholars themselves were called clerks; this does not mean that they were all clergymen, for most certainly they were not, though a good many were preparing to enter holy orders. Before any scholar could join the ranks of the Masters, these last must give their consent to his promotion, and this of course they would only do if they considered him to have sufficient learning. This seems to have been

the beginning of what is called now "taking a degree" at the University.

Before we go on to see what kind of life the student of the Middle Ages lived, and how very different it was to that of the undergraduate at Oxford or Cambridge in these days, I should like to tell you about something that happened in the thirteenth century which made a great difference to the University. You will see presently how wild and uncontrolled many of the young scholars were, and I have told you that in their desire for knowledge they went far beyond the subjects usually taught by churchmen. It looked rather as if religion and the University were not to have much to say to each other. Only just then there came to Oxford some men who were not monks, and yet who had devoted themselves entirely to a religious life. And here we come to one of the truly great men I spoke of, though he only partly belongs to the thirteenth century. His real name was Giovanni Bernardone, though he is always known by his adopted name of Francisco, or in English, Francis. His father was a merchant, living in the Italian town of Assisi. Now I cannot stay to tell you the life of this wonderful man, which has indeed been told again and again, so that you are sure to have an opportunity of reading about him elsewhere—how he gave up all his chances of getting on in life to obey the heavenly voice that bade him, "Build up my Church." At first he thought this meant the little ruined church of St. Mary of the Angels at Assisi, but when he heard the words a second time he knew that he was sent to the men and women who belonged to the Church of God, to build them up in the faith and bring them back to the holy ways they had forgotten. Sorely the Church of those days needed a St.

St. Francis of Assisi.

Francis—her rulers and teachers loved money, pomp, and power better far than the souls of men, and Christ's flock went unshepherded. But many people were shamed out of their greed and selfishness when they saw Francis, and the few men who first followed him, really giving up all for Christ, because they wished to be like Him in everything. They had absolutely no possessions except the coarse garment, grey or brown in colour, which they wore, with a rope knotted round the waist; they had not even any shoes, but went barefoot. It was in the year 1209, when King John of evil fame was reigning in England, and the land was under the blight of the Pope's interdict, that Francis, after long pleading, got the consent of that same Pope, Innocent III., for the formation of his Order of Friars Minors, or Lesser Brothers. Why were they called "Lesser?" Because of the earnest wish of St. Francis that they should take for their motto those words of the Master, "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

These Friars were different from monks, for they did not live shut up in monasteries, but went about in the world, at the service of everyone who needed them, especially of the poor and the sick. Later they were often called "Grey Brothers" and "Franciscans."

I was going to tell you what these men had to do with Oxford and the University. Not very many years after the foundation of the Order, when King John was dead and his son, the young Henry, sat on the throne, there came to England nine of the Grey Brothers; some of them were foreigners, but some were Englishmen (for now the Friars numbered very many, and were not all Italians). Two of these latter came on by themselves to Oxford; we know

their names, Richard of Ingeworth and Richard of Devon. The story of their coming gives us the following picture.

A thickly wooded country; between the forests lie meadows covered with water, for the rivers have overflowed their banks, and the floods are out. Night is coming on, when two travellers appear on the path leading out of the wood. One is a man still young, the other quite a boy. They look very poor, just like beggars, indeed, for their grey gowns of coarse cloth are ragged and torn, and they go barefoot over the rough road. It is plain that they have lost their way by turning aside into the wood to avoid floods, and now it is getting so dark that it is no longer safe to stay in the forest for fear of the wild beasts that prowl about it. They are so tired too, and so cold and hungry; but that is nothing new to them, and it does not make them at all unhappy, as one might think. Still they are very glad when they see lights glimmering through the dusk and find they are close to a small monastery. They had hoped to reach Oxford to-night, certainly, but that is impossible now, and surely the good monks will give them shelter and food. So they knock at the gate, and the porter opens to them; they tell him their plight and beg for admittance. But it seems that he has never seen such strange-looking men before, and takes them for strolling minstrels or jesters. Well, if they were, perhaps they might find a welcome, but when the monks find themselves disappointed of the expected amusement, the prior angrily orders them to be turned out into the cold night. There is a young novice, however, who has seen something of patient beauty in the faces of the ragged wayfarers—perhaps the words come into his mind, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in." He wins the porter over to help him, and

secretly they give the two men shelter in the hay-loft, and bring them bread and ale—a royal feast for the poor famishing ones—and how warm and comfortable the hay is! Next morning they are up early, on their way to Oxford.

There is some more of the story, telling of the punishment that came to the inhospitable Prior; but we must hurry on now to see what the Brethren did in the university town. Remember they had no house to go to, and no money to buy any food or to pay for lodging. They found friends, however, for I must tell you that another order of friars, wearing a black habit instead of a grey one, and founded by St. Dominic nearly at the same time as the Brotherhood of St. Francis was formed, had already got a house outside the walls of Oxford, down near the Isis, as the Thames here is called. These Black Brethren, or Dominicans, were intended chiefly for preaching, and therefore from the beginning were learned men, fitted to speak to the more educated people; whereas the Franciscans' work lay among the very poorest and most miserable. Of course the two Richards went straight to the house of the Black Friars by the river, and here at any rate were no rough words, but a kindly welcome to stay till they fonnd some other shelter. This was the beginning of the life of the Order in Oxford; very soon more of the Brothers came to live there. They went as usual down among the lowest of the people in the worst part of the town, tenderly nursing the sick, binding up wounds and sores, and tending the poor miserable lepers who were shunned by everyone else. They preached too in public places, earnest homely sermons which stirred men's hearts; but of course it was their unselfish lives, their worn, patched garments and bare

feet that most of all made people listen to them. Rich men came forward to help, and built houses for them, where the Brothers were glad to live, though they were not allowed to accept gifts of property. They lived on charity like the very poorest people, begging for their food; and yet they were such happy people, cheerful and even merry.

Now I must tell you that St. Francis, whose death took place about this time, did not care in the least for learning, and would not let his followers have any books of their own; he thought it was enough if a man loved Christ and tried to be like Him. But the Friars of his Order who settled at Oxford very soon began to see that if they were going to preach there they needed to study; and that a knowledge of the laws of nature and of medicine was very necessary if they were to heal the sick. Partly too, I think, it must have been that learning was, so to speak, in the air at Oxford. From the very beginning they had a powerful friend in a man who holds a high place in our recollections of Henry III.'s reign, and who had a great deal to do with the young growing University. His name was Robert Grossetête, and he was a great Churchman and a good priest; not one of the careless, greedy rulers of whom I spoke just now. He was one of the most learned men of his time; and it was he who encouraged the Franciscans who settled in the town to study, becoming indeed himself their lecturer; till in course of time he was appointed Bishop of Lincoln, and then he had to go away from Oxford. He always had a great deal to do with the the University, however, and was still a friend to the Friars. Grossetête made a very good Bishop, visiting the parishes under his care, and doing his best to put a high standard of life before his clergy. We read a great

deal in the history of this reign about the wrongs under which England was suffering: for instance, how the Pope by his exactions, and by his appointment of foreigners to English livings, was draining the Church here of money and causing the people to be neglected as well. Grossetête spoke out bravely and nobly about these things to the Pope himself. Then again you know how the struggle between the king and his barons, which had begun in John's reign, was still going on. Grossetête did not, indeed, become Bishop for a good many years after the signing of Magna Charta, but that event did not end the fight; the very last of this great man's public acts was to take part in the Parliament of 1253, which compelled Henry to promise once more to keep the Charter. One of the Bishop's great friends was a man whom you know well as a patriot and hero of the thirteenth century. I mean Simon de Montfort, who after Grossetête's death, led the Baron's War against Henry III. As long as the great Churchman lived, he did his best to stave off Civil war, and to make peace between the king and Earl Simon. Grossetête then, you see, is connected with many matters of which we read in history: the Friars, the University at Oxford, resistance to the Pope, the struggle for liberty; and in all these things we find him brave, wise and large-minded.

It was in speaking of the Friars that I broke off to tell you about Grossetete. We will leave them here, growing into one of the most learned orders, and winning influence at Oxford as elsewhere. Many great Englishmen, as well as foreigners, joined their ranks, and their Oxford school became celebrated far and wide. In your reading you are sure to come across the names of great men who belonged to it.

Now I promised, did I not, to tell you something about the life of the Mediæval student at Oxford? We have seen something of the town he lived in, which by the thirteenth century had advanced still further in power and independence, till it received a Charter from King John granting it the right to elect its own mayor. No doubt it had to pay a large sum for this privilege, but was growing rich and prosperous, and could afford to do so. As in many other towns, a powerful Merchant Guild had sprung up, which had control over the trade of Oxford; it fixed prices, kept strangers from interfering with it, and had the more influence because its chief men often belonged as well to the governing body of the town, and sat in the town court. Then as time went on, the Craft Guilds came into being. That means that men who worked at the same industry joined together in a body, and made laws and rules for their particular craft. But they too had to buy the privilege of doing this. The Weavers' Guild was perhaps the most important, as wool was for a long time one of the staple products of this country; much land was given up to pasture, and English wool was of the best. There were too the Guilds of the Glovers, Tailors, Cooks, Cordwainers or Shoemakers. Each would have its own special festival, when the members went to church in procession. Into this thriving, busy town, there were continually pouring in men and boys come to study at the University. They were of all sorts. Some were really clergymen, and might be grave, sober men, come to stay for a time that they might attend some lectures in the Friars' halls, perhaps, and fit themselves better for their work. Many were preparing to take Holy Orders; some of these were like Chaucer's clerk of Oxenford, who took most care and most heed of study, and

would "rather have at his beddes heede, twenty bookes, clad in black or reede" than rich dress or musical instruments, like some of the others. There were gentlemen's sons, attended by their servants, and lodging in comfort; sons of tradesmen or yeomen, some very poor, and perhaps helped by some generous friend. One and all had to find lodgings as best they could. Here one would be living by himself in the house of some craftsman or tradesman; and then again, several would join together and hire a hostel, where they would all put their money together and live more economically, with a "manciple" or steward to cater for them. One, who might be a Master, but perhaps was only one of the older scholars, would be head of the little party, and be responsible to the landlord for the rent. The house might be named from some sign which hung outside, or from a tree or well close by, or if it had a thatched roof, it might be called "Thatched Hall.' If it had windows, it would "Glazen Hall." The houses, by the way, were beginning to be more solidly built now, and some were of stone, or partly so. This may have been in imitation of the Jews, who built the first stone houses.

But you want to know how a scholar of old time spent his day?—how he dressed, and what he ate? Well, he was up early in the morning, to begin with, about five or six, and as people lived what we should think very hard lives in those days, he did not, of course, expect any breakfast. If he wished, he could go to church first, perhaps at St. Mary's; but he was not obliged to do so. The lectures he had to attend were early in the day, and oh, how long they were! Some people think that one lecture sometimes lasted three hours. After that the hungry student might go to his first meal, which was

really dinner, about nine or ten o'clock. (Even in a later century breakfast was considered a luxury for the delicate ones). Then he might take a walk with a companion, or go out to amuse himself in the playing fields outside the town near St. Giles's Church, and later on attend more lectures, or "disputations," when the scholars challenged each other with hard questions. It taught them, at any rate, to reason, and helped them to gain confidence in themselves for speaking in public. Supper was at five; as to what food there was on the table, that would depend on what he could afford. If he was really very poor, it might be generally only porridge and coarse bread; on Sundays there would be something more perhaps, even meat and a little wine. A student who had more money would have beer to drink every day, and more meat, though there was not so much of that eaten in those days as there is now. And in the evenings? Of course you would think that some played games, and the more industrious went on with their studies? No, in the Middle Ages there were none of our long cosy winter evenings in well-lighted rooms; candles were very dear, and a poor scholar could not afford many of them; so that he was almost driven out into the streets for his evening's amusement, you see. It must have been rather annoying to the sober tradesmen of Oxford to have these noisy, lawless boys—for many of them were just of schoolboy age—running about the streets, whooping and laughing, if they did not do actual mischief, as we shall see they sometimes did. For in these early days of the University the scholars were really under no authority, and however young they might be, did very much as they liked. It was all very well to call them "clerks;" they

might even wear a staid clerical dress, a long garment rather like a cassock; unfortunately that only made them the more sure, that, however badly they behaved, they could not be brought up before the town court, but only before the Chancellor's. At any rate this was the case by the end of the century.

There was one cause of quarrel among the students themselves which I have forgotten to tell you about. You know that at the time of which I am speaking, there was no United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Wales had not yet come under English rule, and Scotland was still a separate country; practically, so was the greater part of Ireland. So when Scotchmen, or Welsh, or Irishmen found themselves at Oxford, they were sure to quarrel with each other or with the English, and sometimes there were stand-up fights in which blood was shed. So bitter were the differences of race that the University was divided into two *nations*, Northern and Southern, and there were constant squabbles between them.

Town and Gown Riots.

And what about the burghers of the town? You can imagine that quarrels between them and the scholars would be sure to arise. These "town and gown" riots were by far the worst of the disturbances. Every now and then one would break out, and suddenly the great bell of St. Martin's would sound "clang, clang," calling the townsmen to arms. Men would come rushing out of their houses and shops at the summons, armed in a moment for the defence of their fellow-citizens. And then would come the answering bell of St. Mary's, and the scholars

assembled to do battle with the town. When the affray was over, the matter had to be looked into, and sometimes it even came to the ears of the king and his council, before whose authority both town and University had to bow. Which of the two parties got most of the blame, do you think, and which of them in the end proved the stronger? I will give you an early example of these troubles, which will show you what was to be expected.

It was in the same year, 1209, which I have already mentioned as belonging to the dark and gloomy time of the Interdict, when the church bells in Oxford as elsewhere were silent, and there was scarcely anything to remind men of their common Christianity. One day, it may have been by accident, a very serious thing happened; a woman was killed by one of the scholars. Then, as one might expect, there was a great uproar; the hostel where this student lived with his companions was attacked, and several were taken prisoners. Now King John., you must not forget, was at this time quarrelling with the Pope, and was glad enough to revenge himself on the Church; so he took the part of the town, and agreed to the execution of several clerks. We are told that those who suffered were really innocent, for the guilty one had fled. So far then the town had the best of it. Yes, but you know how, a few years later, John submitted to Innocent III., and laid himself and his crown at his feet. Then the tide turned, and the townsmen were punished for what they had done to the clerks. It seems to have been after this that a Chancellor was appointed over the University, and all through the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. his power was steadily increasing. At first the royal charters to the University meant protection for the scholars from the townsmen; care

was taken that they should not have to pay too high prices for food, or be in any way badly treated. But the University, represented by the Chancellor, gradually got more and more power, first over the scholars only, then over the town itself; and every serious riot ended in giving it greater advantages. One town and gown fight, perhaps the worst of all, I must tell you of, because, though it took place many years after, in the fourteenth century, it brought about the final triumph of the University.

It was on a festival, when the scholars could idle about and amuse themselves; St. Scholastica's Day was never forgotten in the history of Oxford. Two or three of the clerks were in a tavern at Carfax, and called for some wine. When the vintner brought them some, they did not like it; he declared it was quite good, and gave them, we are told, "stubborn and saucy language." The scholars seem to have been quite as saucy, for they threw the tankard of wine at his head. So far nothing at all unusual had happened, nor was it at all out of the common for the vintner's friends and neighbours to take up the quarrel, and to rush off to St. Martin's Church close by, where presently the bell began to ring loudly. This brought the townsmen in crowds, some armed with bows and arrows, some with other weapons. The Chancellor came out and tried to stop the quarrel from going further, but had to escape for his life, so angry were the people. All he could do was to set St. Mary's bell ringing, and this brought out troops of scholars, armed like the burghers with bows and arrows. The fight that followed did not do very much harm, for, though some were hurt, no one was actually killed. But worse was to come, for next day, when of course the clerks were all back at their books and

lectures, they were set upon again by the angry citizens. Some of these hid in St. Giles's Church outside the walls, waiting for the scholars to come out after dinner to their accustomed playground; and this time some of the poor boys were really wounded to death. Attacks were made on the Halls and Inns where the students lodged; peasants came in from the surrounding country to help the townsmen; and for several days the townsmen seem to have had it all their own way, killing many of the clerks, and plundering their rooms. At length most of the scholars had fled from the town.

It was the last real struggle of Oxford against the University. The King again stepped in to decide the quarrel, and once more in favour of the schools. A heavy punishment was laid on the town, which not only had to give compensation to the Chancellor and scholars for the injuries done, but also had to humble itself once every year, as St. Scholastica's Day came round, by the appearance of the mayor and chief citizens at the solemn service in St. Mary's Church, and by an offering of money for the benefit of poor scholars. This ceremony was performed annually for nearly 500 years! Besides this, much greater power was granted to the Chancellor over the affairs of the town than ever before, so that Oxford after this was really governed by the University.

Now I have had to carry on the story a little further than I wanted, just in order to show you the end of the struggle between town and gown. Here for the present we will leave Oxford, to come back to it again for one brief glimpse in our next lesson and see how its lawless days are passing into a time of more control over the scholars themselves.

Matthew Paris.

In this chapter we have been thinking chiefly of the thirteenth century and of the long reign of Henry III., and I do not want to end our lesson without telling you something about the man to whom, more than to any other, we owe our knowledge of the real history of that time. It is scarcely fair, is it, to take the profit of his hard work all those hundreds of years ago, and yet never give a thought to the great history-writer himself? You will be all the more glad for me to introduce you to him, because in order to do so, I must take you back to a place we have visited before; you remember the town clustering beneath the Abbey church with its grand Norman tower of ruddy brick; the river flowing below the hill; the meadows beyond, where once the Roman city stood? We are back again in St. Albans in the thirteenth century, just when the Church and Monastery are at the height of their glory. The beautiful buildings of the Abbey, chapterhouse, cloisters, refectory, and many others, cover the ground south of the church, sloping down to the Ver; just where the meadows are now, where we took our autumn walk down to the river. At St. Germain's gate-house, where we saw the oddly shaped round house, the monks are said to have kept their fishing-tackle; and their flour mills stood where the silk mills are now. But if we want to find our historian, we must look into the great writing-room of the Abbey, called the scriptorium. We find him seated there, bending over his sheets of parchment, writing busily, but pausing now and then in deep thought. He wears the black dress of a Benedictine monk; as for his face, one fancies it both strong and thoughtful, with broad brow and

keen, truthful eyes. His name is Matthew Paris, and he has spent the greater part of his life in this great Abbey of St. Albans, which, for its learning, culture, and art may be said to stand at the head of all other Benedictine monasteries in England. It is most likely that Matthew as a boy was educated at the Grammar School outside the Abbey gate; he was about seventeen when he entered the monastery as a novice, hoping perhaps, because he loved books and learning and beautiful things, to find the work of his life and his happiness there. And so he did; but he had a great deal to learn first, for copyists were wanted in the scriptorium, and before the young novice could be fit for such a post, he must be taught the rules and practice of the art of handwriting as it was in use at St. Albans. People cannot write so perfectly and beautifully now; but in those days, when printing was unknown, an infinite amount of care and trouble, and of time too, was expended on the production of manuscripts. Evidently the Abbot soon discovered that Matthew Paris was a young man of promise, for he sent him for a time to study at the University of Paris; perhaps he considered it greater than the one nearer at home at Oxford, or he may have thought that travel would be a good education for the young monk. Then came years of study in the library of St. Albans, and in the scriptorium under Roger of Wendover, who had been appointed history-writer for the monastery. He seems to have been a steady-going, ordinary kind of a chronicler; when he died in 1236, Matthew Paris was chosen to succeed him. It is in that capacity that we see him writing now; but you must not think that he is always and for ever at his desk. No, for he is the historian of his own day, and is interested in every scrap of news that he

can get about things that are happening, not only in England, but on the Continent as well. He has travelled, as we have seen, and has even been to Norway, a country little known; and his courteous, pleasant ways have made him friends everywhere. So that, when guests come to the Abbey, as is constantly happening, Matthew Paris is always ready to talk to them. Many are men of high rank, great churchmen like Bishop Grossetête, with whom indeed our historian has a good deal to do, nobles, and even King Henry III. himself, who shows Matthew much favour. He can get much useful information about state affairs from men of this kind. The Benedictine monk has, indeed, been present at splendid pageants and festivals in London and elsewhere; he has seen the marriage of the king with Eleanor of Provence, and has beheld the beautiful church which Henry is raising at Westminster. He writes therefore either what he has seen himself, or what his correspondents at home or abroad tell him; but all evidence is carefully sifted and weighed before he builds upon it. We can see from his history how proud he is of the great Abbey to which he belongs; perhaps, like other monks, he is a little jealous of the Franciscan friars and the notice they are attracting. Yet on the whole he is just and broadminded in his views, and an outspoken Englishman too, for he is not afraid to blame the Pope severely for the oppressive burdens he lays on the country, and King Henry as well for the weakness and extravagance of his rule. So you see, when we come to read Matthew Paris, we can always be sure of finding the truth as far as he is able to give it.

There are many other things we should like to see before we say good-bye to the Abbey. Take one peep

inside the Church, and oh, how glorious it is! There is its long and stately nave, the eastern end beautiful with Abbot Paul's Norman piers and arches, while further to the west is the newly-built Early English work of pointed arch and clustering shafts. Within the church, as well as outside on the west front which has only lately been erected, is some of that deep-cut moulding called the dog-tooth ornament, which I showed you once before, and which belongs to the thirteenth century style. But there is much more—look at the glowing colours of the stained glass, the exquisite carving and painting, the jewels that deck the shrine of St. Alban, which are the gifts of pilgrims and visitors to the Abbey. There are frescoes rich in colour now, because but newly painted, on the Norman pillars and elsewhere; they will be there still when centuries have passed away, though their brightness will have faded. "Who painted them?" you ask. Most likely some of the brethren themselves, or at any rate artists connected with the Abbey, for St. Albans has its own distinct school of painting, and its work is different from that found elsewhere.

And now the great monastery passes from our view, and with it the thirteenth century itself. We have had just a glimpse of the wonderful things of that time; St. Albans speaks to us of the older learning, and of the mediæval art which was soon to reach its period of decay. Oxford tells of glories yet to come. Grossetête and Matthew Paris represent the new feeling of a national life springing up among Englishmen in the age which gave us the Great Charter and Simon de Montfort; and the lofty aims of the Franciscans help us to understand why even in the architecture of the thirteenth century, as we see it in the soaring spires and pointed arches

of Westminster Abbey, there is always an effort to rise higher, nearer heaven; not to be content with the low and mean. And even if at a later time the Friars failed in doing what St. Francis had meant them to do, and in other ways the high hopes and aims of this wonderful century were lowered, still, was it not better to have had the vision, and to have made the effort, than never to have tried at all?

CHAPTER VII.

Memorials of the Fourteenth Century.

During the reign of the first Edward, England had been growing in unity, prosperity, and in her power of self-government. You have read about the rise of a real Parliament, to which not only the peers, but also knights from the shires and burgesses from the towns were summoned. In this reign and in the beginning of the next century (the fourteenth) we find England more prosperous than it had ever been, or ever would be again during the period which we call the Middle Ages. The third Edward protected trade as the first of that name had done, more especially the trade in wool, which was our chief article of export at that time. You know how it was sent to the great towns of Flanders, where cloth manufacture was carried on.

Now the history of trade in the reign of Edward III. cannot be separated from that of the great war which broke out with France in 1337, and which we call the Hundred Years' War. For purposes of trade, Edward wanted to gain command of the English Channel; in order that he might be supplied with money to carry on war, he had to protect commerce; again, his marriage with Philippa of Hainault in Flanders, and his alliance with that country are facts which

are connected with the history of the French war and the trade of England.

This chapter has a good deal to do with the Hundred Years' War, as well as with another important event in the fourteenth century, which we shall speak of later on. Flanders comes into our story too just now, because we get a good many of the tales about the War from the writings of chroniclers who were themselves Flemings, and who were acquainted with both France and England, and with men who had fought on either side. There is Jean le Bel, for instance, who was a canon of the city of Liège, and who tells us all about the early part of the War. It is not fair to forget him, because the gay and lively chronicler Jean Froissart, who is so much read, based the first part of his history on that of le Bel. Froissart too came from Flanders, and was a countryman of Queen Philippa, to whom he presented his history when he came over to England as a young man. She took him into her favour, and made him her clerk of the chamber in 1361. In this way he came to be well acquainted with the English Court; and on his travels in different countries he met with many distinguished persons. He tells us himself that he loved pleasure and amusement; he was full of life and curiosity to see and to know everything about him, at least as far as concerned princes and their consorts, wars and chivalry. He has helped us already to picture a grand tournament in Smithfield; he liked to describe such pageants, but best of all he loved to tell of brave deeds of arms in war. Only one thing he seldom notices: the terrible suffering brought on a country by fire and sword. He, like a great many of the nobles and princes of the time, thought chiefly of the glory to be won by valour, and very little of the poor

peasants whose little holdings were laid waste and whose homes were burnt. Yes, Crecy and Poitiers *were* glorious battles, and as we read the accounts of them in Froissart we too feel the same throb of excitement that we may be sure he felt as he wrote them; but—what came after? Even our favourite Black Prince, who was courtesy itself to the foes when they were of noble birth, could be hard of heart to the poor men-at-arms, or to the peasants and townsmen who suffered most in this cruel war.

Sir Walter Manny.

Now the purpose I have set before me in this chapter is to take you for a brief visit to two old buildings both situated on ground which has become familiar to you; far apart, yet founded nearly at the same time, and partly from the same cause. I shall tell you something about the two men who were their founders, and who were very different from each other, but who both deserve to be remembered. The story of the first is told us in the pages of le Bel and of Froissart, and I am glad to say that in him at least we have a true knight who could show pity to the weak as well as do brave deeds in war. His name was Sir Walter Manny, and Froissart must have known him personally, for he was a native of the same country of Hainault, and came over when quite a young man, with Queen Philippa, "to attend on and carve for her." Most likely he was only a squire then, and become "Sir Walter" later on, when he had done something to win his spurs. Some years later he went over to France with the king, and Froissart tells us a great many stories about his brave deeds and exploits there. This was the time of Crecy and the

taking of Calais, in the early part of the Hundred Years' War, and it is this part of the history that is taken from le Bel.

You would like to hear some of these old tales? Well, to begin with, at the very outset of the war, we have the story of how Sir Walter kept the promise he had made in England before a courtly company of nobles and ladies, that he would be the first to enter France and perform some gallant deed of arms. He rode at the head of a small body of knights across the border from Flanders, and "a little before sunrise" came to the French town of Montaigne, where they found the wicket gate open. Here Sir Walter and some of his companions got down from their horses, and passed through the silent streets to the castle. The gate leading to this was shut, so they could not enter, and just then the watchman from above spied them, and gave the alarm, blowing his horn, and calling "Treason! Treason!" The little party had to retreat without taking the town, but they had given the people a great fright; and on their way back they really did surprise and capture a strong castle. This was just a kind of challenge to Philip, King of France, and Manny was proud to be the one to make it. Then there is the story of how he went to the succour of the heroic Countess of Montfort, who was holding the fortress of Hennebon in Brittany for her husband. "She possessed the courage of a man, and the heart of a lion," we are told; we hear of her riding through the town, dressed in armour, encouraging the defenders, and making her ladies-in-waiting take up the very stones that paved the streets to throw down from the walls on the besiegers. Another time she made a sally from the town at the head of 300 horsemen. This was before Sir Walter

Manny came to help her; he arrived when she was in sore straits, bringing with him a large body of English archers. Shall we fancy how he looked when he was fully armed for the battle? Strong and supple of body, as I should think, he wears a suit of mail, strengthened here and there by bands of metal. Over this is a short surcoat emblazoned with his arms, without sleeves, and worn with a short skirt reaching the knees. On his head he wears the pointed helmet called a basinet, and his neck and shoulders are protected by a tippet of mail which is laced to the headpiece. By his side he carries a long sword, attached to his belt. His horse, too, wears trappings which are also embroidered with its master's arms. You see it was by means of such signs that a knight who had been slain in battle was identified; so after Crecy King Edward sent out nobles and heralds to examine the arms of those who had fallen. As for the archers whom Sir Walter brought with him—well, you know what splendid soldiers they were, fighting on foot, and often really winning the victory for the English king and his nobles. We can fancy them dressed in thickly quilted tunics, or perhaps wearing shirts of mail; their heads are protected by iron helmets. They carry great bows of yew, five feet long, and at the waist-belt a sheaf of barbed and feathered arrows. You have seen pictures of these archers, either practising at home in England for pastime, or in battle, letting fly their shafts at the enemy with deadly effect. Notice how they draw their bows to the ear, sending the arrow with wonderful strength and speed.

Such was the army on board the vessels which the brave Countess saw from a window of the castle (which was close to the sea), just when her own followers had decided that it

was hopeless to try to hold out any longer against the enemy. Sir Walter's arrival meant rescue, and very soon the assailants met with such a severe check that they gave up the siege, and retired from Hennebon. The real opponent of the Count of Montfort was Charles de Blois; for these two lords were rival claimants for the Duchy of Brittany. The French king supported the claim of the latter, while the English, as we have seen, were on Montfort's side. Some of Sir Walter's most daring deeds belong to this time; we get a glimpse of him on one occasion, accompanied by English and Breton knights, and escorted by the faithful archers, coming back from the pursuit of the enemy. The knights are riding, indeed, but some on horses "without saddles or bridles," for they have had to seize whatever mounts they could lay hands on. It is like Sir Walter to say to his comrades: "Gentlemen, I should like much to attack this strong castle, all fatigued as I am, if I had any to assist me, to see if we could not conquer it." "Go on, sir," cry the others boldly, "we will follow you until death." During this assault they lose two of the knights, who have been wounded, and are carried off by the enemy. When, later on, news comes that these two are in peril of death, because, contrary to knightly custom, they are to be beheaded, it is Sir Walter Manny who draws up a bold plan of rescue. By a clever stratagem, he surprises the camp of Charles de Blois, and carries off the prisoners. It is an exciting story, and you must try to get hold of a copy of Froissart, where you can read the whole account.

Then, too, there is the story of how Sir Walter made a perilous journey across France in war-time, was taken prisoner, and only with great difficulty obtained his release, and came to Edward III. before the town of Calais in the

north of the country, while the siege of that place was still going on. Now Edward was very angry with the people of this great sea-port because of the injury they had done to his shipping in the Channel and therefore to his trade with Flanders; this, and their obstinacy, as he considered it, in holding out so long, made him the less inclined to show mercy when at last Calais was starved into surrender. You know so well the touching story of Eustace de St. Pierre and the other five burgesses, who gave themselves up for their town; there is no need to tell it again here. Only, do you remember that it was Sir Walter Manny, "the gentle knight," who pleaded for them, begging the king not to tarnish his honour by such an act of cruelty as the slaying of them would be? As you know, the story tells us that when Sir Walter failed, it was Queen Philippa who did at last by her prayers move the stern king to pity. "She had such boundless charity for all mankind," says Froissart long after, when he is telling us of her death.

Now I have spent some time in telling you of Sir Walter Manny's deeds in war, that you may see what kind of man he was, how brave, how full of resource, how faithful to the comrades who served with him, and how gentle and compassionate as well. I think he felt toward England as if it were his native land; for the sake of his mistress, whom he had followed here, that he might share her fortunes. It had been a time of great glory and increasing prosperity, that early period which saw the victory of Crecy. Men came home from the war laden with booty, such as gold and plate, rich furs, silken stuffs and mantles, taken from the French. But close behind all this triumph came death and suffering. It was only the year after the taking of Calais that the worst epidemic of plague that ever came on this

country raged in England, from the summer of 1348 to the autumn of the following year. It was so terrible that men called it the "Black Death." It is said that, when it was over, the population of England was less by one half than it had been before the plague came. In some places the crops were left standing in the fields because there were no labourers to gather them in; sheep wandered about, and died under the hedges because there was no one to tend them. Whole villages were left uninhabited. In London, where we have already seen the narrow unwholesome streets and crowded lanes, the plague made terrible havoc; and it became a serious question, "Where shall we bury the dead?"

And who came forward, do you think, to answer the question by providing a cemetery? It was like Sir Walter Manny, I think, to do it. He was probably back in England with the king, during part of the time during which the truce lasted between England and France. When he saw the great distress and danger of further infection for the living because there was not room in the churchyards for those who died, he came to the rescue in the great pity of his heart, and bought thirteen acres of land for a burying-ground. Where was this land? Of course it would be outside the walls, yet not so far in the country as to be inconvenient. Ah, I think you begin to guess; "near Smithfield," you say, "for that would be quite close to the open fields." Yes, and Sir Walter bought the ground from the Canons of St. Bartholomew's Priory. So greatly was this graveyard needed, that it is said there were 5000 corpses buried there altogether during the time of the plague.

The Charterhouse.

Now I have only one thing more to tell you about our brave knight, but that is the chief one of all for our purpose. Years passed away; he had been out in France again and had fought in the war. So late as 1369 we hear of his taking part in the campaign led by John of Gaunt. Now when he returned once more to London, a much older man, he found his burial ground quiet and forgotten, at least to outward seeming. Then it came into his mind to build a religious house close to it, and so to change this sorrowful spot into a place of peace, where prayer should be offered night and day. So he built a stately monastery, with cloisters, chapel, and other buildings; but he did not live, I think, to see it finished. Froissart tells us that he died in London, and that he was buried in the monastery he had built; many great men were present at his funeral, though he had not himself wished it to be a grand one, the king himself being among them.

But I have not told you what kind of monks Sir Walter placed here, or the name of their house. They belonged to the Carthusian Order, a very strict and self-denying one, which had been founded in the eleventh century by a pious man named Bruno. He built his monastery in a wild and desolate place near Grenoble in France—since called the Great Chartreuse; from this title comes the name of Sir Walter's London foundation, Charterhouse. The founder, however, called it by that of the "Salutation,"—a title long since forgotten, while the other still lingers among us. The dress of the monks was all white, except for the black cloak worn over the other garments. There were never more than a few Carthusian monasteries in this country; the rule

Washhouse Court, Charterhouse.

was so severe, demanding so much solitude, silence, and fasting that not many felt themselves able to endure such a hard life.

As our second chapter dealt with life in a religious house, and I told you about its buildings as well, we will not stop now to try to imagine what a Carthusian monastery was like. What we want most to know is this: is anything left of Sir Walter Manny's foundation to-day? We can answer that question for ourselves by going quite a little way beyond Smithfield, and entering Charterhouse Square; here, where all is quiet and free from the bustle of the City, we see before us an archway, and grey venerable buildings further on. If we enter, we find courts, cloisters, gardens, and many buildings, and all these grouped together go by the name of "Charterhouse." Yet I cannot say "This is the Carthusian monastery;" though it is possible to point out where the refectory once stood, and the chapterhouse, and other parts. Here ran the cloister lined by the cells of the brethren, each living by himself, not together like other monks we have seen, but eating alone, except on Sundays and festivals, and never speaking to the other monks except on one day in the week. We can just see on the wall the marks of one of the cell doors. At last we come suddenly into a court-yard surrounded by quaint ancient-looking buildings with small, irregular windows. Now this is really part of the old Charterhouse; who lived in these houses then, we wonder? In one part of it, I have heard, the Manciple had his offices; the steward, you remember, that means, who would have to provide food for the monks and for guests too. Here too lived the lay brothers, who had not nearly such strict rules to keep, and who waited on the solitary brethren, bringing them their meals. This place bears the name of "Wash-

house Court," which seems to mean that a good deal of the common, everyday work of the monastery was done in it.

Do you ask if we cannot see Sir Walter Manny's tomb? Alas, no, or only a tiny fragment of it which has been preserved; it was richly wrought in alabaster, and was very splendid. Here is the Chapel, but except for a piece of the wall, it is not the one he built; that must have been far more beautiful, and more like the work that Master Humphrey saw at Repyngdon—do you remember? There was delicate carving of foliage, like to nature herself, and sculptured ornament—all this and far more was to be seen in the first Chapel of the Charterhouse, where the gentle knight lay at rest, and beside him his wife Margaret. Never could they have imagined that their dust would be disturbed.

And now there is no more to be seen to-day here; another time we may come back and find out what happened, and who came to take the place of the Carthusian monks. Just now I must keep my promise, and tell you of another historic building and its founder.

The link that connects the two men—Sir Walter Manny and the one whose story is coming next—is the Black Death. It was the cause of the building of the Charterhouse, and also, though more indirectly, of another foundation of a different kind.

William of Wykeham.

It was in the year 1324 that John Long, a yeoman, and his wife Sibill, living in the little village of Wickham in Hampshire, had a son born to them. They called him William, and as he grew up a clever, promising lad, the lord of the manor took an interest in him, and put him to school

at Winchester. It is most likely, though not certain, that it was to the Grammar School of the Priory there that he was sent; besides learning Latin, the most necessary study of all in those days, he studied, among other things, arithmetic, French, and geometry. This last would teach him the meaning of form, measurement, and proportion, and we shall see how that was helpful to him later on. Now in those days, even though there was such a great distance between the upper and lower classes, and to be of noble birth set a man far above his fellows, there was still one ladder by which a boy of low degree could hope to climb to a higher rank in life. That was the Church; for education was in her hands for a very long time, as you know; and a man who had learning was called a clerk and was counted in the ranks of the clergy. Such a one might in the end become a priest, and very often did. William of Wickham was of humble birth; his father may have been formerly a villein or serf bound to the land belonging to the lord of the manor, and owing him service in return for his little holding; but if so, he had gained his freedom before this time, though he was still a poor man. Yet, because William received an education at the Grammar School, and became a clerk, and because he got on well at school and pleased Sir John of the Manor, the latter took him to be his Secretary, when the boy was scarcely more than fourteen years old; this was his first step up the ladder to fame. At this time Sir John held the post of Governor of Winchester Castle, and here William worked for some years. Then there came a great day, when, in the year 1347, King Edward III. himself, who had just returned from France and the capture of Calais, visited the castle, saw the young man, and took a great fancy to him. Now indeed, William's

fortune was made, for the King took him away to Windsor Castle, and gave him work there. It was just at this time that the great round keep was completed at Windsor, and that Edward founded his Order of the Garter, so that there were grand doings going on at the palace, in spite of the terrible plague which soon broke out in England, as we have already seen. The King went on with his building, though he had great difficulty in getting enough workmen to labour at it; he was beginning to find that the young man whom he had brought from Winchester was going to be of use, and had ideas of his own about building.

We may now give him the name by which he is always known—William of Wykeham—(Wickham being his birth-place). He rose rapidly to higher positions, and by 1360 was really building a part of Windsor Castle from his own designs. As he grew in the King's favour, other offices in Church and State were given to him; in one month he was made Bishop of Winchester and royal Chancellor (1367) He had actually taken Holy Orders only a few years before; how strange that seems to us, that he should be made a Bishop so soon! That he should fill a high office in the Government as well was nothing new in those days, for the clergy were the only learned men. Yet it was just at this time that, partly under the influence of John Wycliffe, of whom you have heard, a feeling had begun to grow up among some of the people that the clergy had enough to do in attending to their sacred duties, and should leave affairs of State to other people. So we think now, do we not? but it was a new idea in the fourteenth century, and was not really carried into effect till the time of the Reformation. It happened, though, that things went badly for Wykeham during his Chancellorship, because it was just at this time, at the

end of Edward's reign, that the war in France was going against us, and instead of gaining, we were losing nearly all the conquests that had been made earlier. A great deal of the blame was laid on Wykeham, though, it seems, without much justice; and it is only fair to say that the laymen who for a time took the place of the clerical statesmen, did no better, but rather worse. So the old plan of appointing Bishops as ministers of State was resorted to again. Now I shall not follow William of Wykeham further in his political life—the part he took in the doings of the Good Parliament, the trouble he got into through the enmity of John of Gaunt, his influence in the next reign with the young King Richard II., when he again held office, this time to better purpose—all this I have only time to mention, and must leave you to read about for yourselves. If we study the life of Wykeham, we feel at the end that on the whole he was a wise statesman, a diligent bishop, and a good man; though in many ways he shared in the faults of his time. But we find him on the side of the nation against the exactions of the Pope; trying to bring about good government; and with his eyes open to some, at least, of the evils that were doing such harm to the Church in England at that time. Most of all we remember him for two things: the splendour of his charity, and the stately beauty of his buildings. We cannot forget these even if we would, for here they are in the midst of us to-day.

We are in Oxford again, walking along the old High Street, in our own twentieth century. Many of the old landmarks are still here—Carfax, and St. Mary's Church, whose bell used to ring to assemble the scholars for a fight with the townsmen. How many riotous scenes have taken place in this very street, now so calm and full of dignity! On one

side and another we see stately Colleges, grey and venerable-looking; spires and domes rise up all over the city. Whence come these? For they were not here when the University began; at the beginning of the reign of Richard II., only a few had been built. Let us visit one of these colleges, where the undergraduates of to-day now live and study, as some of you, perhaps, hope to do by-and-by. We shall not meet these modern scholars in cap and gown, going in and out of the gateways just now, for it is late summer, and the vacation; so we feel we have Oxford all to ourselves. We have left the High Street now, and presently are passing up a lane leading to a tower with a gateway. Looking up, we see the statue of the founder himself, and of course, as you will have guessed, it is the good bishop, William of Wykeham. We enter by a lowly doorway in the gateway, and find that we are in a quadrangle surrounded by buildings, those to our left very grand and stately, with pinnacles rising above the roof, and projecting buttresses. Let us ask before we go further, why, and for whom this place was built.

The Oxford College.

William of Wykeham had not long been Bishop of Winchester when he began to think very seriously within himself how he could improve the state of the Church, as it was at that time. Since the Black Death had made such havoc in the land, there had been a great scarcity of clergy; their ranks, of course, had been thinned just in the same way as had those of the farm labourers and workmen. Often, then, livings were filled up by unsuitable or ignorant men, who could not guide and help the people placed under their

charge. What was to be done? Wykeham formed the plan of founding a college for the training of young men who intended to enter the priesthood—poor scholars, who could not without help pay their expenses. Of course there could be no place better than Oxford for such a college, and therefore the Bishop set to work as soon as he could to buy up land there, where he could build what he wanted. He was rich, and, as you know, he loved to plan and carry out beautiful architecture; so the scheme that gradually took shape in his mind was a magnificent one. The ground which he bought, bit by bit, from different owners, was in the north-east corner of the city-wall; this, he thought, would be a convenient boundary and defence for his college. His poor scholars, who were to be seventy in number, were gradually collected in Oxford, which of course did not contain nearly as many students as it had done before the plague. St. Mary College of Winchester in Oxford was founded, then, in 1379; that is to say, the Bishop gave his charter for its erection, and the King granted his permission. It still had to be built, however, and this took several years; it was not till the spring of 1386 that it was ready for the scholars, and that they entered the great gateway in solemn procession, chanting as they went.

They saw before them in the main much what we see as we stand here to-day; the same quadrangle, a line of buildings forming the glorious chapel and great hall on its north side, on the west, where they came in, the warden's house, and on the other two sides the scholars' chambers—only that then these last were lower than they are now, and had red tiled roofs. Of all the buildings of the College, Wykeham took most pains with the Chapel; it was an idea of his own to make it consist

only of a choir and two transepts, without any nave, forming thus the shape of the letter T. Other builders of Colleges in Oxford followed this plan in erecting their chapels, as it was found a convenient one, but you must remember that Wykeham began it first. Shall we enter the Chapel and see it for ourselves? It is still very beautiful, built in the style which was then new, and which we call early Perpendicular. Notice how much wider and larger the windows are than they were in former times; the stone tracery is still beautiful, but the centre mullion is carried up to the head of the window, and arches spring out from it on either side. Here in this Chapel the architecture has scarcely got beyond the time when the Decorated Style was changing into the Perpendicular or "upright;" later on the lines have a tendency to become too straight and stiff, crossing and recrossing one another. I am speaking here chiefly of the windows, but we shall have plenty of opportunities later on of noticing other features of this style. How beautiful this Chapel was in the days when Wykeham's first scholars worshipped there; there was exquisite carving in wood and stone, gorgeous colour, and the windows we have been looking at glowed with the rich hues which glass-makers knew how to produce in those days. There is now a beautiful reredos, filled with sculptured figures at the east end, but it is not the one which Wykeham put there. I cannot stay to tell you about the pictures in the west window, which are the work of a great artist who lived hundreds of years after the foundation of the College; some day I hope you will really see them.

Now shall we go and look at the great dining-hall, which from outside looks like a continuation of the Chapel? For that we must go out into the quadrangle again, and up a

flight of steps. It is a splendid room, with lofty roof panelled walls, and high, narrow windows; there hangs the portrait of the Founder, as well as other pictures of great men who have studied here. This is indeed the very same hall where the scholars of Wykeham's day dined and supped, and the chorister boys who belonged to the College helped the servants to wait at table. Not much talking was allowed according to the rules drawn up by the Bishop; such words as were spoken had to be in Latin, and "in modest and worthy mode." The Warden, or Governor of the College, nearly always dined in his own house, for he was a very great man. Only on very special festivals he might be present, and then the poor scholars were allowed the trea of sitting round the fire in the evening, and entertaining one another with songs and tales. The fire was in the centre of the hall, and the smoke had to escape through an opening in the roof. But it was a luxury to have a fire at all, so we can fancy the talk and laughter that went on around it.

Now we must visit the fourteenth century cloisters, which lie west of the chapel. It is very peaceful here this summer evening with the light falling on the low roof of the cloister walk, its buttresses, and traceried windows. From the grassy plot in the centre where we are standing (and which once was used as a burial ground), we can see the Chapel itself, and also the great bell tower close by. In the early days of the College these cloisters were used for religious processions.

But the gardens—we cannot go away without first seeing them—so again we cross the quadrangle, pass through a second archway and another court (later than Wykeham's time), and enter the beautiful grounds which are the pride of the College. Why, here are not only noble trees, shady

walks, and the smoothest of lawns, but the ancient city walls themselves with their bastions and parapets, still forming the boundary of the garden on two sides. I think we may say that this particular spot has grown in beauty since the early days, when it was used as a vegetable garden. The scholars must have come out here to enjoy the fresh air after their hard work, but they were not allowed to play at ball or any noisy game.

As for the rooms now inhabited by present-day undergraduates, if we visited those we should find them very different from the bare, fireless rooms where the poor scholars slept, three or four in one chamber together. Here there would be a bed or two, a press for books, a desk, and a seat without any back—perhaps straw on the wooden floor. It seems to us, who are perhaps too easy and comfortable in our lives, very hard; but the boys of those days thought themselves lucky to be taken in at the new college, housed, fed, clothed, and helped in their studies. New College—why that, and not the name chosen by the Founder, is the title commonly given to this foundation of Wykeham's. There was another "St. Mary's" at Oxford, so this term was found to be more convenient, and is still used, though there are many far newer colleges than this in the town.

Has it struck you that with the foundation of such places as this, the old freedom and riotous life of the University was passing away? This was indeed the case; for in the Colleges there had to be a certain amount of order, and there were rules to be kept. The arrangement of the buildings and the manner of life as planned by Wykeham were not unlike those of a monastery; for although the scholars were not monks, and were not meant to be, they *were* intended for "secular" priests; that means, clergy

living in the world and working in their parishes. Therefore, their way of life should be, he thought, religious. Monks were called "regulars;" and the Bishop did not want his College to be really monastic, because he had so often seen how men who took the highest vows of poverty and humility failed to keep them, and grew slack and lazy. His scholars came to Oxford generally at about the age of fifteen or sixteen, and after two years, if they had been diligent, were called "Fellows," and had some share according to their degree in the government of the College. Yet the Fellows were still scholars, and went on studying for several years—sometimes for many—though they often acted as teachers as well.

Winchester College.

And where, after the very beginning, did Wykeham find his poor students? That is one of the most interesting things I have to tell you, if indeed you do not know it already. New College was only one half of his plan for helping the Church; the other half was his college at Winchester for the training of younger boys who were afterwards to go up to the house at Oxford. He built this on the same plan, and again there were to be seventy scholars, who should in time take their place in New College, and in their turn enter the priesthood. I need not tell you that Wykeham's College at Winchester still exists, and is one of our great public schools—it was the very first to be founded; every boy, at any rate, knows that. One likes to think that the good Bishop looked back lovingly on the beautiful city where he himself, when only a poor lad, received his education through the kindness of a rich man. He would help

other poor boys, he thought, now that he had risen so high and become so wealthy; and where should his school or College be built but at Winchester? His last great work, undertaken quite at the end of his life, was done for the cathedral of that city, of which he was the Bishop. The nave needed repair, and Wykeham changed the style of its architecture from Norman to the new Perpendicular. All this you can see at Winchester to-day, and you can see too the tomb of the great builder himself; for on his death in 1404, he was buried in his own cathedral. His effigy, carved in stone, lies in repose, wearing the robes of a bishop; the face is calm and peaceful, and the hands are folded as if in prayer.

We say good-bye then to the fourteenth century, so full of war, and splendid deeds, and trouble and death. From the midst of it all we carry away in our minds pictures of the two men I have tried to describe to you: Sir Walter Manny, soldier and courtier, brave and gentle, the best type of the chivalry of Plantagenet times, and the great builder, William of Wykeham, rising from lowly station to be the adviser of kings. Most of all we remember their charity; for we know how the Charterhouse began, and why it was built; New College continues still to be a place of learning, and carries on its work, though with wider aims than were thought of by its Founder.

PART V. FROM LANCASTER TO TUDOR.

CHAPTER VIII.

Some Old Guild Halls.

You remember the struggle that went on for so long between the town of Oxford and the University, and how it ended at last in the victory of the gownsmen. I could tell you, too, how the men of St. Albans won certain rights from the monks at the Abbey (who were their masters). Yet, because they were dissatisfied with what they had gained, and tried to get more, they were beaten in the end, and gave up their charter in despair. There were, however, some towns which met with a better fate, and, while perhaps the fight for their independence with the lord of the manor or with some neighbouring monastery which claimed rule over them, lasted through many years, yet came out victorious in the end. I want to show you a very old Guild Hall which stands to-day in one of our most picturesque cities; it speaks to us still of the wealth of its merchants and the greatness of its trade.

Coventry.

We are on our way from the Midlands to London and have just an hour or two to spend in the quaint old city of Coventry; not nearly long enough for seeing all its beauti-

ful buildings, and admiring its ancient gabled houses. Still, we shall have time to visit this one place, and perhaps to spend a few minutes in one of the three churches whose tall, tapering spires rise before us. In a few minutes we are in the heart of the town, close to the churchyard of St. Michael, which has always been the central part of the city's life. We look up almost with awe at the great church, which towers so high above us; what wonderful carved work is here, fashioned in the soft red stone of which it is built! In the twelfth century this city of Coventry was fighting hard to win its liberty, bit by bit; like many other towns, it won first this concession, then the other, till in 1345 (just at the time when Sir Walter Manny was having those adventures in France of which I told you) it obtained the charter which made it independent of any over-lord, and free to manage its own affairs. A few years before that it had got leave from Edward III. to found a merchant guild, which was dedicated to St. Mary, and from the beginning was a rich and powerful one. We have heard something about these trade guilds in a former chapter; to-day we will try to get a little closer to them and find out what they really were. It happened in Coventry that towards the end of the fourteenth century several guilds became united in one; this was called the Trinity Guild. Really we may say it was the Merchant Guild of St. Mary grown larger and stronger. So powerful did it become, indeed, that its chief men held the highest offices in the town government, even that of Mayor of the city, and were now the real rulers of Coventry. That is how matters stood at the beginning of the fifteenth century.

"What kind of merchants were these?" you ask. "Did they sell wool too, and was that why they were so rich?

You are partly right, for the richest of them all were the mercers, who were merchants of the Staple, and might send wool abroad as well as sell it at home (besides their trade in other goods).

That word "Staple" wants explaining, perhaps. It means the place, whether in England or abroad to which the staple, or principal wares of the country had to be brought in order to be sold or exported. At one time it had been fixed at Bruges in Flanders, then it was moved to England; and, at the time of which we are speaking it was at Calais, which was, of course, still in our possession. There were certain "Staple" towns at home too, where the wool had to be sent for weighing; thence it was taken to the proper port on its way to Calais, and, before being shipped, was inspected by the royal officers, who would exact the Customs duties for the king. Merchant Staplers, then, were those rich men who had the sole right of sending these wares to the Staple at Calais, where foreign traders would come to buy.

But in the fifteenth century, and earlier still, all the wool was not sent away out of England; a great deal of it was sold here to be manufactured into cloth; there was no need now to ship off the raw product to the Flemish cities because we had no clever weavers of our own, as had once been the case. Coventry was a great cloth town; here were the crafts of weavers, fullers, dyers, and others, who had their part in the manufacture. Chief of all these in wealth and influence were the drapers, or cloth merchants; those who bought and sold, but were not occupied in manufacture. Many times we find a draper holding the office of mayor in the city; these, with the mercers, chiefly made up the great Trinity Guild, though members of other companies were not forbidden to belong to it.

Now, shall we enter the ancient Guild Hall, where 500 years ago these wealthy men used to meet, sometimes for business, and again at other times for feasting? We cross over the narrow roadway from the porch of St. Michael's Church to the building opposite; it looks very old, we think, for the red stone of its walls is crumbling away. We do not wait to look long at the fine window that can be seen from the street, but pass through the doorway at once. What we see inside is so quaintly beautiful that we are filled with wonder; it is quite unlike any of the other places we have visited. There is a courtyard, and on three sides of it are the ancient buildings. Just opposite us is the doorway leading into the kitchen, and above that a gallery with picturesque latticed windows. To our right is the entrance to the vaulted crypt, and above that is the great hall itself To reach this, we go up a flight of steps, and through the gallery; we find ourselves in a magnificent chamber, with a grand oak roof, and lighted by great windows on either side. Look at the beautiful window at the further end of the hall; it is very wide, with mullions running straight to the top, so that we know it belongs to the Perpendicular style. It dates back to the fifteenth century, and so does its beautiful stained glass; in the different lights you can see figures of some of our English kings, the Lancastrian Henry VI. in the centre—presently we may see why. It would take too long to talk about all the wonders of this old hall: the carved figures of angels on the roof, playing on different musical instruments; the minstrels' gallery at the end of the room where we came in; the suits of old armour; and the statue of Lady Godiva, whose story you are sure to know. But we must certainly go over and look closely at the beautiful tapestry which hangs on the wall under the great window I

Entrance to St. Mary's Hall, Coventry.

described to you. It is hundreds of years old, and is of Flemish design, though it may have been made in England on purpose for the Guild. If we look carefully, we may be able to distinguish some of the figures, even though the colours are somewhat dim; the sunshine streaming in through the windows will help us. The tapestry represents saints, angels, and apostles in adoration around the Heavenly throne, or the mystery of the cross; the centre has been tampered with, so that we can only guess what it should be. The saints carry their distinctive symbols, as St. Peter the key; St. Dorothea her basket of roses; St. Katherine the wheel; while St. Agnes leads a lamb. Below these we see a king and queen with their court, joining in worship; some kneeling, some standing. Who are these royal persons? Well, there are red roses in the border, and you know their meaning; so you will not be surprised when I say that the king and queen are believed to be Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou. Now, why should they be here at Coventry, and in this hall? If you look up at the window above, you see the same king again, you remember.

Henry V. had been a great favourite in this City, and Coventry was known as a great Lancastrian stronghold. Henry VI. and his Queen often visited it, and showed the citizens many marks of their favour. The tapestry itself is thought to be a memorial of the King's visit here in 1451; the Wars of the Roses were threatening to break out, as they did soon after, and the men of Coventry were loyal. In one of the old city books it is set down how the Mayor and chief officers of the town, clad in scarlet gowns, and the "commonalty" wearing green gowns and red hoods, went forth to meet the King, and escorted him into the city. How too, while he was there, he kept the Michaelmas

festival by going in procession to the church of the Guild —St Michael's, of course, as you know. You see him there in the tapestry, kneeling in an attitude of prayer at a table whereon lie his crown and prayer book; he wears gorgeous embroidered robes lined with ermine, and a cap which has a jewel set in front. This is just how we should expect to find the gentle, pious Henry occupied, is it not? His courtiers stand behind; they wear long gowns, and some have mantles with wide hanging sleeves. The kneeling figure behind the King is the statesman Beaufort, wearing the red hat of a cardinal; the man just in front of him, with long hair and beard, may be Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, uncle to Henry. Do you remember reading in history of the rivalry between these two, and how Cardinal Beaufort wanted peace with France, while Gloucester wished to continue the disastrous war? It was the latter who was the people's favourite, though, for he was handsome, clever and had a winning manner; he was called by them "the good Duke Humphrey." We are interested in knowing that the tomb of this prince is in St. Alban's Abbey, very near the shrine of the saint. On the other side of the tapestry kneels the Queen, proud Margaret, whom we know so well as being far more manlike than her husband; here she looks much gentler than we usually picture her. She is beautifully dressed in a flowing robe, yellow in hue, with wide hanging sleeves lined with ermine; she wears a head-dress with lappets on each side, and has a crown above it. The dress of her ladies is rather like her own. These pictures of real people may help us, perhaps, when we are reading of what they did, to think of them more as men and women who did once actually live.

Now come back for a minute to the hall itself, and pic

ture some of the scenes that did really take place here long ago. Beneath the great oak roof, the merchants of the city, mercers, drapers and others, assembled, clad in long gowns lined with fur and girt about with a leather belt. Here they kept the Guild treasure, as well as the town chest containing money. In fact, the government of the town was carried on in this hall; practically, to be one of the chief officers of the Guild was to take part in the rule of the city. So the solemn ceremony of electing the new Mayor took place here, as well as many other civic functions, such as the holding of courts. But the most exciting things that happened came from outside the narrow ring of wealthy men who had taken to themselves all the power and authority which ought to have been shared with the whole body of citizens. Somehow this had come to pass, and now the poorer men, who did their share of the work in Coventry, paid their taxes and took part in the defence of the city, found themselves shut out from the town councils, and with no voice at all even in matters that concerned the townsfolk in general. Every now and then when things went wrong, they were angry, and demanded to be heard; more than once indeed, when the bakers were selling bread that came short of the right weight, and the authorities would not punish them for breaking the law, there was quite a riot, and the indignant people threw the loaves at the Mayor's head. I cannot be sure, however, that this happened in St Mary's Hall, as we do not know exactly when the building was erected, and the throwing of the bread took place near the end of the fourteenth century. Sometimes a number of the townsmen were sent for by the Mayor and Corporation to give their opinion about some important matter; that sounds fair enough, but was not so in reality, because the men who

came were not freely chosen by their fellow burgesses, and therefore did not represent them. Such a scene often took place here—a hundred or so of the citizens, carefully chosen, would appear before the town authorities. They were asked, perhaps, about the pastures outside the city, which the people looked upon as common property, at any rate during certain months of the year ; did they consider it fair to cut off this bit, or that? Was so and so the right boundary? They generally agreed to everything the Mayor chose to say ; but in a few days it would be quite clear that this was not the mind of the common people, for there would be riots about this very thing. The pastures would be broken into, and hedges pulled down.

Once the townsfolk did get a rich man to take their part; this was Laurence Saunders, who was in the Guild, and belonged to the dyers' craft. His father had been Mayor, and he himself held office as City Chamberlain. But he seems to have been an honest, sturdy Englishman, with a keen sense of justice, and he fought the battles of the townsfolk over and over again with the authorities. Sometimes it was about the pastures, and then at another time he was trying to win greater independence for the lesser crafts, such as the tanners. It seems very strange to us now when we read about the strict laws that were made in those days about such things as buying and selling. Cloth must only be sold in a certain place; prices were fixed, and so were wages; people might not buy up goods and sell them again at a higher rate. This was the same everywhere, and not only at Coventry, and such laws were only resented when they were really unjust. Laurence Saunders was a favourite with the townspeople, because he stood up for their rights; but he got himself into trouble by so doing,

not once, but many times. We are sorry when the picture rises up before us of the great men assembled in this hall; the Mayor, his council, and many others. Laurence Saunders has been so severely dealt with that he is obliged to submit, and we see him there on his knees, begging pardon of the Mayor. It was not the last time this happened, either, for he rebelled again and again, only to be defeated every time. This sort of thing was going on in many places besides Coventry. The fifteenth century on the whole was not an age of greatness, and we meet with a good deal of hardness and selfishness in it.

One more scene we may glance at before leaving the old hall. The members of the Trinity Guild have met together here for one of their splendid banquets. It is one of their festival days, of which they have several in the year, and they have been over to the church yonder in state with a grand procession. Now the dinner is going on in the great hall; on the dais, at the end of the room where now the tapestry hangs, sit the Guild-master and the other high officials, with their dames, all in holiday attire. There are long tables down the sides of the room for the other guests. See yonder musicians in the gallery; the servants are busy waiting on the brethren and pouring out the wine. I wonder if we should like their dishes of swan and peacock, and pounded meat, highly spiced, and mixed with raisins, dates, and other sweet things. The wine would come from Gascony or Spain, and would be sure to be of the best. But now we say good-bye to the dignified, yet merry company, and to the hall itself, and go down the oak staircase to the great kitchen, where we can fancy the cooks busy with their preparations, and the servants passing in and out with the dishes. Even now, when all is

quiet and silent, we see that it is still put to its former use, and wonder at the huge fireplaces and quaint carvings on the walls. This is really one of the oldest parts of the building; its walls are partly of timber, partly of stone. It is time to pass out into the court-yard; we find ourselves opposite the gateway by which we came in, and are soon out in the little street again, only finding it rather hard to realize that we are not really living in the fifteenth century.

Shall we step inside the porch just opposite and take one peep at the interior of St. Michael's church? What a great, vast building it is, we think, as we look down the nave to the east end and its five large windows. There is a great deal that is beautiful to be seen here, but we have only time to notice the wide lofty arches and slender pillars. Stay a moment, though; you know that the crafts and guilds of a town did not neglect their religious duties; so here each one had its own little chapel where its appointed priests would officiate. Here were the dyers, among whom we fancy Laurence Saunders sitting, with strong, determined face. Over the porch by which we came in were the cappers, who made the cloth caps for which Coventry once was famous. Of course we want most of all to see where the Trinity Guild itself worshipped. It was over there at the east end of the north aisle, indeed I should say it *is* there, for it is still called the "Drapers' Chapel," and here many of the Guild members were buried.

And now our visit to Coventry is over; we cannot stay to look at the quaint houses which still remain in the city, or to call up from the past the life of its craftsmen. We have seen some of their troubles, but they had their pleasures and amusements too, their pageants and plays and processions.

We should like to know, though, how it fared with the city during the Civil War; it was Lancastrian, as we have seen, and had more to do with Henry VI. and Margaret than perhaps with any other sovereigns. The citizens enrolled troops, and went to heavy expense in keeping the fortifications of Coventry in good repair; they might perhaps have remained faithful to the Red Rose to the end, if it had not been for Margaret's revengeful conduct, and the pillage and plunder she allowed to be carried on by her northern followers, which seems to have turned them against her. This was especially after the second battle of St. Albans; it is said by some that even the beautiful Abbey there was in danger from the Lancastrian army, and that Margaret did allow it to be plundered. She was the more angry because London, which favoured the White Rose, would not open its gates to let her in, and the neighbouring country suffered all the more. The men of Coventry heard of all this, and their feelings changed toward the Queen; Edward of York was steadily winning, too, and very soon (1461) was proclaimed King of England. Then for a time Coventry became Yorkist; but when the great King-maker, the Earl of Warwick, turned against the House of York and took the part of Queen Margaret, the city went back to its first allegiance, and joined him. You know what happened, though, and you remember which side won at the battles of Barnet and Tewkesbury. The men of Coventry were to be pitied then; for Edward IV. was really king now, and they did not find it easy to make their peace with him. For a time, indeed, their charter of freedom was taken away, and they only bought it back by paying a heavy price in money.

SALISBURY.

There were guilds and guildhalls in other places besides Coventry, and merchants quite as rich, who often lived in stately houses like palaces. One such mansion, or rather the remains of it, may still be seen in the city of Salisbury, where there are many other interesting places to visit. This house is not perfect like the one at Coventry, nor is it kept for its original use, but, though it is fitted up now as a china shop, its glorious old hall is still very beautiful, with its grand timber roof, fire place (which of course was quite a new thing then), and fine windows. In the old stained glass of one we see the portrait of the owner of this house; and I brought you here specially to look at him, because he is such a good instance of the wealthy trader of those days. Look at his gorgeous dress! You would take him for a great nobleman at the least. His name was John Halle, and he too was a merchant of the Staple, dealing in wool. Salisbury was one of the great wool centres, and there was an important guild there too, consisting of the woolstaplers of the city. John Halle had risen to be Master of the Guild, and this great chamber is said to have been their place of meeting, as well as his own private house. We may call it, in fact, their guild hall. He was several times Mayor of Salisbury, and more than once went up to London to sit in Parliament among the Commons, so you see he was a citizen of great importance. He built this house during the reign of Edward IV. Let us look at him more closely in the window, and see how a princely merchant of those days could dress. He wears a high-crowned hat or bonnet of white cloth; a feather adorns it in front, and is

fastened by a gold brooch. His doublet is of blue cloth, edged with fur; over the breast and shoulders is a "partlett," a kind of collar, made of black satin or velvet, also bordered with fur and embroidered in gold. Hanging from his girdle is a short dagger with an ivory or silver handle. His hose are very remarkable, as they are of different colours, one leg red, the other yellow; this fashion was called "motley," and Chaucer makes one of his pilgrims, a merchant, wear parti-coloured clothing. But I am quite sure you will agree with me that the shoes are the most wonderful part of John Halle's dress; they are very long and narrow, with the toes tapering to a point. By the strict laws which were passed in those days with regard to apparel, he was not really high enough in rank to be allowed to wear them; but it seems that no one paid much attention to these regulations, and people wore very much what they chose, so long as they could afford it.

Our Salisbury merchant did, indeed, once get into serious trouble, but it was about something far more important than his clothes. We have here another example of an English town fighting for its liberties, for, just as we have seen Oxford at war with the scholars, so Salisbury had its quarrels with the Bishop, whose beautiful cathedral still adorns the city. John Halle, who was at that time Mayor, was of course foremost in the dispute; the Bishop appealed to Edward IV., and the King sent for the offending merchant to appear before himself and his Council. It seems that Halle did not behave with the submission that was expected of him, and spoke out very boldly as to the matter under discussion. Thereupon he fell into great disgrace, and was straightway sent to prison, where he remained for some time. It was

of no use for him to hold out against the royal displeasure, that was certain; and in the end he was obliged to submit and beg the King's pardon. There were great rejoicings in Salisbury when Halle returned, and the window up there which I have been describing is said to commemorate the event. In it, as you see, John Halle is laying his hand on a banner, supposed to be that of the young Prince of Wales, in token of his allegiance to the Royal House. He must have been an elderly man at the time, as his hair and beard are quite white. If all the facts of this story are correct, it shows that the citizens of Salisbury bore no ill-will to Edward IV., and indeed we know that he was always a great favourite with the merchant class, who often helped him out of a difficulty with their money. This was the case in London especially, and it is of London that we are going to think now.

London.

Had London a guild hall too? "Yes, of course it had," you will answer, "for it has one now, and it is surely very old." You are quite right; in the fifteenth century there was such a hall, on the same site, and in part the same building that stands there now. It had a fine roof, high-pitched, and adorned with battlements, and an entrance which we might recognise as the very same porch by which we even now enter. The mouldings, and the vaulting inside, are the same, but the stone images with which the chronicler Stow tells us the front was decorated, are no longer there. Londoners know well the beautiful banqueting hall which we enter by this porch; this, for a reason which you probably know, and which we will not

mind now, has been almost entirely rebuilt. But the fifteenth century hall had a good deal to do with a man whose name you have often heard; it may have been altogether his work; at any rate it is certain that he left money in his will for its paving, and for the glazing of its windows. This was Richard Whittington of the fairy tale, who really lived at this time, was apprenticed to the Mercers' company, and rose to be Mayor of the City, as, according to the story, the bells of Bow Church had told him long before that he would do. We may picture him here, entertaining Henry V. and his bride, Katherine of France, some years after the great victory of Agincourt; you know how it is said that, when the king noticed the perfume of the spices and sweet scented wood with which the fire on the great hearth was fed, Whittington threw into it something far more costly, the king's bonds to the amount of £60,000. That was his present to Henry, meaning that he could afford to lose this great sum, that his sovereign might be by so much the richer.

There we have an example of one wealthy merchant of London, at any rate. He belonged, you see, to the Mercers and Merchant Adventurers, trading not only in cloth, but sending out ships to different parts of Europe, to Flanders, even to the Mediterranean, which brought back rich silken stuffs, lace and embroidery, velvet, and other costly things. These Mercers formed one of the most powerful of the City Companies, which had grown up during the fourteenth century, and had succeeded one by one in winning royal charters which granted them certain rights and privileges. Besides the Mercers, there were the Grocers, the Fishmongers, Drapers, Goldsmiths, and many more. They were called Livery Companies, because they

had each a certain livery or dress. Gradually these came to have more and more power in the government of the City; and even now the great Livery Companies make up the Common Hall and elect the sheriffs every year. They choose two out of the Aldermen as candidates for the office of Lord Mayor, and one of these two is elected by the Aldermen's own votes. All this, of course, takes place in the great and historic Guildhall of which I have spoken. But we must not forget that it is the Londoners themselves who choose the Alderman for each of the wards into which the City is divided. When we are fortunate enough to see the Lord Mayor, aldermen and sheriffs with their officers passing in state through London streets, we must remember how ancient are all these civic functions which are still carried out with exact attention to every little point of ceremony.

To-day, then, we have seen not only the old hall of the Trinity Guild at Coventry, but also that of the woolstaplers at Salisbury, and have had a peep at our London Guildhall, which we may perhaps visit again. The powerful guilds, as they existed in the Middle Ages, have passed away, but the Companies remain, and still have work to do. In our next chapter we shall meet with them again.

Map of the City, showing the Course of the Old Wall.

CHAPTER IX.

A London Merchant's House.

Now perhaps you may begin to think it strange, that though in former chapters we have paid several visits to London, we have never really imagined ourselves as taking a walk through the City itself; all our excursions have been outside the ancient walls. To-day we are going to make up for this neglect by turning our steps in the direction of that central part which is meant when people put down their money at the booking office of one of the District Railway stations, and say abruptly, "City." Perhaps we may enter it in that way too, and, if so, you can see by the plan of London which I once promised to give you, that the names of some of the stations on the Inner Circle, as we call it, correspond with those of the old gates; roughly speaking, then, part of the railway line follows more or less the course of the city wall. Blackfriars Station would be down in the south-west corner of the space enclosed by the old fortifications, but then the line, running underground, as you know, bends out far to the west, not coming at all to Ludgate or Newgate on that side, but going a long way further; then it comes round again to Aldersgate, Moorgate, Bishopsgate, Aldgate, all of which you can see on the plan; down to the south-east corner close to the Tower, into the

City itself, and so back to Blackfriars. That completes the circle, only that you see on the west side we have been far beyond the walls.

Let us suppose that, before starting on our expedition, we have studied the plan; now we must look out whenever the train stops to see just which point we have reached. Aldersgate—there was a gate of that name, but not just exactly here; it was nearer the spot where the General Post Office now stands. Moorgate, telling of moorland and heath outside the wall. Bishopsgate—this is where we get out, so we cannot follow the railway any longer. We come out of the station into a busy, bustling street, and now remember that I said the names of the different stopping places only roughly mark the course of the wall. For this spot was certainly outside the City in the fifteenth century, and we shall have to turn the corner, and walk a little way along Bishopsgate Street before we come to the actual site of the gate. Of course we know quite well that we shall not see any wall now, nor pass through any deep, shadowy archway. Except for a few fragments, and foundations that men come on here and there when they are digging, the City walls, their towers and battlements, have altogether disappeared. So have the gates, though some of them were still standing a little more than a century ago. We will keep our eyes open, though, in case we meet with any reminders of the past. "Bishopsgate Without" we see written up over this part of the street; so we are clearly outside the gate still. And you have caught sight of another name, belonging to the street over there to the left; "Houndsditch." There the City moat used to run. In the fifteenth century it was broad, and filled with clear water; Stow tells us how from time to time it was cleansed by order of the Mayor, and how

taxes and tolls were levied on the citizens to pay for the work. Just here there were herb markets held outside the gate; we do not see the country-folk now, trudging along the road, laden with great sweet smelling bunches of rue and marjoram, or more pungent herbs, but we notice that we are passing Wormwood Street on the one hand, and Camomile Street on the other, and these names remind us of the old days.

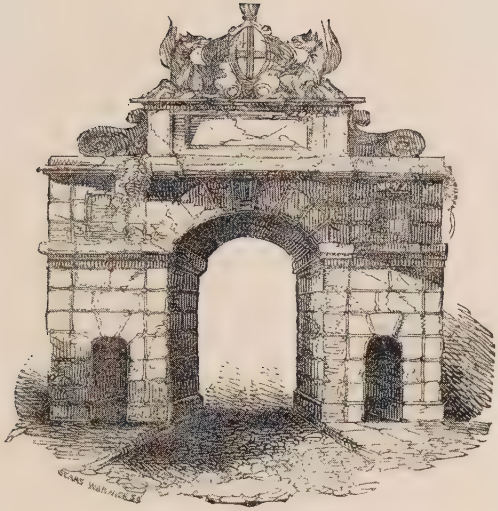
Just here was the Bishop's Gate, strong and stately; closed every night from curfew to early morning, and sternly shut against any armed force likely to endanger the peace of the City, as we shall see presently. The fortifications were to the right and left of us; for Wormwood Street runs into London Wall, a long thoroughfare which by its name keeps the memory of the walled city. Now we stand in "Bishopsgate Within," and look back for a moment, trying to picture thedays of old. There is still St. Botolph's Church, which we have just passed; the building we see is not really ancient, but a church dedicated to the same Saxon Saint has stood on this spot for I do not know how many centuries. There are several such in London, and they were always outside the gates. "Why was this?" you ask. The reason seems to be that St. Botolph was the patron saint of travellers; so that when a tired, footsore man at last reached the City, the sight of the church would be like a welcome to him. In later times, at any rate, there was "a fair inn for receipt of travellers" close by, and it may have been there in the fifteenth century. The old writer, John Stow, of whom I have spoken, says that the gate must have been built by "some Bishop of London;" he does not undertake to tell us which. People who wanted to journey to the eastern counties went out from the city this way; we can

fancy foot-passengers coming and going, crossing the bridge which spanned the moat. It is said that every cart of wood passing through the gate had to leave one stick in toll to the Bishop of London; he, in return, had to furnish the hinges of the gate.

Now we turn, and continue our walk into the City itself; here, in this street, is the ordinary traffic and business that we see every day, but once we know its outward appearance was different. Quaint gabled houses stood on either side, with here and there an inn, a group of almhouses or a church, and with many splendid mansions belonging to City merchants. Here on our left is still the entrance to St. Ethelburga's church, so blocked in by houses that we might easily pass it by without noticing. It is very old, and full of interest, but to-day we are looking for something different and will not go in.

St. Helen's.

There is, however, another church close by that we will go and find out now. We turn aside from Bishopsgate into an open space, and facing us we see the old building of St. Helen's standing in its graveyard. It is not a stately church, for it lacks tower and spire; it has a low-pitched roof, surmounted by a belfry with a turret. The porch by which we enter is, however, a very beautiful one,—it leads us into a building of most irregular shape—not cruciform, for there is only one transept, to the south, and not divided into nave and aisles, for there seem to be two naves separated by pointed arches resting on clustered columns. The history of St. Helen's explains its peculiar form. The church has stood for hundreds of years, certainly as far



OLD BISHOPSGATE.

back as the reign of King John, and about that time a Priory or Convent of Benedictine nuns was founded close to it. When, long after, the religious houses were broken up, St. Helen's Priory shared the same fate. Nothing remains now of the Convent except the Nuns' Chapel, which was close to the church, and now forms part of it. This explains the two naves; that to the north is really the old chapel of the Priory thrown into the church by having the partition wall pulled down. Some of the arches belong to a later time than King John's reign, and must have been built towards the end of the fifteenth century. The windows, filled with stained glass of a deep colour, let in very little light, so that the church seems very dark, even gloomy, and it would not be difficult to imagine the forms of dark-robed convent sisters flitting between the pillars. Just now, however, we are not thinking about the vanished Priory; it is rather the connection of this church with the ordinary, everyday life of the past that holds us, and keeps us lingering in the dimly-lighted nave. All around us are monuments, tombs, brasses, "storied windows," in memory of men long passed away, but who once took part in the commerce and life of this great city. By their labour they helped to increase her wealth, and when they were called to high office as City dignitaries, they watched jealously over her ancient rights. Nor did they, as we shall see, forget to care for their poorer brethren and sisters.

Over there in the chancel is a monument we should like to see. The two stone figures that lie there as if in sleep, with hands folded in prayer, represent a husband and wife; he in a suit of plate armour—for traders had not then ceased to be soldiers—but with an alderman's mantle over it. He wears a collar of suns and roses, the badge of the

House of York. The lady wears the curious high head-dress of those days. We are looking at Sir John Crosby and his wife Ann. The date on the tomb is 1475; Edward IV. was then still on the throne. The Yorkist collar tells us which side Crosby took in the struggle between the rival Roses. Though only a London merchant, he had enough influence to be of assistance to King Edward, and was several times sent by him on embassies to foreign princes. Like Whittington, he had belonged to one of the powerful livery companies of which I have told you: that of the Grocers; he was also a dealer in wool, and, as we see by his mantle, came to be an Alderman of the City. Crosby was a brave soldier as well as a shrewd merchant, and it was his courage and loyalty to King Edward which won him his knighthood. Here is the story of what happened.

The Wars of the Roses were not yet over, for you remember how, after Edward IV. had reigned some years, he was driven from his throne by Warwick the King-maker; for the time, however, the struggle came to an end with the battles of Barnet and Tewkesbury in 1471. Edward was still away in the west of England when an attack on his faithful City of London endangered his crown afresh. Lord Falconbridge, who was on the Lancastrian side, and who had not heard of the two battles and of the death of Warwick, marched to London with 17,000 Kentish men at his back, and at Bridge Gate demanded to be admitted into the city. The Mayor and Aldermen, however, refused to let him in, saying that King Edward had bidden them hold London for him, and that they intended to be loyal. The citizens, you see, had been obliged to make their choice, and had chosen the

Yorkist side, because peace and good government seemed more likely to come from its rule than from that of Lancaster. Poor King Henry was a prisoner in the Tower, and it was the object of Falconbridge to set him free and place him on the throne again. There was firing on the river, for he had ships with him, and tried to beat down the gate at London Bridge with his cannon; but the booming of the guns at the Tower, which, we remember, was built partly for the protection of the City, answered him. Then two of the City Gates were attacked, Aldgate on the east, and Bishopsgate on the north. Here is the link with our story, for Crosby, who is said to have been knighted by King Edward for his services on this occasion, had a house close to the latter gate, and we think he was most likely fighting at this point. There is an old play, written by a poet called John Heywood, which gives us a very lively description of the attack by Falconbridge on the City. It brings in Crosby, whom it calls, incorrectly, Mayor; he was really a Sheriff at the time. In the play, he tells how he was made a knight.

> "Some will marvel that, with scarlet gown,
> I wear a gilded rapier by my side.
> Why, let them know, I was knighted in the field
> For my good service to my lord the King.
> And therefore I may wear it lawfully,
> In court, in city, or at any royal banquet."

He is wearing armour, though, when we picture him at the head of the valiant citizens who rush to the defence of Bishopsgate. There are the 'prentices to the different crafts, armed with clubs; they are a force to be reckoned with, though one of the characters in Heywood's play, Captain Spicing, who fights under Falconbridge, calls

them "Flat caps," and taunts them with their youth. They will run away like frightened sheep, he says, when once the fighting really begins; and tells them:—

> "'What lack you?' better will beseem your mouths
> Than terms of war."

This is what the apprentices used to bawl out in the streets to the passers-by, standing at their masters' stalls in blue gown, white breeches and stockings; their dress was not unlike that of a Blue-coat boy. I need scarcely tell you that they were not such cowards as Captain Spicing would make them out; at any rate Falconbridge was beaten back from Bishopsgate, and defeated at Aldgate too, and London was saved for Edward IV.

We learn a little more from this play about Sir John Crosby; he is made to tell the story which was handed down to after ages in explanation of his name. He says he was found as a baby near Cow Cross, close to Islington, by an honest citizen, shoemaker by trade, who, he goes on:

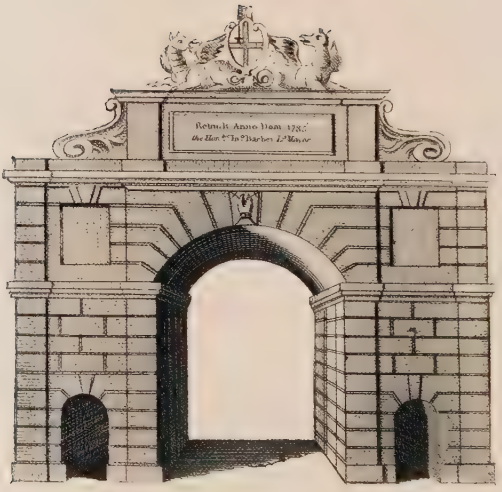
> "Doubting of my christendom,
> Called me according to the place he found me
> John Crosby, finding me so by a cross."

Then he tells how he was bound apprentice to the Grocers' Company, and how he worked his way up to honour and wealth; adding:

> "In memory of me, John Crosby,
> In Bishopsgate Street a poor house have I built,
> And, as my name, have called it Crosby House,
> And when as God shall take me from this life,
> In little St. Helen's I will be buried."

This part, at any rate, is true; he was buried in St. Helen's as we have seen. It was his parish church, and he was naturally one of its benefactors. By his will he left money

CITY OF WESTMINSTER



OLD BISHOPSGATE AS REBUILT 1735.

to repair London Bridge, and also Bishopsgate, both of which had suffered in the attack by Falconbridge; it was in 1475, four years after this, that he died. As for the "poor house" that he built, and lived in during the last few years of his life, we are coming to that presently meanwhile we see there is a picture of Sir John Crosby in that window over there at the west end of the Nun's Choir, where the "worthies" of St. Helen's are represented.

We shall meet with him again in the course of our walk; now, before leaving St. Helen's, we will go over to see the tomb of another great city merchant, Sir Thomas Gresham. He, like Whittington, belonged to the Mercers' Company, and grew to wealth and power. You know his story, and when he lived; it was a century later (1571) in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that he built his Royal Exchange, a great building with a high tower, and, inside, an open court with a covered walk running round it. He meant it for the merchants of his day, that they might have a place of meeting, and learn to unite in great undertakings. It was owing to Gresham that the commerce of London increased as it did during Elizabeth's reign, and that the City took the place which had been held by Antwerp, that of the chief trading centre of the world. His tomb in St. Helen's is very plain and simple; his helmet hangs on the wall over against it; and we see him too in the portrait window opposite, in the familiar dress and ruff of Elizabeth's time. Many other great City merchants are remembered here, but we cannot stay to recall their histories now. We pass out through the porch again, and are not sorry to find ourselves once more in the daylight outside.

Crosby Hall.

We may not have noticed before, but now we do, that on our left, overlooking the open space in front of St. Helen's, is part of a very old house, showing a projecting mullioned window. "What can that be?" we say. Well, the best way to find out is to return to Bishopgate Street, where, a few steps further on, we come on the gabled and timbered front of that same house we have just had a glimpse of. It almost startles us, it is so unlike the other buildings in the street. The date, 1466, inscribed on it, tells us to what period it belongs, and therefore we are not surprised to learn that this is Sir John Crosby's house, his home for a few years before his death. We have been careful to time our visit to Crosby Hall so as not to arrive at a busy hour, for the building is now used as a dining-hall or restaurant. Coming just after the great rush of city men for their mid-day meal, we find the place almost deserted, and can go quietly through the rooms that still remain. In many ways they are changed, indeed, and this is only a fragment of the magnificent palace that Crosby built. Still—come in with me, and see the great banqueting hall, which will help us to understand what great houses were like in the fifteenth century. Look at that glorious carved timber roof, so high that, unless the lights are fully turned on, we cannot see it at all distinctly. Though there are a great many windows close together, still there is so much dark oak, both of roof and walls, that the hall is full of gloom, and needs artificial light even in the daytime.

If we go up into the minstrels' gallery, like the one we saw at Coventry, placed like that opposite the end where the dais used to be, we can see the carving of the roof

much better. This was the great hall of the house; the usual position of such a chamber was between the two courts, outer and inner, around which the buildings were grouped. How many tales this ancient hall could tell us if it could speak! We wish indeed that we could see it for a while empty and deserted, in lonely magnificence; but if only we can for a moment forget the chairs and dining tables (and sitting up here we really cannot see them, but only the roof, the noble windows, and dark wainscotting), then how many pictures may not that conjurer, imagination, summon before us out of the dim past? First—and this is after all not unlike its present use—we think of the feasting in the hall in Sir John Crosby's time. How often the brethren of the livery, accompanied by gorgeously apparelled City dames, would be entertained at the long tables! It was a time of showy dressing (as we have seen already in John Halle) but the ladies' head-dresses were the the most wonderful of all extravagances of the time. Some among these citizens' wives might perhaps content themselves with wearing hoods with projecting sides like large ears, and a long tail or "tippet" hanging down at the back. But we remember Lady Crosby's effigy in St. Helen's, which seems to suggest that the wives of great City merchants at times vied with even ladies at court in the extraordinary height of the head dress. Sometimes it would tower like a steeple, or again would stand up in two horns above the forehead; a golden network, called a caul, was often worn over the hair, and a gauze veil thrown over the head. Poets might laugh at these extravagances in their verses, and the clergy might preach against their vanity, but still this wonderful headgear continued to be worn. Here are the City dames, then, at Sir John's feast; their caps

or hoods contrasting in colour with their gowns—one dark, the other light. King Edward himself, always popular with the merchant class, may occasionally honour the banquet with his presence; we see him as he is in his portraits, a handsome man dressed in a long gown, with wide open sleeves turned back on the shoulders to display the rich fur of the lining. We fancy the buzz of voices, the laughter, the jollity; the gaily-dressed minstrels in the gallery, making sweet music.

That picture passes, and the scene darkens. Sir John Crosby is dead now, and so is his lord and master King Edward. The Duke of Gloucestor, cruel and resolute, is the so-called "Protector" of his brother's heir. History tells us how he brought the little king up to London, seemingly for his coronation, but contrived on the way to get rid of some of the young Edward's true protectors; how Edward V. with his little brother, was lodged in the Tower, then, as you know, both palace and prison, while the Duke himself took up his abode in Bishopsgate Street at this very Crosby Hall. You see we have here two of our historical places linked together. Can you picture the arrival of the young King with his escort at the great frowning fortress? They pass, as we did, through the archway of the Byward Tower, and reach that second gateway, so dark and gloomy-looking, which I told you we might some day have occasion to come back to. Shakespeare, in his play of "Richard III.," makes Edward say, "I do not like the Tower," but of course we do not know that he really felt any such horror of the place where kings so often stayed. The two young princes are generally said to have been lodged in the Garden Tower—a pretty name, which was afterwards changed to a sad one—and you know

the rest of the story. Heywood, in the play I have already quoted from, pictures the two boys going to bed on the night of their murder; they are "heavy" with some foreboding of harm, but they kneel to say their evening prayers, and lie down peacefully to sleep. Do you remember the old Norman chapel in the Keep? Brackenbury, the lieutenant of the Tower, was kneeling there in prayer when the message came to him from Richard that he was to kill the princes; it was not likely that at such a time he would think of obeying, was it? Nor did he, and some one else had to be found who would carry out the wicked deed. And here at Crosby Hall, in this beautiful banqueting-room, I suppose Richard, Duke of Gloucester, often sat, surrounded by Buckingham and other nobles, brooding over his dark plans; it is said that he loved to be splendidly dressed, so we can fancy him in gorgeous attire.

Now pass on for a moment to Tudor days; we are glad to have some one much pleasanter to think of as living at Crosby Hall. You know him so well—it is Sir Thomas More whom we see now, with the strong, earnest face and deep thoughtful eyes that we are familiar with in Holbein's portrait of him. He came here when still a young man, about 1516, at the time when he was rapidly rising in the favour of Henry VIII. Here he wrote some of his great books. We like best, however, to think of him in his home life, and of his gentle, playful ways with his children, so different from the sternness of most parents at that time. In the old days, a doorway at the dais end of the hall led into a small room, and that again opened into a pleasaunce or garden; here Sir Thomas More must have walked sometimes, perhaps chatting with his dearly-loved daughter Meg, or in solitary musing. We look in vain for that

pelasaunce now; all we find is the wide space before St. Helen's church, and the doorway that leads out there is the one we first saw. We prefer, however, to break off our imaginings, and go back to Bishopsgate Street by the way we came in: that is, through the old Council Chamber, as it is called. Passing through, we end our visit to Crosby Hall by glancing at the historical paintings on the walls. Here we have one of the Duke of Gloucester receiving the offer of the crown from the Lord Mayor and citizens. Here again we see him losing his life on Bosworth Field. And see, there is Sir John Crosby in armour, and Sir Thomas More.

The Exchange.

Now let us go back to the bustle of the street, and make our way to that more central part of the city known as Cornhill. This leads us round by the Royal Exchange, and we are again reminded of Sir Thomas Gresham, though his building, as we know, was burnt in the Great Fire. This is quite a new one, built at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign. He is not forgotten here, however, for his crest of the grasshopper still adorns it. There is a story about that, which may be true or not; the tale goes that, when a little child, he was rescued from danger by the chirping of a grasshopper. The careless nurse had not noticed how close he had crept to the edge of the stream by which he was playing, till the warning note of the insect in the grass caused her to look that way. Stories like this grow up along with the real facts in a great man's life, like the tale about Whittington's cat, and the one I told you accounting for Sir John Crosby's name.

Cheapside.

We glance up at the pillared front of the Royal Exchange as we pass, remembering too that Sir Thomas Gresham's shop was close by, in Lombard Street; all shops had their signs then, and of course his was the Grasshopper. Here he sold jewellery and gold and silver coins, and here too he lived till he was rich and famous enough to build a magnificent house, just as Crosby did. But we must hurry on into Cheapside—the old market or Chepe—entering by the eastern end, known as the Poultry. It seems strange to think that just here once flowed a stream called the Walbrook, which poured its waters into the Thames and was crossed by a bridge; nothing is left of it now but the name. As to Cheapside itself, it is very different indeed from what it was in the fifteenth century. There were stately churches, and fair gabled houses and shops, as well as open booths; those little streets that we pass leading out of Cheapside tell us by their old names where the different trades were carried on, and various wares sold—as, for instance, Ironmonger Lane, which we are leaving on our right; Milk Street; Bread Street; Wood Street; Honey Lane; and so on. It must have been a busy place when the market was going on. Here, in the old days, stood the great conduit, which supplied fresh sweet water for the Londoners. Further to the west was the beautiful Eleanor Cross—I need not tell you what the name meant, for you are sure to know. That same old play I have already quoted from has a lively description of the Chepe and its life. When Captain Spicing is encouraging his men for the attack on London, he holds out to them the hope of booty, and says :—

"You know Chepeside ; there are the mercers' shops
Where we will measure velvet by the pikes
And silks and satins by the street's whole breadth.
We'll take the tankards from the conduit cocks
To fill with ipocras and drink carouse.
Where chains of gold and plate shall be as plenty
As wooden dishes in the wild of Kent."

You understand what he meant by the "conduit;" as for "ipocras," or "hypocras," that was the hot spiced ale drunk at the civic feasts out of the loving-cup passed round the table.

How the 'prentice lads must have enjoyed the grand shows and pageants in the Chepe! There was the rejoicing on May-day too, when the boys and girls came back from the forest close to London in those days, laden with green branches and hawthorn for decorating the streets; the May-poles that were set up, and the morris-dancing. There were other festival days in the summer—St. John's Eve or Mid-summer Eve was one—when every citizen's doorway was made into a leafy bower; and, best of all, the marching watch, or torchlight procession, which must have been a grand sight indeed. Fancy two thousand men taking part in it—the Mayor and Aldermen in state, the Companies in their liveries of different colours, men in armour, archers in white fustian, with bows bent, and merry music playing all the time. We see that the people had their pleasures in those days, the poorer craftsmen as well as the richer people, though on other days they had to work hard, from dawn till dark. There were other processions to be seen in the Chepe; the "Riding" of the Mayor, prettier I think, than our Lord Mayor's Show; the occasions when the monarch was met in state by the city magnates, such as that of the coming of

Henry V. from the great victory of Agincourt, or the sadder one when the Duke of Gloucester brought his young nephew up to London, as we have seen, and they were met by the Mayor and Aldermen in scarlet gowns, with a following o citizens in violet.

All these things belong to the past; yet here is the Chepe still left to us, and on the other side of the street is St. Mary le Bow, or Bow Church, which again reminds us of Whittington, though, except for its crypt, it is not the same building that stood there in his time. Just opposite this we

GUILDHALL.

turn down a little street, and now—do you know what we see before us? We have come back to end our walk at the noble old Guildhall, which we saw in our last chapter. Whittington's wealth helped to make it beautiful, and the porch by which we enter is in the main the same as the one that Crosby and Gresham knew. And yet, since that terrible night more than 200 years ago, during the Great Fire, when the whole building, as a writer of the time describes it, was burning "without flames, in a bright shining coal as if it had been a palace of gold," it has not been the very same Guildhall; so much of it had to be rebuilt.

Our visit to-day, however, is not to admire the beautiful Hall as it now stands, or to romance about the City giants up there in the gallery. Our sight-seeing has lasted long enough for one day, and we must start for home, passing St. Paul's and St. Martin's le Grand to take the train at Aldersgate; going out, as it were, by one of the old gates, just as we came in at another. We linger only long enough now to see in this old-new Guildhall the summing-up of our day's

walk; not so much to carry on the stories we have been hearing, though we could do that too.

This place, in a sense, represents London, and here we learn that the great City does not forget her noble sons who have done her good service in the past. Why, even the paintings in the windows tell us that. We stand beneath the great east window of the Guildhall, and I hear you say, "Look, I see Sir Thomas Gresham again." Yes, there he is, with pointed beard, in purple cloak, doublet and hose, the City flat cap on his head, and sword girt by his side. For we have seen, have we not, that merchants had sometimes to go armed? In the window over the entrance (only it is very seldom the light falls on that so as to make the figure visible) is Crosby, dressed in armour, as if in memory of his warlike exploits in defence of the City, only wearing a scarlet mantle over it. Then we look in at the beautiful Library of the Guildhall; in its great window we see Whittington in a loose gown and mantle, with long hanging sleeves, and a hood not unlike that which we see in pictures of Chaucer. Gresham is there too, and both of them are put in that window because they were founders of libraries, and so did not forget to advance learning as well as trade. It was the Guildhall Library—not the present one, of course—that Whittington founded, as well as others. He built an almshouse too, restored the Hospital of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield, which needed such help by this time, and left behind him when he died a vast estate to be used for the good of London. Some of his work is still being carried on, for the Mercers have in trust the money which he left; does it not seem wonderful that some poor people in the twentieth century should be better off because Whittington lived in the fifteenth? Gresham too was not only

the founder of the Royal Exchange, but of a college as well; he built his in London, not in Oxford. London has had many sons who have served her as well as these, and we enjoy many things to-day which we should not have if the men who came before us had not thought of future generations. The Guildhall helps us to feel our oneness with them; it also makes us realize that we too are part of a link between past and present, and that what we are and what we do to-day will help or hinder the people who are to follow us.

CHAPTER X.

Life in an Old Manor House.

To-day we are leaving the busy streets of London City far behind us; instead, we find ourselves among the green hills and valleys of Derbyshire. It is a lovely day in summer, and as we begin to climb the road leading up from the little railway station to the village, we are glad of even the faintest breeze that tempers the hot sun. On the one side of us stretches away a deep green valley, and in that direction, we know, lies Ambergate. The village of South Winfield, for which we are bound, lies on the hill above us, and higher still we see rising over the trees the grey walls and towers of what looks like a ruined castle. That is what we want to visit to-day, and it is such a picturesque spot that, however tired we may be when we get to the end of our climb, we shall feel that the sight more than repays our trouble. We talk about it as we go along, passing the church at the beginning of the hill. You think the ruin cannot be another Norman castle, for we have left the period of those great fortresses far behind. True; long before the fifteenth century men had begun to think in building not only of strength and defence, but of convenience also. Instead of a central keep with its narrow slits of windows

and gloomy rooms, surrounded by other fortifications, they made the great hall, with its kitchen and buttery at one end, and the solar, or lord's chamber, at the other, the principal part of an important mansion. These, with other buildings, formed three sides of the court, with the entrance gateway opposite; what defences there were would depend on the situation of the house and the rank of the owner.

Now the building of Winfield Manor, whose ruined walls rise so conspicuously on yonder hill, with the village beneath, was begun before the middle of the fifteenth century; that is, not long before the breaking out of Civil war, and at a time when there was constant quarrelling among the great lords, who still kept in their households armies of retainers wearing their livery and ready to follow them to battle. What do you think, then?—when Ralph, Lord Cromwell, who was Treasurer of the Exchequer to Henry VI., began to build his country house, could he afford to put the question of defence on one side, or would he have to take care that it was well fortified? Well, we shall soon know the answer, for now we are passing up the village street; then down hill a little way, and we turn off the road into a lane, crossing a tiny bridge over the small stream called the Amber. And now we are on the hillside, and are climbing again; close before us are the ruins of the Manor, surrounded by a wall. The slope on this side is not very steep, but there are signs of earthworks having been thrown up for protection.

We pass in through the first gateway, which is in the south-east corner of the outer court. Here were the servants' lodgings, stables, and outbuildings; there is still a large barn, on our left, with an oak roof resting on posts of timber, and another building remaining on our right, but

of the rest only the outer walls are to be seen. To the north of this court lies the second gateway, with the porter's lodge, and a farmhouse, only partly old, where the people live who have charge of this place. This last has been rebuilt; the rest of the Manor is all more or less of a ruin, the roofs gone; but still quite enough is left for us to see what a stately and beautiful mansion it once was. This arched gateway, leading into the inner court, was once strongly defended by turrets on either side. This is the real entrance to the house which Lord Cromwell built, or began to build about the year 1441; here, carved in stone over the gateway we see his badge as Treasurer; the purses for holding the King's money. The chief beauty of the ruin lies in this inner part where we now find ourselves; the high tower or keep in the corner to our left, the remains of buildings that run along all that side, and the beautiful battlemented porch leading to other wonders beyond, all tempt us to scramble and explore. We stand still in the grassy space of the court and look about us, wondering where to begin. At last we decide to go first through the porch, which is just opposite us; the mouldings of this archway are very beautiful. See the square-leaved flower here, and on the parapet above; all the buildings on this side, with the fine traceried windows, are so exquisite that we feel quite sure they must have been erected for the lord of the Manor himself.

The porch leads us into the great Hall, large, wide, and well-lighted by windows on both sides; the roof of course is no longer there, and we look up now at the open sky. Still we know enough to be able to picture for ourselves what the Hall used to be like. There, at its east end would be the dais, as we have seen before, where the lord

The Banqueting Hall, Winfield Manor.

and his family, with their noble guests, would sit, while the servants and retainers had their places below. The walls would be covered with tapestry, not dim and faded as such work is now, but bright with many colours ; you can even see the staples for holding it in place. It was draughty still, you see, in these great houses, even though the windows were glazed now ; and the tapestry gave some warmth, while the canopy over the dais was also a protection from cold. Notice how the fine bay window which we saw from outside, and admired so much, is placed so that the lord and his family can look out through it over the courtyard. There would be a screen across the other end of the Hall supporting the minstrels' gallery, only with openings in it. We can still see the three doorways in the west wall of the Hall itself, leading to the pantry, kitchen and buttery. This last (Latin "Buttellaria") the place where the wine and ale were kept ; the servant in charge of them was called the "butler." Looking through these openings in the ruined walls, across an empty space to the walls opposite, it is rather difficult to fancy the attendants carrying smoking dishes from the kitchen to the banqueting hall on the other side. It seems that the family bedrooms must have been on the west side too, only on a higher floor. This was not the usual position for them, as the hall generally divided the lord's apartments from the servants' rooms.

What have you spied out over there beyond the bay-window—a little dark flight of steps ? Of course we want to see where they lead, so down we go, rather cautiously, and find ourselves in a splendid crypt with a groined roof, resting on low pillars ; some light enters by the small windows and doorways. No one really knows what this place was used for, though there have been all manner of guesses

made. "Cellar or store-room," say some; "the Chapel," suggests another; "Armoury;" "Barrack-room," where the retainers might quickly assemble, running in through its four entrances, in case of any attack on the Manor. At any rate it is not properly a crypt, as it is not quite underground. We need not go up into the hall again; instead we pass out to the open ground on the north side of the ruins, and outside them. Here was once a garden, fair and pleasant to walk in, and enclosed by the wall with a moat beyond; the windows on the north of the hall looked on it. Now there is only a grassy space, but we see how steep the hill is on this side, falling sheer down to the ditch, which can still be traced; look, you can see the foundation of the surrounding wall here on the edge. On this side then, there was strong protection from any attacking enemy.

Now come back and explore the ruins a little further; we are walking on the slippery moss and rank weeds that cover the ground between the walls. We climb a few steps to the buttery, and go through a doorway into the large kitchen; here even now we get some idea of the magnificent hospitality of the Manor and the number of those who had to be fed day by day. See the great fire-places, and the huge chimneys and ovens that were needed in a great house of this kind. There are rooms again behind the kitchen, all of course on the ground floor, for you understand that not only are the roofs gone, but all the wooden floors too, so that we can only see (where enough remains of the walls) where the windows of the upper rooms were, and sometimes the fireplaces.

But we are tired of exploring, and would like to rest a little; so we sit down on a bench in the courtyard, where we have a good view of all these buildings. We think of

the man who planned them, but did not live to see them finished. As I have told you, Ralph, Lord Cromwell, held high office under Henry VI.; the post of Treasurer was not the only one given to him. He must have had the mind of an artist to have designed this Manor; it is built in the best style of Perpendicular, with rich and beautiful moulding and decoration. This Cromwell (whom we must not of course, confuse with two better-known statesmen of the same name who lived later) served his sovereign in very stormy times, when a great man was sure to have enemies; noble was arrayed against noble, and civil war was soon to break out. At the time of Jack Cade's rebellion, discontent was widespread, and Cromwell, like other of the King's advisers, was blamed for bad administration. He went in danger of his life, and on one occasion at least, barely escaped assassination. In those days, then, a country house belonging to a great lord needed to be built with a view to defence. Cromwell, therefore, surrounded his mansion with a wall and made a moat on the north and east sides; he built, too, the massive keep that we see close by, and which we have still to climb. He died in 1455, and after his death, this manor went to the second Earl of Shrewsbury, (it seems by purchase). The first earl of that name was the great Talbot, who had won such fame in the French wars; his son, also a very great lord, and Knight of the Garter, did not enjoy his manor of Winfield long, for he was slain in the Wars of the Roses, fighting in the battle of Northampton on the Lancastrian side. The earls who succeeded him held the house and land for a hundred and fifty years after. It is rather wonderful that this was so, for the third Earl too had fought for Henry VI., and yet did not share the fate of many other

Lancastrians who were attainted under the House of York; for some reason the Talbots continued to enjoy the royal favour, and to hold high office.

They had large lands, and other country houses besides this one, but Winfield seems to have been a favourite place of residence with them. Around it stretched the domain of field and meadow, and the wide park which served as pasture for the deer and cattle which supplied the earl's table. I do not think that at this time there were more than a few cottages clustering at the foot of the hill; poor structures they were, built for the most part of clay mixed with straw, possibly thatched with heather from the moor. In a house of this kind there was as yet no chimney, nor any floor, and the labourer's family lived huddled together in one room, with the cow and pig to keep them company. The small tenants belonging to the Manor had each his own strip of common land to cultivate, where he would grow wheat, rye, or other crops; but the soil was very poor, and produced but little. The oxen were smaller than those we see in the fields now, and not strong enough for ploughing, so that they did not do much more than scratch up the surface of the ground. These tenants would once have had to labour on the lord's demesne as well as on their own land, in payment for their small holdings; but for a long time now they had paid a money rent instead. You do not forget the disorderly ranks of sullen peasants in Smithfield, under Wat Tyler, do you? One of their demands was freedom from this forced service. The lords of Winfield Manor may very likely have let out their demesne land now, as was done in many other places, to small farmers, and these would employ labourers who received wages fixed by law. The poor cottagers lived very miserably, we should

think; often they got but little bread to eat, and during parts of the year there was no meat to be had; though again, at other times it was plentiful. The great quantity of salted fish that was eaten, and that was often very stale, brought on, as you know, many kinds of illness from which we do not suffer now; sometimes they fed on pease porridge or beans. Some of the pasture land on the Manor was held in common by both tenants and lord, and every little holder might drive his cow or sheep on to it for grazing. It was one of the laws of the manor that the tenant must bring his corn to be ground at the lord's mill. You remember where we stood just now looking down over the old moat? Down there at the foot of the slope was the water-mill, it is said, on a little stream.

All this was outside the walls of the Manor; can we picture the life that went on inside, in this courtyard where we are sitting, and in the buildings around us? Here, through the fortified gateway leading from the outer court, the tenants would come to pay their rents and dues to the representative of the lord; for, in any case, we know that the earl would not always be at Winfield, as he had many other great houses. As a rule, I suppose, during his absence, the household would lead a somewhat monotonous and sleepy life, but let us fancy that suddenly one morning a messenger, wearing the Talbot badge on his sleeve, rides up to the gateway with the news that the Earl, with his family and a large retinue, is already on his way here from one of his other country seats, and that the house is to be at once prepared for his coming. The household is stirred into action, and servants are running hither and thither; there is sweeping and cleaning, and laying down of fresh rushes in the chambers, while great logs are brought in from the

forest to feed the fires in hall and kitchen. It seems, however, that there is a great deal which cannot be done till the Earl arrives; for it is the custom, in moving from one residence to another, for the family to carry most of the household furniture along with them, such as tapestry hangings, sheets and coverlets for the beds, even glass for the windows, and kitchen utensils. More servants are coming, too, besides a whole body of armed retainers, the gentlemen, knights, and pages who wait on the Earl, and sometimes their servants as well. The Countess is coming, and the children of the family, with all their maidens and attendants. There are horses and sumpter-mules laden with the household goods and led by grooms, and when all these will arrive is quite uncertain, for in this fifteenth century the roads are in a shockingly bad state, left unmended, with deep ruts, and after heavy rains almost impassable. There are streams to cross, and some of these may be flooded; as for the bridges, they are often broken, and quite dangerous in parts. As the Earl and his family are travelling with such a large following of retainers, there is no fear of harm coming to them from the robbers who haunt the ways and hide among the trees and bushes. The chief fear is lest one of the horses should be injured by putting its foot into a deep rut, or the Countess's litter should break down altogether on the miry road, and so the whole party be delayed. Meanwhile a watch is being kept from the high tower, and at last the long procession is seen winding with difficulty up the toilsome road which you and I know is very steep—though we have no idea how bad it is for this gaily-dressed, picturesque, yet weary and bedraggled train. The great gates at the south-east corner are thrown open and the lordly company stream into the outer court; here

the horses and mules are unloaded, and the men-at-arms seek out their quarters. The Earl (who may be the one I told you of, living in the reign of Edward IV., and enjoying his favour), passes in through the second gateway with his family and immediate following.

Later on, when the bustle of arrival is over, we see the banquet about to begin in the great Hall over there; think that we are entering again under that beautiful porch, and turn to the right through the opening in the carved wooden screen. The sunlight is streaming in at the bay window, for the hall faces the south; and we see the gorgeous dresses of the courtly company on the dais opposite the entrance. Tapestry has been newly hung; dogs lie about on the sweet scented rushes. Retainers, bold of bearing, wearing their lord's badge (that of a hound) on breast or sleeve, come and go. Now the ewerer enters, bearing water for the washing of the hands before the meal; he does his office to the Earl first, on bended knee, as if to a king. Then he lays the cloth, finely embroidered in gold and silver thread. The panterer completes the laying of the tables, bringing bread, salt, and other necessaries, and he is followed by the carver. Quaint ceremonies take place before the feast can begin, but at length a burst of trumpets from the musicians in the gallery proclaims that all is ready, and the dishes are carried in from the kitchen. The Hall is full, for besides the Earl and his noble guests at the upper table, there are the retainers and others at the lower board. Well, we have seen this kind of feasting before, so we leave them, thinking only on what a grand scale of hospitality this household must be carried on when the Earl is here, for such numbers to be fed day by day.

One thing we notice about this period of history before we pass to a later one: the contrasts that show up in it between great splendour and equally great misery, decay on the one hand, and extravagance on the other. There was the wealth of the merchant princes in some towns, while others were growing poor. Here were nobles keeping up great state, and there, the peasantry suffering from hunger and sickness. Roads and bridges, as we have seen, were falling into decay, and were not repaired. These things were partly the result of the terrible wars in which we have seen England engaged; first the Hundred Years' War with France, then the Civil War between the rival Roses. For many, poverty and suffering followed, while others, who in all those years had got used to battles and bloodshed, grew hard and selfish; all this was more marked as the century drew near its close. Yet we must not forget that there were kind hearts too, as we have seen, that did think of others.

Mary Stuart.

But we have said nothing as yet of that other range of buildings—or rather their ruined remains—forming the west side of the court. Over there, I mean, near that large spreading walnut tree, between the high tower and the kitchen. Nothing is left there now but the outer walls and the foundations of the interior; but you see there are a good many small windows, and even some fireplaces. Those tall chimneys seem to suggest that this part of the house was built for comfort, and we see there must have been a good many rooms. Many noble and lordly visitors may have been lodged here from time to time; one of

these has been held in remembrance. Just about a hundred years after the scene we have been imagining, when several earls of Shrewsbury had come and gone, and some changes had passed over the Manor, there came a royal personage to Winfield, escorted up that same steep and winding road by a company of gentlemen, servants, and sturdy yeomen, well armed. It was in the year 1569, and Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne of England. She, however, was not the guest of whom I speak. You will guess who it was when I tell you that it was the person who caused Elizabeth the greatest anxiety and perplexity, not for a short time only, but for many years. I mean Mary Stuart, whom we generally speak of as Queen of Scots; you know the outline of her story, her beauty, her attractiveness, her many misfortunes, and grave faults. She had been in England now for some time, partly Elizabeth's guest, but still more her prisoner. You ask, perhaps, why she came here? It was because for about a year now she had been under the charge of the Earl of Shrewsbury, the sixth of that name, who lodged the queen and her retinue (a large one) in one or another of his numerous country houses. Only a very great noble, who had ample space, and numbers of his own retainers, could have undertaken such a charge; and you know that it was anything but an easy one, for, while treating Mary with the honour due to a royal guest, he was still her gaoler.

What kind of life did she live here, then, over in those now ruined apartments? Her windows looked on the inner court; and here as a rule there would be plenty of life going on, with people coming and going. She was not so very strictly kept at this time. Her friends were

constantly coming to see her, and she was allowed a good deal of exercise, for several horses were kept for her special use, whenever she wanted to ride out. She had a large household of her own, and indeed held quite a little court in her own part of the Manor house, surrounded by ceremony, and waited on by gentlemen and pages. We can fancy her rooms hung with tapestry, and richly furnished, her chairs covered with crimson and cloth of gold; her meals served up to her on silver dishes. Here she would receive the Earl when he requested an interview —often a stormy one. We can picture him in the dress of an Elizabethan courtier, with care-lined face, and long beard, as we see him in his portraits. He had need to be anxious through the long years during which he had charge of the Queen of Scots; even while she was here at the Manor her rescue was planned, and the Earl had to be constantly on the watch against such plots. The Countess of Shrewsbury, or Bess of Hardwick, as she is usually called, was a shrewish woman who helped to make her lord's life still more anxious. She was often at the Manor, and then Mary might have been seen walking with her in the court, or perhaps in the garden, pages and ladies-in-waiting following at some little distance. At night Mary sat up late, as we know, writing. Do you wonder what she wrote? Why, letters to her friends, planning modes of escape, letters of pleading to Elizabeth, letters to the Duke of Norfolk, the great peer who sought her hand in marriage, and in the end was tried for high treason and condemned to die. We shall hear of him again in another chapter. It is easy to understand that, even in this beautiful spot, Mary was sick to death of the dull life, and longed for freedom. She was ill here too,

and her physicians said the place was not healthy, so she had to be moved to Tutbury.

Fifteen years later she was here again, in the cold gloomy winter days. All that time she had been a prisoner, always scheming to get free, always more dangerous to Elizabeth. This time she was far more strictly kept, and we can fancy how crowded the servants' quarters in that outer court must have been. The stone pavement would echo the tramp of armed feet, as the guard was changed at both gateways. It was well for Elizabeth and for the Earl that Winfield was a place that could be guarded. Eight soldiers kept watch under the unhappy Queen's lodgings at night, besides two who were stationed inside, at the very door of her rooms. Think what the Earl's watchfulness must have been, when in the villages of the neighbourhood there were soldiers set to keep on the look-out for any sign of a rescue, and when, out there in the stables, swift horses stood ready night and day, in case of any sudden emergency. Well, we need not follow the sad story any further; Mary was not here long, and you know what followed. You have read about Fotheringay and the Babington plot, and the Queen's trial and death.

Now we have only one thing more to do, and then our visit to Winfield Manor is ended. We have been resting for a long time, and are quite fresh for our climb up to the top of the high tower. Soon we are mounting the steep winding stairs, and go cautiously from one crumbling step to another; notice how large the stones are of which the walls are built, how strongly they are put together. Here and there in the crevices the delicate harebell is seen, blowing in the breeze, which is refreshingly cool up here. For now we have reached the top, and can look out over

the battlements, whence we have a splendid view of the surrounding country. There are hills and green valleys, and many quiet meadows where sheep and cattle are grazing. Over there to the north-west lies Dethick, where that same Anthony Babington lived who plotted the rescue of Mary and the overthrow of Elizabeth. We look down, too, into the Manor itself, where it lies in clear outline below us; there are the two courts, roughly square, the outer one partly surrounded by its old fortifications, partly by a modern wall. We note again the two entrances, once so strongly guarded, and the peaceful security of the inner court, protected by wall and moat, as well as by this strong keep. Yes, the Manor was built in days when it was not yet safe to live without watch and ward; yet safe enough too for it to be worth while to lavish all that beautiful stone carving on the porch of the banqueting hall, where Lord Cromwell could not have expected that an invading enemy would ever enter. This house represents to us the period of change from old to new: from the Middle Ages, when men were never free from danger, to the modern days of greater ease and comfort, and that progress which we call civilization.

Come, let us go down into the courtyard again. As we pass out through the gateway, we may ask one more question: how and why has Winfield Manor become a ruin? Surely this did not come about only through the natural decay of time! To give a real answer would be to go far beyond our period in this present chapter; I can only give you a hint, and you must follow it up in your reading. We have seen the horrors of one civil war in England; was there not another yet to come, when "the king" was to be the watchword on the one side, and "the

liberty of the subject" the cry on the other? In that struggle we might see the strong walls of the old Manor blackened with smoke and riddled by bullets; yes, the marks are there even now. After long fighting it is taken, and in the end the beautiful banqueting hall and other habitable buildings destroyed, in order that the old house may never again become a "nest for malignants."

We wish we could see Winfield Manor as it was before that time, in all its strength and beauty; yet we are glad that enough remains to call up pictures of its life in the fifteenth century, and of those later days when the Scottish Queen was a prisoner within its walls.

PART VI.—TUDORS AND STUARTS.

CHAPTER XI.

Charterhouse Again.

In the year 1490 there was great interest and excitement at Oxford about some new teaching which was only just beginning in the University; it had been heard of for some time already, and many had spoken of and longed for it; now it had really come, and was within reach. There must have been some talk about this among the scholars at William of Wykeham's College; we may fancy them gathering round the fire in the shadows of the great hall when twilight came on, and it was too dark to read. "The New Learning"—"Grocyn's Greek lectures," would be the words on every lip; and some student would tell over again what everyone already knew: how William Grocyn had been a Fellow of this very New College, and only two years before had set out for Italy that he might there win for himself and for others the knowledge that was turning the learned world upside down. Ever since Greek exiles, fleeing from Constantinople and its Moslem conquerors, had settled down in Florence and other Italian cities, scholars had thronged to learn of them the language and literature of ancient Greece. Grocyn had shared in this privilege, and now he had come back to Oxford that he

might unfold the treasure to his own countrymen; they should be able to read for themselves the wonderful wisdom of Plato, and to study the New Testament in its original tongue. To these scholars it was a tremendous thing to open a Greek grammar for the first time; here, they felt, they had the key which could unlock wondrous treasures of past learning. It was in the reign of the first Tudor king that Oxford fell under the spell of this new, yet ancient wisdom. Other men, whose names you know, were there about this time, eagerly studying Greek: the foreigner Erasmus, who came to Oxford because he was too poor to get as far as Italy, John Colet, Wolsey, the future Cardinal, and Thomas More, who, years after, was to live at Crosby Hall. These were all young men at the time, and this study of theirs was preparing them for future greatness. We find some of them again in London at the beginning of the sixteenth century; More a rising lawyer, Colet become Dean of St. Paul's, and Erasmus often with them. These three are often called the "Oxford Reformers," because they saw how many things were wrong and bad in the life of the Church in those days, and tried, though in vain, to mend them by influencing those in high places.

If the thoughts and ideas of scholars were being so changed by the New Learning, there were also many other things happening to astonish men in general. The New World had been discovered, and that must have seemed a marvellous thing indeed, that this earth should prove to be so much larger than men had ever dreamt. Then, can you fancy how the merchants in Chepe would talk together about the new passage to India that had been found to exist, round by the southern point of Africa; what openings might there not be for trade in this? What merchan-

dise of rich and delicate fabrics, what cargoes of sweet spices might not English vessels bring back now, if only from the Levant? Little did these sober and practical men dream of the future East India Company, and of the great Indian Empire that was to arise out of it, ruled by an English sovereign!

Do you see how, with all these, and many other new thoughts and ideas exciting men's minds, they were gradually being prepared for a new order of things? Old habits and ways of thinking and acting were beginning to be broken up; in fact, with the fifteenth century the period that we call the "Middle Ages" was disappearing, and an England more like the one we know was coming into being. Some of the changes seemed to come very suddenly, and must have been almost bewildering to many people; we are going to see what these were.

Last Days of the Carthusian Monastery.

Come with me out of all this stir and activity into the stillness of the London Charterhouse in the spring of 1534. I said, you remember, that some day we should come back to the old monastery again. Here at least, we think, we are still in mediæval times; the cloisters are silent, the monks are studying or meditating each alone in his cell, or perhaps working in their gardens. Everything has gone on just the same here since the Carthusians first came to live in the house founded by Sir Walter Manny. His tomb is in their church, where day by day prayers are said, and the quiet brethren in their white garments steal softly in to their devotions. The old Wash-house Court looks much the same as it will look in the twentieth century, the sun is

shining on the red-tiled roof, and the lay brothers go in and out, busy as always. What a peaceful place, we think! Surely no news from the outer world ever troubles its stillness!

Yet that is just the very thing which has happened, and to-day the hearts of the brethren are full of anxiety, and filled with a sense of some evil hanging over them. They have known for some time that the question of the king's divorce from Queen Katherine was pending; now that has been carried out in defiance of the Pope, and the breach with Rome, which is the first act of the Reformation, has begun. The Carthusians are anxious because there has been a visit paid to the Charterhouse by the royal commissioners, demanding that they shall take the "oath of succession"—that is, really, that they should approve of the divorce, and of the re-marriage of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn. Their Prior, John Houghton, whom they dearly love, because he is a good man, gentle and humble towards all the brethren, has refused the oath because he does not think the marriage lawful. No wonder, then, the monks are troubled, for they do not know what may happen next, or what the King will do.

We, at any rate, are in no doubt, for we know that Henry had determined to carry the matter through, and, masterful as he was, would let no man come in the way of his purpose. So I will tell you very shortly what did happen. The Prior, with one of his monks, was sent to the Tower and confined in an unwholesome dungeon; after a month he agreed to submit, and was allowed to return to the Charterhouse. But it was only with many misgivings that he and the brethren took the oath "so far as was lawful." For the time this was enough, but early in the next year the Act of

Supremacy was passed, by which the King was declared to be the head of the English Church. Now the Carthusians knew themselves to be in danger again, for they heard they were likely to be questioned as to their agreement with this new law. They had always looked up to the Pope as the Head of all Christendom, and felt, that if they were asked, they could not say otherwise. One of their number, who wrote the story of all this long after, tells how the Prior called them all together, and talked to them as to his children. Some of them were quite young, and he feared lest they should in the end be driven out into the world and learn its ways; for himself, he thought there would be death, and perhaps for the older monks. Then the brethren wept, and cried out that they would rather all die together. Most touching of all was the scene when they were gathered together in the chapel, and after preaching to them, the Prior in his humility rose and knelt before each brother in turn, asking his forgiveness for anything he might ever have done to offend him. Each of the monks followed his example, asking pardon of one another; aud so they prepared themselves for the trouble to come.

Very soon it came; they were questioned, and their consciences would not let them agree to acknowledge the Royal Supremacy. Prior Houghton was the first to suffer, being put to death, as he had foretold; others followed, and all who held out in their refusal were imprisoned. A few only submitted, and in 1539 even they were driven out from the Charterhouse, which was taken possession of by the King.

Is it a very sad, dreary story? I do not think so, even though it does leave the home of the Carthusians silent and desolate. They suffered indeed, but then, you see, they won

the victory too, because they spoke the truth as far as they knew it. The monk who wrote the whole tale afterwards really went through far worse pain, because he had given in through cowardice, and said what he did not really think in his heart. Long years after his brethren had gone to their rest, he was suffering bitter self-reproach, so that we feel much more sorry for him than for them.

In the course of this story we have come twice already across Sir Thomas More, and here I will only remind you that he too gave up his life for the same cause for which Prior Houghton died. Since we last heard of him he had risen to be the King's friend, and Lord Chancellor of England; yet Henry gave him up to death because he also refused to agree to the Supremacy. We associate him too with the Tower of London, for it was there that he was imprisoned, and on Tower Hill his head was struck off. How bravely he went to his death, one might almost say, merrily, we all know.

You see we have now reached the point which we touched so far back in our second chapter; I went on there with the story of Repyngdon, even up to the present time, so that it might be quite clear that there is no dividing line between past and present, but that what we call "now," and all we see around us to-day has grown out of the thoughts and acts of men who lived long ago. We saw then how the Austin Canons were turned out of their Priory at the breaking up of the monasteries under Henry VIII.; this was happening just about the time that the London Charterhouse came to an end; not for the same reason, for the Carthusians were almost the only monks to refuse submission to the Act of Supremacy, but because Henry and his minister Cromwell had determined that the religious houses should be swept

away. Not all of them, we know, were like the Charterhouse, where the brethren had never ceased trying to live up to their high standard, and were known to be really holy men. This was the time when the great Abbey of St. Albans too came to an end; only the Monastery gate and the beautiful church remain. The Priory of St. Bartholomew's in Smithfield was dissolved; scarcely anything is left of that but the choir of the Canons' church: quite lately a fragment of the cloister has been re-opened. We must not forget, though, that Rahere's Hospital remains, being refounded by Henry VIII.; do you remember seeing his statue over the gateway? The Knights of St. John had to go too, and, as we have seen, only their gateway is left, besides the crypt of their church. There were many other monasteries that shared the same fate, but these I mention have all come into our story. Shrines of saints, too, were destroyed, such as St. Wystan's at Repyngdon and St. Alban's in the Abbey; it was not until the next reign that the property of the religious guilds was seized. You see it was indeed a time of great changes, and these were not nearly all. But if the breaking up of the monasteries had to come, how differently it might have been carried out! What use might not have been made of the beautiful buildings, the paintings and sculpture, and the precious manuscripts which were so ruthlessly destroyed! As it was, the King was the first to stretch forth covetous hands towards the spoil, and the nobles and courtiers followed him, snatching eagerly at any scrap of treasure that had once been Church property.

What happened then to the monastery that Sir Walter Manny had founded? Well, you know how little there is remaining now; we saw the lay brothers' court, and I told

you that just a fragment of the chapel belongs to the one which was first built there. Yet Charterhouse is still a beautiful old place, and at least the buildings were not utterly destroyed, or left a dismal ruin. The first use Henry VIII. put it to was to make of the monastery a storehouse for arms and engines of war; then it passed from one hand to another till, in the year 1565, it came into the possession of the Duke of Norfolk, the very same that I spoke of in our last chapter as living in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and planning to marry Mary Stuart. We have passed over the two reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, so full of changes and exciting events, and have come to the time when the Reformation was an established fact, and England was slowly settling down to a new order of things. This was not without a good deal of trouble, however; there was much discontent, especially in the North, where people did not like the new ways. Mary Queen of Scots was a centre for all the dissatisfied, and there was always the chance that she might yet be Queen of England; so that while she lived, the country was not really at peace. Now Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, was the greatest of English peers, and was looked up to as such by the other nobles; his ambition was to marry Mary, who was to be freed, and to be replaced on her throne in Scotland. He plotted against Elizabeth; what his real religious beliefs were is hard to tell, for he did not always speak the truth. He did, at any rate, certainly wish to restore some of the old order of things, and disliked many of the late changes. He took possession of the old Carthusian monastery cheerfully enough, however, and very soon turned it into just such a beautiful mansion as other noblemen had built for themselves in London. He was living here during the time that he was planning the marriage with Mary, and

those other schemes which lay behind that. At one time he might even have got Elizabeth to agree to the union, if he had been bold in asking at the right moment, but his courage failed him, and the opportunity passed. He was not the sort of man to act as leader in a desperate cause; always at the last moment he drew back, and so lost all. We know what he was like from his portrait; his face was long and narrow, and his beard short; in the picture he wears a flat cap adorned with a feather, and the Elizabethan ruff.

Howard House.

Now that we know something of the owner, shall we go again to the Charterhouse, and see what remains to-day of Howard House, as the old monastery was called when the Duke of Norfolk lived there? As we pass in through the gateway that leads from Charterhouse Square into the first court, we notice the massive doors that stand open, the smaller opening called the wicket, and the grille, or little window for the porter to look through. Though this is really the old monastery gate, it is not in its original place; it used to be in the archway over there, which now leads into the inner court, and which was the entrance to the Carthusian house. The Duke of Norfolk added an outer court, and made a new gateway.

Within, surrounded by other courts and buildings, we shall find the great Hall, as usual with the kitchen adjoining it. Did the Duke build it? Well, not altogether, for he found a fine hall here already, which only needed to be made grander and more lofty to suit his need. This was the part of the monastery where the monks' visitors were entertained, and was called the Guesten Hall. What a

splendid chamber it is, we think, as we enter, and stand still to look round. It is finer really than the banqueting-hall at Winfield Manor must have been, for this belongs in the main to the reign of Elizabeth, when more decoration was used in the building of private houses; the time was passing away when it was necessary to think of defence, especially in a town. So people thought more of comfort, convenience, and splendour. Here we see a lofty oak roof —for the Duke of Norfolk raised its height; the beautiful carved screen and minstrels' gallery remind us of Crosby Hall, and also of what we pictured at Winfield, for here you see the three doorways leading into the kitchen, buttery, and so on. The chamber is lit by large Perpendicular windows, and there is another gallery running along one side of the hall. Look at the oak panelling on the wall; that is a form of decoration very common in Tudor times, and shows the fondness for straight lines crossing and re-crossing each other, and making divisions, just as we have noticed several times already in the windows. The large chimney-piece is a sign of Elizabethan building; we shall look at its ornaments presently. You may see the Howard lion carved in wood up there on the screen. What princely gatherings must once have taken place in this great Hall! On one occasion at least, before the Duke of Norfolk fell into disgrace, he was visited in state by Queen Elizabeth; though the Hall may not have been completed then.

There are other parts of Howard House which show us how Elizabethan houses were built. Let us go and see the great drawing-room, and climb the wide oak staircase with richly carved banisters; you would not find such a stairway as this in the earlier houses. The chamber itself is very

CHARTERHOUSE: THE GREAT HALL.

splendid; especially we admire the beautiful ceiling, its painting, and the shields in gold and silver. There is some very old tapestry on the walls, so faded and dim that it is hard to make out what the pictures are meant to represent. We can see a king sitting on his throne, and a queen kneeling before him; there is some one behind carrying a key. It may be, as some think, the surrender of Calais; then the queen would be Philippa, and the king Edward III.

It was here then, in this princely mansion, that the Duke sat and penned his dangerous and often treasonable letters to Mary or to her friends. How strange that we should have seen before in Winfield Manor where the Scottish Queen wrote her replies, sitting up till long past midnight; the guards outside would see the lights burning still behind those narrow windows. Howard had planned here at the Charterhouse to rescue her, even during her stay at Winfield, but before he could do it, she was carried off elsewhere. Then came suspicion, and the Duke was arrested and sent to the Tower; he was only released on his promise to think no more of marriage with Mary. Ah, if he had only kept his pledge! Unhappily, when he was back at Howard House, and busily engaged in making it beautiful, he very soon began planning and plotting again. This time it was more serious, and Cecil, the great minister, discovered it all; some treasonable papers were found under a mat at the door of the Duke's bedroom, and others hidden among the tiles on the roof. His worst guilt was the plotting to bring a Spanish army into England. Then came again imprisonment in the Tower, his trial by his peers, the Earl of Shrewsbury presiding, his condemnation and execution as a traitor. We may well think that among all the gay scenes in the

splendid rooms of Howard House, the Duke often had a mind full of care and anxiety.

And what happened next? When Elizabeth was dead, you know that the succession, which had been such a tremendous difficulty during her lifetime, passed to James Stuart, son of the unhappy Mary, and King of Scotland; so that the whole island came at last under one rule. At that time the Charterhouse was occupied by another Howard, son of the duke who had been beheaded. We are rather pleased to know that King James did not forget that this family had suffered on his mother's account, and to do them honour, came here first of all on his arrival in London; in great state, escorted by the Lord Mayor and 500 citizens on horseback. In that grand state room where we saw the tapestry he held his Court for four days, knighting a great number of gentlemen during his stay.

The School and Almshouse.

Now begins an entirely new chapter in the history of the Charterhouse. In these two reigns of Elizabeth and James I., there was living a man of wide experience and great wealth, who is more remembered there now than any other. His name was Thomas Sutton—quite a plain name, you see, without any title, for he did not come of a noble family, though his father was a burgess of some standing in the city of Lincoln. Thomas was well educated, and went, when a young man, to travel on the Continent. On his return, he seems to have been for some time in the service of the Duke of Norfolk (the same about whom I have been telling you), perhaps as his secretary. We hear of him next as a soldier among the forces sent by Elizabeth in 1573 to

help the Scottish Regent in taking Edinburgh Castle from Mary's friends. Do you remember seeing just now those little cannon on each side of the huge chimney-piece in the great Hall? They mean that Thomas Sutton had been made Master of the Queen's Ordnance (or artillery) a few years before this time. Why they should be placed just there we shall soon see. Now, where did this man's riches come from? It seems that after his experiences in war he began to trade as a merchant; he had also bought some coal mines in the North of England, which brought him great wealth. So rich he was, indeed, that his purse was said to be fuller than Queen Elizabeth's exchequer. Like Hawkins and other great seamen, he sent out ships to harry the Spaniards on the high seas, to take their rich galleons and bring home their treasure.

These few outlines of Sutton's life do not tell us much about him; we should gather from them that he was a man of great energy and action, and that he lived a varied life. It is when we see what he did with his money that we begin to know him really. First of all, when England was threatened in Elizabeth's reign by the great Spanish Armada, we find Sutton doing what other patriotic men did—fitting out a vessel at his own cost to sail against it. When he had grown old, and James I. was on the throne, he began to think very seriously how he could do most good with his large fortune; for he was a good man, and wished, as Rahere, and Wykeham, Whittington, and Sir Walter Manny had done, to use it in the service of God. Men usually act according to the thoughts and ideas of their time, and Sutton did not live in an age of church-building; nor did he dream of founding a monastery, or a college for priests. But he did two very great things, which have lasted on into our own

times. First, he determined to found a Hospital, or we should say, an Almshouse, for aged men, and in the same place a school for boys whose parents could not afford to pay for their education. It was about this time that many of our grammar-schools and other such institutions were founded. They were, of course, greatly needed, as many former schools had perished with the monasteries. Sutton did not have to build new houses for his foundations, for it came about that he was able to buy the old Charterhouse from the Howard who now owned it; the same who had entertained King James, and who had since been made Earl of Suffolk. Thomas Sutton wished to be the first Master of his hospital, but he died in the same year that he bought the house. Do you remember, as we came through the first entrance into the outer court, how we saw the date—1611—over the doorway of the Master's house? There were the arms of Thomas Sutton too, a greyhound, and three crescents on a shield.

Here was a change, then; where once the slow footsteps of Carthusian monks paced slowly through the cloisters, there was now the rush and stir of young life, and the shouting and laughter of merry boys at play. Come back for a moment into the noble old Hall of to-day, where a fire is burning brightly on the great hearth; over it we see the arms of Sutton again, and the cannon I told you of. And look, there hangs the portrait of the man himself at the upper end of the Hall, robed in a black gown, and seated in a high-backed chair; he has a long pointed beard, and wears a ruff. In his hand he holds a plan of Charterhouse. Evidently this chamber is used as a dining-hall still, for here are servants laying the tables for a meal; for whom, do you wonder? It is for the aged Brothers of the Hospital, who

still come to live here, and are provided for by means of the fortune which good Thomas Sutton left for them; they are men of gentle birth or standing in life who have met with misfortune, and are glad of a haven of rest in their old age. They could scarcely find a quieter or more peaceful place to come to; we think that it would please the monks of old time if they could see the old men seated in the warmth and light of their Guesten Hall, or reading in the library that now stands on the spot where the Carthusians' own refectory used to be. As we pass out again we may meet one or two of the brothers walking slowly through the court; some are too infirm to venture out, and will dine in their own rooms. Do you ask, "Where are the boys?" No, I scarcely think you will put the question, for you are almost sure to know that, though the Charterhouse School still exists, and boys are still proud to belong to it, it is here no longer, but has been moved to a brighter and more healthy spot in the country. So we need not expect to see any "Carthusians," as Charterhouse schoolboys are called, here now.

We should like to know something about them, though, in the two centuries and a half that filled up the time between the founding of the School in 1611 and its departure to Godalming in Surrey in 1872. Look, we are now in the chapel cloister, (a new one, not the same as that where the monks used to walk), and on its walls you may see commemorated the names of some of the boys belonging to the school. They little thought when they were here that they would ever be remembered in this way. Here are some names quite familiar to us: John Wesley, the great preacher, Henry Havelock, the brave soldier, and many others, who learnt their lessons here when they were boys, and said their prayers in this chapel, which we are just

entering. I will tell you presently about some more of the schoolboys who became great men, but first let us think for a moment where we are. Here was the chapel built by Sir Walter Manny for the monks; we know that part of the actual wall of this building remains. It was on this spot that those ancient Carthusians worshipped God night and day; here we may feel sure those last monks prayed for courage to resist the King's will in a matter which they believed to be wrong. As I have said before, the chapel was far more beautiful then than it is now; Sir Walter's beautiful tomb and that of his wife, stood here; the roof was high, and not flat as it is now, and those arches which divide the building into two parts were not there then. But though it is so changed there must be many who look back on it with affection. As for boys who lived long ago and came to church here—why, among the rest were two who had struck up a friendship with each other, though they must have been very different. One was Joseph Addison, whom we should fancy to have been a steady, quiet worker; the other, who was much younger, an Irish boy, full of fun, clever, but shockingly lazy. His name was Dick Steele, and he would look up with great admiration to his older friend. They were at school here in the reign of the second James, and afterwards were at Oxford together. Both became great writers, and when we hear their names we immediately think of the famous "Tatler" and "Spectator," which tell us in such delightful fashion what everyday life was like in the reigns of Queen Anne and George I. Addison's portrait shows us a man of calm, serene countenance, wearing the curled and powdered periwig of the time; but we know him best from his amusing chat in the "Spectator." He makes us see, and

laugh good-humouredly with him at the little vanities of fashionable ladies, with their enormous hoops and their patches; there they are bargaining for lace and ribbons at the toy-shop. We feel we know all the people who belong to his Spectator Club; the quaint lovable country squire, Sir Roger de Coverley, and the rest; and the shy ways of the Spectator himself, who dislikes having to talk, but notices everything that goes on round him. Addison has been called "the most delightful talker in the world," and some day you must be sure to make his acquaintance by reading his essays.

The person who made that remark about Addison which I have just quoted was himself an old Charterhouse boy. You have heard of William Makepeace Thackeray, a great novelist of the last century? His first recollections were of India, where his father died; but he was still quite a little boy when he was sent home to England, parting from his mother, whom he dearly loved. Here he was educated, and sat in this chapel among the other boys. Years after, when he had become a great writer, he published a story called "The Newcomes," in which he pictures his old school under the name of "Grey Friars." The best character in the book is Colonel Newcome, who has served in India, and is himself an old Carthusian; we come to know him so well as we read the book that it is almost difficult not to think of him as having really been at school here. He is worth knowing, indeed, for his gentle, honourable, childlike nature. In the story he is at first very rich, having made his fortune out in India, but in the end he loses it, and then enters "Grey Friars" as one of the Poor Brothers. It is here that Thackeray describes the Charterhouse; he says: "An old hall? many old halls; old staircases, old

passages, old chambers decorated with old portraits, walking in the midst of which we walk, as it were, in the early seventeenth century." Then he talks about this chapel, and the Founder's tomb; look, there it is, just before us. Thackeray calls it "a huge edifice, emblazoned with heraldic decorations and clumsy carved allegories." It is certainly very splendid, in marble and gilding, in the style that was admired at the time; the founder, Thomas Sutton, is represented on the tomb, robed in his gown. The forty boys on the foundation always sat just in front of this monument. Thackeray describes Founder's Day, the 12th of December, when the head gown-boy used to make a Latin speech, after which there was a sermon in chapel, and then a great dinner. He pictures this place, with the "old black-gowned pensioners on their benches," and the boys in "shining white collars"—"forty cherry-cheeked boys, thinking about home and holidays." I should like to tell you more about Colonel Newcome, and the beautiful description of his death, but perhaps it would spoil the reading of the book for you by-and-by if I did, so I will leave you to find out all that for yourselves.

We have followed the story of the old Charterhouse from its beginning to the present day, and now we must say good-bye to it. We cannot help remembering the Priory at Repton, which I told you about once, and thinking how much alike the two histories are. Both places were founded first as religious houses, doing good, each in its own way, and shewing hospitality to strangers; both were broken up by Henry VIII; and both were founded again as schools. You have not forgotten Sir John Porte, the wealthy knight, who did in Mary's reign much the same thing as Thomas Sutton in that of James I? They both, for the Glory of

God, set forward the cause of education; and both of them founded almhouses. A thoughtful writer of our own day has said, speaking of the progress of the world: "Each century brought something of its own by way of hindrance or of help. . . . . Each little life as it passed, each little institution as it lived. . . . aided or retarded the common end." Sir Walter Manny, Thomas Sutton, and Sir John Porte were among those who helped, because they looked beyond themselves to the good of others. And if it seems sad to us that the Charterhouse should have failed to continue the work that Sir Walter intended it to do for ever, and that only a few fragments should remain of the old Priory at Repton, we must remember the truth of Tennyson's words :—

> "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils Himself in many ways
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Most likely in his lifetime Sir Walter Manny would not have been able to understand how any good could come from having his Carthusian House broken up. Yet I think the kind thought of the merchant who lived in later days, and who prayed for "a heart to make use" of his wealth in God's service, did *fulfil*, or complete, Sir Walter's intention.

CHAPTER XII.

The Waterway of London.

To-day we are going to make a journey by water, and imagine ourselves slowly steaming up the river Thames. We went on board at Greenwich; now we have have passed the Docks, and are wondering at all the stir and bustle of life in the Pool, as this part of the river is called. Here are the great warehouses, and here we see vessels of all kinds from both English and foreign ports lying at anchor; goods of all sorts are being unloaded. Right in front of us is the Tower Bridge; how majestic it looks, and how wonderful it is to watch the raising of its mighty arms to let a ship pass through! On the other side of it we find ourselves in a familiar scene; here, on our right, are the frowning grey walls and battlements of the Tower. We remember all the story of the Conqueror's Keep, and of the first State prisoner there, and his escape; and now we can see for ourselves the aftergrowth of the great fortress. It is not difficult here to fancy ourselves back in the past, and to picture the Thames at the time when it was used as a water highway by all kinds of people; to take boat was often the safest thing to do when roads, as we have seen, were so bad, and full of danger besides. First, then, let us try to call

back a sunny afternoon in the May of the year 1533, when the waters of the river ran clearer and brighter than they do now, and the banks on both sides were lined with people, waiting to see the approach of a great pageant. From which direction is it coming, we wonder, as we look up and down the stream; towards the City, where the tall spire of old St. Paul's rises above the towers of other churches and gabled roofs of houses, and down the river, where there is no Tower Bridge to hinder the view. Ah, we hear the shouting of the crowds, and far away round a bend in the Thames, we see the procession approaching; as it comes near, with stately gliding motion, the sunshine lights up the gilded barges, adorned with banners and gay streamers, and hung with silk and arras. The minstrels in the boats are playing sweet music; every now and then in a pause we hear the splash of the oars as they rise and fall in unison. We ask what it all means. It is the king's fair bride, Anne Boleyn, who is coming up the river from Greenwich to stay a few nights at the Tower, on her way to be crowned at Westminster. She is beautiful indeed, we think, as we see her seated in her royal barge, robed in rich cloth of gold, and surrounded by her ladies-in-waiting. The Mayor and his brethren, arrayed in scarlet, form her escort, with the City Companies, fifty barges in all, gaily decorated. There are the Haberdashers, Mercers, Grocers, and many others, all dressed in their liveries; this is the first time we have seen them in a water pageant. As the procession nears the grim fortress there is a great roar from the Tower guns, as well as from the ships that lie alongside the shore. Anne Boleyn lands at the Queen's Stair, and is met by King Henry, who leads her in through the Bye-ward Tower. "But," adds the old writer who tells us all this in such a

fashion that we can picture it, "for to speak of people that stood on every shore to behold the sight, he that saw it not would not believe it."

Poor Queen! She came to the Tower on this occasion as to a royal palace, proud and happy; but you know well what happened only a few years after, and how she was brought back to that same Queen's Stair as a prisoner, and was soon after beheaded by order of Henry.

Then there is that other entrance to the Tower where so many were landed who came there in trouble and disgrace. I mean the Traitor's Gate, the wide archway of St. Thomas's Tower. We fancy we can see for instance, Sir Thomas More, stepping with difficulty out of the boat which has just brought him back from Westminster on to the stone stairs below the gate. He is weak from long imprisonment in the Tower, and leans feebly on his staff; and wearied too, we should think, with the long strain of his trial, at the end of which he has been pronounced guilty of treason and condemned to die. He is cheerful, though, as usual, for it has been said, that "Death to him was but a passing from one country to another." Do you remember who met him here on the Tower wharf? She has been waiting there in the crowd, fearing lest she should have no other chance of seeing him. It is his dearly-loved daughter Meg, the same who walked with him in the garden at home in the old days, and to whom he wrote tender, playful letters. Can you fancy how she runs to him, breaking even through the guard of stalwart yeomen, armed with bills and halberds, who surround him, throwing her arms about his neck. It is the last good-bye, she knows, and even after they have been parted, she comes back once more to kiss

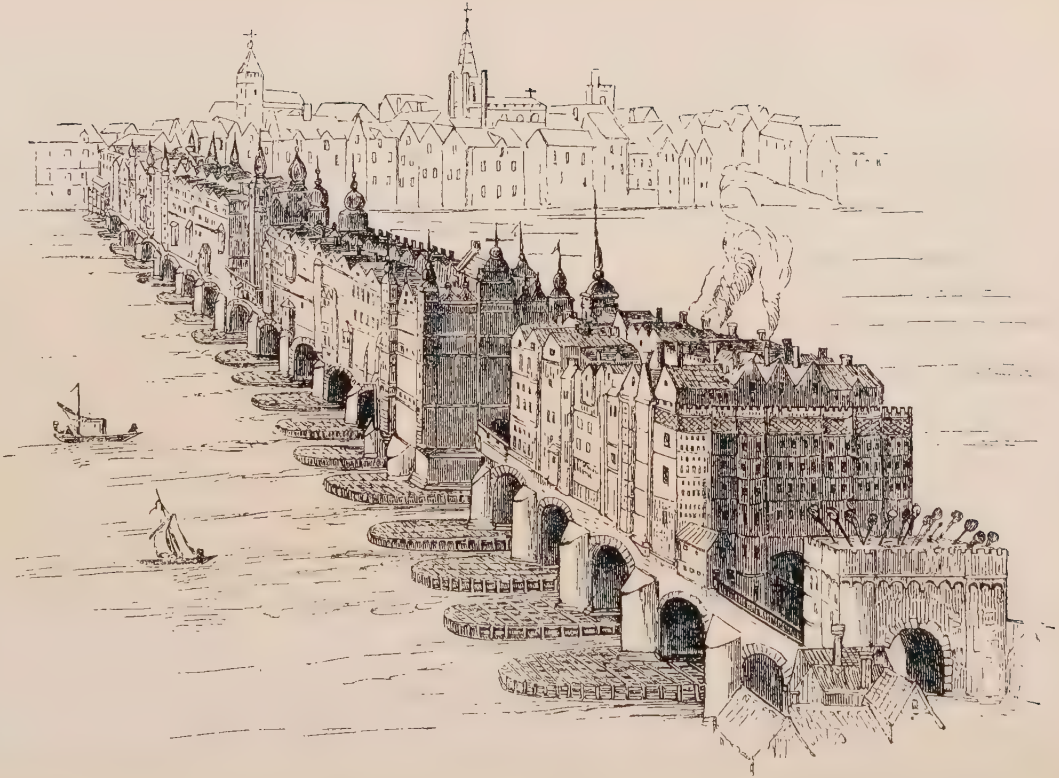
him again and again; then he, like many others, passes in through the shadow of the gloomy archway.

That happened on a summer day; but now think of another scene that took place many years later on a dark winter morning. There is to be another State Trial held in Westminster Hall, and a prisoner of rank steps into the barge which is to take him there. He is a man of stately presence, handsome in countenance, but with an expression of deep melancholy. How cold the wind blows from the river this December morning! It is five o'clock, and of course quite dark. We can see by the light of the torches how the prisoner shivers and draws his cloak closer round him. It is the Duke of Somerset, the once great and powerful Protector, guardian of the young king, Edward VI. We have met with him once before in our story, when I told you how he destroyed the beautiful church of the Knights Hospitallers, that he might use the materials for his new palace in the Strand. Now he has fallen from his high place, and is accused of planning the death of his great rival, the Duke of Northumberland, as well as of other crimes. Why is he brought out at this early hour to begin his river journey? It is, perhaps, that his enemies hope by this means to avoid a throng of people collecting to see him pass. For Somerset is the darling of the Londoners, even though he has been proud and wrong-headed, and they will not willingly see him die. That does not save him, though; you know his sad fate, and some day you must read the whole account of the excitement among the crowd on Tower Hill on the day of his execution.

There were many victims of this sort in the Tudor reigns; some innocent of any crime, such as Lady Jane Grey. She came to the Tower, you know, as Queen, in

the royal barge; but the palace very soon became her prison, and she never left its gloomy walls till she went forth to die; sweet and young, yet full of a noble courage to the very end. The Princess Elizabeth, afterwards the great Queen, was at one time in great danger of a like fate, for her sister Mary sent her here, and she landed as a prisoner at Traitor's Gate. Here again was a young girl, innocent of any conspiracy; it was a cold spring day, and it was raining at the time, so that the poor Princess, who had to step out of the barge on to the wet, muddy soil, must have felt very miserable. She was a brave girl, we may be sure, but it was no wonder that Traitor's Gate, and the armed guard that stood waiting there had terrors for her. At first she sat down in despair on the wet stones, and when she was begged to come in out of the rain, exclaimed, "Better sit here than in a worse place; I know not whither you will bring me." Still her story is brighter than that of the others, for you know that she was released, and lived to come back to the Tower some years later, when Mary was dead, for her coronation. There are many other people you have read about in history that we are reminded of as we pass this bit of the Thames; in Stuart times, there is Sir Walter Raleigh, brought from the Tower by water, not to be tried at Westminster, but to die there; Strafford and Laud in the troubled times of Charles I; Monmouth, coming here as a prisoner in the King's barge after the battle of Sedgemoor, and many more.

But now, see, we are passing in our steamer under the wide arches of London Bridge, and the Tower lies behind us. Look at the huge warehouses on the south bank of the river; there is plenty of history on that side too, if we had time to think of it. It was from there that we had



Old London Bridge.

our first view of London in 1066, when the fisher huts of Southwark were all ablaze, and the Conqueror with his army passed by.

The Bridge.

But what of the Bridge? There was a wooden one here then, you know; later we saw one of stone, which stood here for many centuries, to be pulled down at last, only a few years before Queen Victoria came to the throne, and replaced by this under which we are passing. Let us think for a moment what old London Bridge was like, over which Wat Tyler and his followers marched into the City, and where Falconbridge, in Sir John Crosby's time, was beaten back; this last was not the only occasion on which there was fierce fighting at the gate at the south end of the Bridge. It had stood there since the reign of Henry II., when it was built by one Peter of Colechurch in 1176. It was counted a great wonder, for it was not an easy thing to build a bridge over a river like the Thames, where the tide comes up from the sea twice a day, and the Londoners were justly proud of it, the only one they had, you must remember. It was not nearly so wide as the present London Bridge, and its arches were much narrower. If we could see it, we should think it very quaint and picturesque, partly because of its irregularity; some of its arches were much wider than others. Strong piers, strengthened with buttresses of stone called "starlings," supported these arches. There was a drawbridge which could be raised if an enemy had to be kept from entering the City, and a tower at each end. It seems strange to us to think of a chapel on a bridge, but the people who passed across in the twelfth century thought it

quite an ordinary thing; it was there from the beginning, for Peter Colechurch, who died before his great work was completed, was buried in its crypt. The chapel was dedicated to St. Thomas a Becket, who only a short time before had been murdered in Canterbury Cathedral. After some time there were houses built on the Bridge, too; how curious it would be now if we could look up from the river below and see them projecting over the water! The road between the houses must have been quite narrow, but it was enough in the days when only foot-passengers, horsemen, and pack-mules passed over. In the eighteenth century, when traffic had become so much greater, the houses had to be cleared away. There were corn-mills built on the starlings, driven by the force of the water beneath. The rents of the houses and the tolls demanded from all the passengers who crossed, paid partly for the repairs often needed by the Bridge. We think how strange it must have been to have lived in one of those quaint dwellings up there; what a noise and rush of water below! what whirring of the mill-wheels! When the tide began to ebb it was often dangerous to "shoot" the old Bridge, the fall of the water was so great; boats were sometimes over turned or dashed against the piers. We have been seeing how Princess Elizabeth was rowed down the river from Whitehall to her prison in the Tower; that day the passage was perilous, as the tide was on the turn, and the rush of water through the narrow arches very strong, so that the royal lady's barge was very nearly being capsized.

London Before the Fire.

Just now, when we were passing the Tower, we thought what Tudor London must have looked like from the river,

and we pictured the chief beauty in the scene—the glorious spire of old St. Paul's (where now we see the great dome), the tallest that ever was built. Later, when Elizabeth was on the throne, we should still have seen the tower, but the spire would have been no longer there. It was burned down, perhaps by lightning, in 1561; and how the Londoners must have mourned its loss! Other towers and spires were, however to be seen, for the City was full of ancient churches; there were wharves along the river bank, and little narrow streets and lanes where the poorer folk lived, but also princely houses and palaces rising above these. Over there, where now the trains run into Cannon Street Station, used to be the great house, called the Steelyard, which belonged to foreign merchants; it was built of stone, and had its own wharf on the river. Further on were sorrowful looking ruins, where stately monasteries had once stood. There were no great warehouses on the south bank then; not many buildings, indeed, but the beautiful church of St. Mary Overies stood where it still is. We should have seen many barges on the water; not only the vessels belonging to great lords and ladies, flaunting gay streamers, but humble boats as well; for the Londoners, as we have seen, often preferred the river to the streets as a highway. Close by here was a ferry across from one shore to the other, which some people found more convenient than crossing by the Bridge.

Now, in this story of ours, we have arrived at the Stuart period, and the seventeenth century, and, if you think a moment, you will see that we cannot be very far off from the terrible calamity of 1666, which swept away so much of old London, and greatly altered its appearance. How do we know, then, what London before the Great Fire was like?

Well, the next best thing to seeing a place for ourselves, is to see it through the eyes of another who has looked on it earnestly and carefully, has studied its history, and tries to give us as true and faithful an account of it as he possibly can. This has been done for us by a man whom I have quoted for you several times already; when I was telling you about Bishopsgate Street, for instance, and what it used to look like. Do you remember Houndsditch, close by there, and marking the place where the City moat used to be? If you go down a street leading out of it, you will come to a large fine church, and in one of its aisles you may see a beautiful alabaster monument. It is not like others we have seen, for the person to whose memory it was raised is not represented as lying down in the quiet sleep of death. Instead, we see him busy with the great work of his life, a grave, intent figure, wearing a long gown and ruff; he has a pen in his hand, and is writing in a book which lies on the desk before him. There are other books on each side of him, so that we suppose he is meant to be hard at work in his study. The man is John Stow, who was born in the reign of Henry VIII., and lived till after the first Stuart king had succeeded to the throne. The book is his great "Survey of London," written in the time of Elizabeth. As he lived in five reigns, and was eighty years old when he died, you see he could remember a great deal, and that is one thing that makes his book so interesting. His father was a tailor living in Threadneedle Street in the City, and John Stow tells us himself in his book how he used, as a boy, to be sent to the farm outside Aldgate to fetch milk. This farm belonged to the Franciscan Sisters called "Minoresses," and that part of London is still called the "Minories." In Stow's boyhood it must have been almost

like country outside the gate, as there were fields where the cows grazed. When he was an old man, then, he could look back on the time when the monasteries and convents were still in existence; he lived through all that time of change which we call the Reformation. He followed the calling of a tailor, like his father before him, but his mind was always on London and its history, and he loved to search out old books and papers in ancient handwriting that would tell him more about the past. At last he gave up his trade so that he might devote himself altogether to the study he loved, and then he wrote his great "Survey." Of course he made some mistakes; but whenever he tells us about what he really saw himself, or what he remembers, we can always trust him, and he tried to give as faithful an account of the City as he could. The people of his own time did not understand what a great work he had done, or they would hardly have allowed him to die in poverty in his old age, as he did. But we know what a great debt England owes to him.

Now we must not forget that we are still on the Thames, going up towards Westminster; we have not long passed London Bridge. Where are we to find our pictures of things that happened on the river or its banks in the Stuart period? If we could only get hold of an old diary, written in those days, that would be delightful; surely, we think, it would tell us what was going on in the stirring times of the Civil Wars, and after the Restoration, and the writer might even have seen the Great Fire itself. Well, it happens that there are really two such diaries, written all that long time ago, which, fortunately for us, were not torn up and burnt as they might have been. Who wrote them? One was the work of a gentleman of good family, whose name was

John Evelyn, and who lived through the greater part of the Stuart period. When any important event happened, he always noted it down, and he tells us many interesting things. We can see plainly enough from his diary which side he was on in the struggle between Charles I. and the Parliament; he was a Royalist, and the Civil War, ending in the execution of the King, was a terrible grief to him. At the same time he makes it plain that he did not approve of the acts done by the later Stuarts against the laws and liberties of Englishmen. Evelyn's portrait shows us a man of grave and sober appearance, with somewhat austere countenance; yet he must have had gracious, courtier-like manners, for he had friends everywhere. He was both wise and learned, and knew a great deal about art, for he had travelled much in Italy and elsewhere, and took note of all he saw.

Well, what does he tell us about the happenings on the river? He says that he came up to London from his country house on purpose to see and hear the trial of the powerful Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, in Westminster Hall, when, as you know, he was impeached by the Commons before the Lords. It is only likely, then, that he may have seen the barge that brought the haughty favourite of Charles from the Tower rowed slowly up the river, and when the trial was over, may have been among the crowd that watched the fallen minister step once more into the boat that was to take him back to his prison. But Evelyn's diary contains gayer matters than this; there is the outburst of joy at the Restoration, and the joy when the second King Charles was crowned. That must have been a glorious pageant, indeed, when the royal barge came from the palace at Whitehall to Westminster. It was no

nearly as gorgeous, though, as the water triumph of the following year, which was the welcome of the King's bride, Catherine of Braganza, on her first coming to London. The boats that accompanied her were so many they could not be counted, and they were all splendidly draped and decorated. Fancy Charles and his bride seated in a vessel of antique form, under an canopy of cloth of gold like a dome, resting on pillars all wreathed with garlands. Evelyn was there too, in his own new barge, and he thought the scene more wonderful even than pageants he had seen in Italy. Then we hear, many years after, of fireworks on the river in front of Whitehall in honour of this same Queen's birthday; I do not suppose they were as magnificent as those we see now, but Evelyn tells us what an immense sum of money they cost, and describes the strange devices of castles, serpents, and other objects, that appeared in fire on the water. Only the winter before this, the diary tells us, there was such a long hard frost that the Thames was covered with a sheet of ice strong enough to bear not only foot-passengers, but horses, carts, and coaches as well. Booths and shops were set up on the river, and there was quite a merry fair held there. There was a London fog in the City, and Evelyn says "hardly could one see across the streets."

Well, he was not the only person to note down these facts in a diary; there was another man, I am sure, down there in the crowd on the ice, who enjoyed telling about it afterwards. I have been speaking of places mentioned by Evelyn which we do not yet see because they are higher up the stream; but look, over there on this side of London Bridge is the Old Swan Pier, and the stairs which are famous in history. Close by on the river bank was a tavern

of the same name. Now the writer of the other diary used often and often to go up and down this part of the river by boat, and he constantly mentions the Old Swan Stairs, where he frequently landed or went on board. This was a different man indeed from Evelyn, though he lived at the same time, and they knew each other. Samuel Pepys tells us a great deal more about the river and the ordinary traffic on it than Evelyn does; he was a regular Londoner, you see, and lived the life of a citizen, while Evelyn was a country gentleman, and only came up to town sometimes. Pepys was a noted man in his day, though, for he was connected with the Admiralty, and did much for the improvement of the navy. For some years his house was in Seething Lane, not far from the Tower; from here he could easily get to the river bank, where he would take the boat to Westminster, or higher up to Putney, perhaps.

The events of one day are very fully told us; the King (Charles II.) was to be at Woolwich, and a new ship was to be launched. Pepys had to be there as a matter of duty, but it was to be a holiday for the rest of the family, who started early, and went down to Woolwich by boat. He took a hackney-coach by himself and started in great style, very finely dressed, we may be sure, for he loved to have a smart appearance. The day passed off well, but the return home was exciting. Pepys had meant to come back by water with his wife, but at the landing-stage at Woolwich, where he had expected to meet her, her boat was nowhere to be found. He decided, therefore, to return by coach as he had come. By the time he reached London it was quite dark, and he was on the wrong side of the river for home, in Southwark. Here there was a block of coaches and a long halt, so Pepys, being tired, I suppose, of sitting

still, got out. All at once the traffic moved on, and he, poor man, found that his coach had gone without him. What was he to do now? There was nothing for it but to cross London Bridge on foot; easily done, you think—but no, not on the *old* Bridge in those days. It was very dark and dirty, he tells us, and on the way across he put his foot into a hole, and narrowly escaped breaking his leg. However, he did get over safely at last, to find his coach waiting for him on the other side. He soon reached home now, but was rather anxious at finding that Mrs. Pepys had not yet arrived. There were other people with her, but it was a cold dark night in October, and he knew the dangers of the river. He was glad indeed when at last he heard the sound of her arrival downstairs—and rather cross too, he adds, which was unreasonable, but you know people *are* inclined to scold sometimes when they have been anxious about you. The worst thing that resulted from that day's outing was that Pepys caught a bad cold.

Can't you fancy it all? and does it not make us realise what a Londoner's holiday was like in those days? There was that other occasion too that we have heard of already from Evelyn, of the great pageant for Queen Catherine on the river; it was all very well to be in the midst of it all as he was, in a boat of his very own. But Pepys did not possess one, and when he went down to the waterside he could not find a vessel of any kind to take him up to Whitehall; and in the end was obliged to walk. He would not have missed a show for anything, this man, who, though he was clever in some ways, was childishly eager for pleasure and interested in little things, often noting down in his diary his purchase of new clothes for himself or his wife, and describing them. We are glad of this, as we can

picture the folk of those days better. He bought a fine velvet coat to wear on the day of the coronation of Charles II.; another time he mentions how the tailor brought him home "a fine new coloured cloth suit," and "a cloak lined with plush;" and says of it proudly, "as good a suit as ever I wore in my life, and mighty neat, to my great content;" and again, "a dear and noble suit." He wore it at church on Sunday, to his own great satisfaction, along with the great curled periwig which had lately come into fashion, and which we see in his portrait.

He often speaks of London Bridge and its dangers; on one occasion he was obliged to climb on one of the piers while his boat was dragged through. Sometimes, rather than risk the shooting of the Bridge, he would get out at the Old Swan, and get into the barge again at Billingsgate; many people did this. Was Pepys in London during the Plague? Yes, he did not run away into the country as many people did, but stuck to his work bravely; we hear from him about the silence and desolation of the streets, and how he saw the grass growing in the deserted court of Whitehall Palace; for the King and his Court had fled before the terrible disease. Even the river was forsaken, for he says there were no boats to be seen on it.

The Great Fire.

But the Great Fire of London in 1666! That, in Pepys diary, becomes to us a real, living event, he describes it all so exactly. We seem to be looking out of the window with him at three o'clock on that Sunday morning when the maid calls him up to see the fire that has broken out in the City. It appears to be a long way off, so of course he does not trouble himself, but goes back to bed. But in the

morning there is a great outcry, that all Fish Street is burning, right down to the river, and that the houses on the Bridge have caught fire too. Of course he hurries off down to the water-side, and takes boat, getting somehow through the Bridge ; the fire is spreading along the bank, and now it has reached the Steelyard. He points out the poor pigeons fluttering about the burning houses ; they cannot understand why they should leave their homes, and stay till their wings are singed, and they drop down. So we seem to be going up and down the river with him, watching how the flames spread ; the wind is very high, and, as there has been no rain for a long time, we know that the timbers of the houses, and even the stone, must be dry and ready to catch fire. We go as near to the shore as we can for the smoke, which feels suffocating ; and all about us sparks are flying from the burning city, and the wind blows them into our faces. We can hear the roar and crackling of the flames, and every now and then the crash of falling buildings. At last it does not seem safe to stay out on the water any longer, so we take refuge with Pepys in that little alehouse on the opposite bank, where, as darkness comes on, we see a magnificent spectacle. Think of a mighty arch of flame along the shore over against us, stretching almost from Queenhithe to the other side of London Bridge. And see, another fiery arch is spreading up the hill on which the Cathedral stands—and no one knows where the fire will stop. "It made me weep to see it," says Pepys.

No one can have slept much on those nights while the fire lasted, for it was impossible to feel safe from its approach in any part of the City. It threatened to get near the Tower at last, and Pepys had to move his things, fearing that soon the flames would reach his house ; but

happily for him, they never did. You know how at last the fire was stopped, by the pulling down of houses; but it had done the most terrible mischief by that time, and London could never look the same again. Both Pepys and Evelyn went through the ruined streets while the ashes were still hot under their feet; and the latter tells us sorrowfully of the destruction of old St. Paul's, of the falling in of its vaulted roof, and the melting of its bells, lead, and plate. That is why we see now a new and quite different St. Paul's on the hill above the river; instead of the tower and the high-pitched roof, there rises the mighty dome with its gilt ball and cross, which Londoners know so well. And to whose genius do we owe our beautiful Cathedral that we are so proud of? Every child knows the name of Sir Christopher Wren, who built not only the new St. Paul's, but also many other churches in place of those destroyed by the fire. Evelyn knew him well, and often mentions him in his diary. Wren's St. Paul's was begun some years after the fire, but was not really quite completed till well on in the eighteenth century, when the great architect himself was dead. He had not been allowed by Charles II. and James II. to carry out his first design, and when all his best plans were objected to he kept his own counsel, and began to build as he himself thought right. We shall meet with Sir Christopher Wren again in another chapter, and perhaps Evelyn; meanwhile, think of what London lost through the fire. Besides old St. Paul's, and eighty-nine parish churches, it destroyed houses, palaces, Sir Thomas Gresham's Exchange, as we have seen, and much more. We are glad to think that Crosby Hall and St. Helen's escaped, but they were in great danger, for the fire was only stopped after it had reached Bishopsgate Street itself. We might have

lost St. Bartholomew's Church in Smithfield too, for it was only at Pie Corner, close by, that the mischief was checked.

All the time that we have been talking about Pepys and the Fire we have been moving up the river, and now we are passing along the Embankment, and by the buildings and gardens of the Temple. You remember the Knights Templars, who were comrades and rivals of the Knights of St. John in the Crusades? Here still stands their ancient church, which again reminds us of the Great Fire, because it too only just escaped destruction. Here is Somerset House, called after the Protector, but not the same house as that which he built. Just here, as we come to Waterloo Bridge, the river follows a curve, and we can look back at the dome of St. Paul's behind us, while in front the Houses of Parliament at Westminister begin to be seen. Do not forget that in the long-past days which we have been picturing, none of those bridges were here; London Bridge was the only one the City had, and so the view in those times must have been quite uninterrupted. We are passing many interesting places which we have no time to talk about now. Here was the Savoy Palace, burnt by Wat Tyler and his followers; here, after Charing Cross, stood Northumberland House, a great mansion, now removed to Isleworth; and further on the Palace of Whitehall came down to the waterside. That reminds us again of the pageants in honour of Anne Boleyn, Charles II., and his bride Catherine; and of something sad too—I mean the beheading of Charles I. Further on still, in the seventeenth century, we see another Stuart monarch escaping on a cold winter night from the Palace; it is James II., who, because he tried to set himself above the law, angered his subjects, and had to flee before the coming of

William of Orange. That is the last picture we shall look at to-day; James with one faithful attendant, creeping down the back stairs at Whitehall, and out through the gardens to the river bank, where was a ferry, by which he crossed the Thames in a little boat. It was just a little higher up than this pier where we are now going to land. For we have reached Westminster, and our river journey is over; we look up at the towers so close to the waterside, and make up our minds that very soon we will come here to look for our last history pictures. To-day we cannot explore any further, and in our next chapter we shall find ourselves much higher up the river. But our last visit shall be to Westminster.

PART VII. PAST AND PRESENT.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Cardinal's Palace.

Have you forgotten, I wonder, the country lodge on the Thames which long ago we saw in the ownership of the Knights of St. John at Clerkenwell? It was one of their many Preceptories, and was set in a pleasant spot reclaimed from the wild heath, and overlooking the clear waters of the river, dotted about with little islands. There was a house here, but not a large one, standing in wide pastures; and here the Prior would most likely come at times for rest and change.

Pass quickly with me over the centuries that lie between then and now, and let us visit that same spot to-day. We have chosen a quiet time, a day near the end of the year, when most people are busy either with work or play, so that we have the place all to ourselves, or very nearly. Coming from the south side of the Thames, we find a little arching bridge that leads over the river, and from which we can look down on the quiet stream and the towing-path that runs along beside it. As we cross the bridge, we get a glimpse through the bare and leafless branches of the trees beyond of the dark red walls of some great building; look, there are towers and high chimneys. We come out to an open space where several roads meet, and in front of us are

gates, set wide open, leading to the splendid palace, for such it is, which we have just seen through the trees. The buildings of warm red brick, deep and rich in hue, stretch away on either side of a noble entrance gateway; yet this is not as grand or stately as it used to be, for at one time it was much higher. You say you are quite sure that this is not the Prior's country lodge? Nor is it, though that did once stand near the river. Perhaps you are beginning to guess what place this is, but even so, before we let out the secret, let us pass through the gateway into the court beyond. Evidently we have a right to enter, for the sentinel who is marching up and down in front of it does not challenge us. We are in the Base Court; so this is called; and here we linger for a moment to look round. Here is the same red brick, so deep, almost purple in colour, chequered with black bricks among the red ones; see the battlemented roofs with those curious picturesque red chimneys behind; the numerous square-headed windows letting in plenty of light, and the bay-window in particular over the gate-house. This is Tudor building, very perfect and wonderful of its kind.

Wolsey's Palace.

Now I fancy one of you saying: "Yes, I know what place this is, and who built it; for I have been often and often to see Hampton Court Palace. It is close to the river, and it is made of red brick. It was Cardinal Wolsey who built it." You are right; only that much was altered or rebuilt later, so that the Palace as it now stands is only partly Wolsey's. The west front, where we came in, and this court, as well as some other parts of the Palace are his

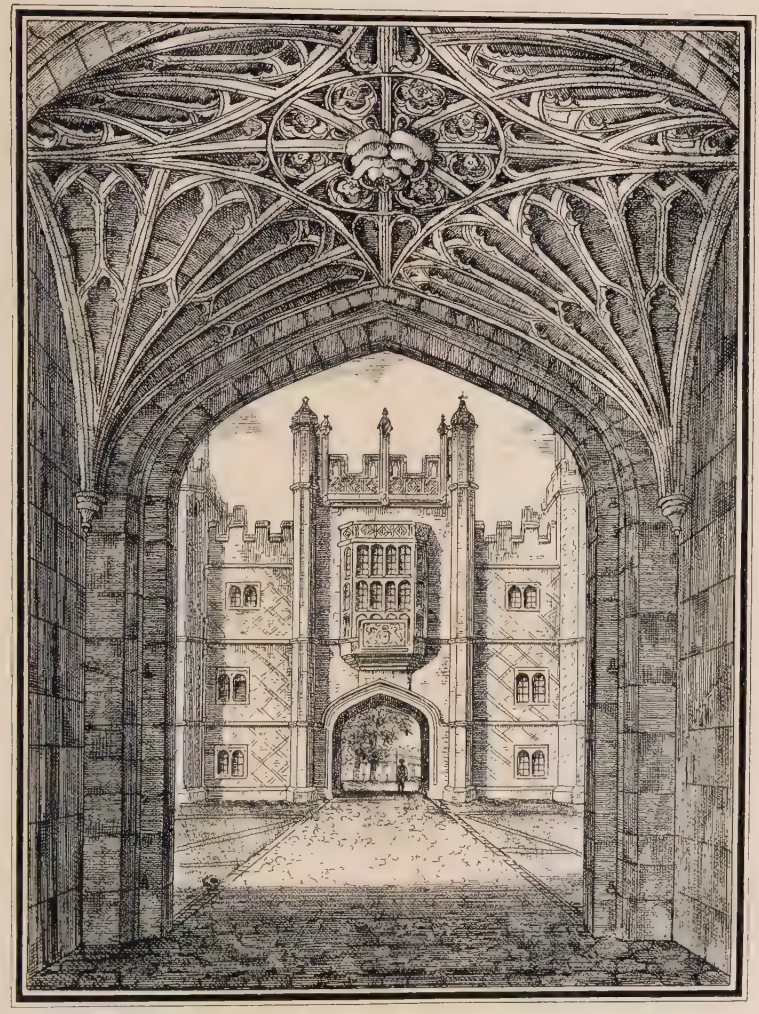
work. It was early in the reign of Henry VIII. that he obtained the lease of the Manor from the Knights Hospitallers.

At this time he was high in the King's favour, and in the following year, 1515, he was made Lord Chancellor, and also received a cardinal's red hat from the Pope. The whole power of the kingdom was in the hands of this one man, only subject to the King, who loved him exceedingly, so people thought. The talent and genius of Wolsey were very great; everything he attempted was well done, though it seemed almost impossible for one person to attend to so much business of different kinds. Yet that did not prevent him from giving his mind to the building of his new palace, which he intended to make very magnificent. He had chosen this place because it was said to be so healthy, as indeed it is, and he was often not well, needing change to fresher air than that of London. After our last chapter you can understand that he chose this spot partly, too, because it was close to the river, and he could make that his road when he needed to go to London, not many miles off.

This, then, is part—only a part—of his great mansion. He surrounded it with a moat, one of the very last to be made in England; because by the sixteenth century it was not necessary to be so careful about defence. As we came in, and approached the great gateway, we passed over the place where its course used to run. The Palace may have been almost as large as it is now; there were various courts, suites of splendid rooms, great kitchens, lodgings for servants, and spacious gardens. Here, in the Base Court, were the guest chambers, where many noble visitors were entertained with royal hospitality; for Wolsey did everything magnificently. Now we must pass in through this next

gateway, on a line with the first; only as we go, we glance up once more at the chimneys above. They are so different from any that are built now; does anyone ever expect to see a beautiful chimney? In the Tudor times, see what pains were bestowed upon them; these, made of the same deep red brick as the house, are grouped together in clusters of two or more, slender and graceful, and decorated with carving of intricate patterns. On the other side of the gateway we are in the Clock Court; here was the principal part of Wolsey's palace, where he himself lived, and where the great Hall was situated; only that is not his Hall which now stands here. His own rooms are over there to the right, only they are hidden by that line of pillars which was built much later. This court, has, however, been a good deal altered since his time.

I told you how splendidly Wolsey entertained; one of his visitors, who sometimes invited himself, was King Henry, a young man then, loving gaiety and pageants of all kinds. So he was fond of surprising the Cardinal's guests by suddenly appearing among them in some disguise as part of a masquerade, a favourite diversion of those days. This is what really happened one evening when Wolsey was seated in the place of honour at the high table, and his guests and the gentlemen of his household were in their places at the banquet; we suppose it took place in the Hall of those days. Suddenly everyone was startled by the sharp firing of guns outside on the river, and by Wolsey's order, some of his servants went to see what it could mean. They brought back word that it was a party of masqueraders, who appeared to be foreigners. When they came into the Hall, they must have made a pretty pageant; they were in the guise of shepherds, dressed in garments made of fine cloth-



View of Entrance Court from the Second Gateway of Hampton Court Palace.

of-gold and caps of the same material. There were torch-bearers with them, and musicians. Now Wolsey alone of all the company knew that these strangers were really the King and some of his friends, who had come by water from Westminster. But he only said that he thought there was among the masqueraders one high above the rest in rank, who ought by rights to occupy the place of honour on the dais; and that, if that was so, he would gladly give it up to him. He was answered, yes, there was such a one; let him guess which. Of course all the disguised strangers wore masks. Wolsey looked carefully at them, and chose out the one he thought was the King; "it must be the one with the black beard," he thought. But he was wrong; for the man he pointed out was only one of the nobles. Then Henry burst out laughing, and pulled off his own mask and that of the other whom Wolsey had taken for him. So there was great merriment and feasting that night in the palace.

You know well that all this friendship of the King for his great minister passed away when the miserable question of the divorce came up. Even before that, Henry was beginning to be jealous of the splendour in which Wolsey lived, and the story goes that he one day asked the Cardinal, with signs of displeasure, why he had built this magnificent mansion for himself. "To show how noble a palace a subject may offer to his sovereign," was the quick answer. And then and there the King accepted the gift. At any rate it is true that the Cardinal did give Hampton Court to Henry, not only the building, but all its furniture and treasures; all the beautiful tapestry he had collected, all the "table-carpets" and "window-carpets;" by which table, covers and curtains are meant. Still Wolsey continued to

live on in his splendid house as if it belonged to him, till the time of his disgrace. You know the story of that, and how he died, a fallen and broken-hearted man. A faithful servant of his, who wrote down the whole tale afterwards, also made some verses about his master; here are some of them, which remind us of his life at Hampton Court.

"My galleries were fair; both large and long
To walk in them when that it liked me best,
My gardens sweet, enclosed with walles strong,
Embanked with benches to sit and take my rest.

. . . .

No vessel but silver before me was brought,
Full of dainty viands, the sum cannot be told;
I drank my wine always in silver and in gold,
And daily to serve me, attending on my table,
Servants I had both worshipful and honourable.

. . . .

I was so princely to behold
Riding on my mule trapped in silver and in gold."

Think what a grand person even his master cook must have looked dressed in satin or velvet, with a gold chain about his neck!

But now we are going to see the great Hall, which, you remember, is *not* Wolsey's. To do that, we must climb the staircase to our left, which leads up to it; but first we look well at the beauty of its outside appearance, its splendid Perpendicular windows, buttresses, and pinnacles. Then we enter, and once at the top of the stairs, we think how dark and shadowy is the entrance; but then, of course, this is only the doorway end of the Hall, cut off from the rest by the screen, as we have seen elsewhere. This screen is of very old oak, and there are two openings

in it, through one of which we pass. We have seen several other old halls—William of Wykeham's at New College, Crosby Hall, the great chamber at Charterhouse—but this one is the grandest of them all. We look at it in silence for a few moments, for when one first sees anything of great wonder and beauty, words do not come easily. Its height is so great, the space enclosed by it so vast, and the stained glass in its lofty windows lets in so faint a light, that we feel we are in a strange and solemn place. Look up at the great oak roof, with its panels variously carved and its hanging ornaments called pendants. I do not say it is more beautiful than all the others we have seen, but it is more *splendid* in its decoration. We call it "Gothic," as we should call the roof at Crosby Hall or New College, but that name includes many very different kinds, and this one at Hampton Court shows traces of the new Italian style that was beginning to show itself in English building. We shall see later on how its influence grew and increased. I need not tell you again where the dais would be, for you know so well now that it was always opposite the minstrels' gallery, and we came in under that. Besides, you remember the large bay window at Winfield Manor, placed so that the lord and his family could look out on the courtyard as they sat at their table? We have a very lofty one here, reaching almost from the floor to the roof. The walls are covered still with exquisite old tapestry; we will look at it presently.

Meanwhile, do you ask who was the builder of the Hall? Look round, and you will see signs of him all about, on the minstrels' gallery, on the tapestry, on the windows. There are the Tudor badges, a small portrait of Henry VIII. on a panel, and his arms; as well as the six windows

setting forth the pedigree of his six wives. In the flat, beautifully decorated ceiling of the next room, called the Watching-chamber, you may see again those insignia of the House of Tudor: the portcullis and the rose. It was Henry, then, who built this magnificent Hall; the fate of Wolsey, who had given it to him, did not prevent him from enjoying the Palace by the river, or from taking pleasure in making it still more splendid. The tapestry belongs to that time, but was made in Flanders. If you go all round the hall, following one picture after another, you can trace the story of Abraham, from the call that came to him to leave his own country to the sacrifice of Isaac; see how wonderfully life-like the figures are, and look at the little details, how perfectly they are executed. Those grasses and ferns on the ground, the straggling bramble bushes and half-ripe blackberries, the moss, the toadstools are all so natural. There is some of Wolsey's tapestry in the Watching-chamber, but I must leave you to find out all about that for yourselves. Of course, as at Coventry, the colours of the tapestry have faded into duller tints; once it was gay with the brightest hues, as well as with sparkling threads of gold. We are glad when the sun shines in through the stained glass windows, and lights up the faint colouring, giving it life.

This ancient place seems full of Tudor memories; can you see the letters H. J. emblazoned up there in the ceiling of the Watching-chamber? They stand for Henry and Jane; that is, Jane Seymour, the mother of Edward VI. She died here, and her body lay in state in that very room. Her death followed directly upon the rejoicings throughout the country at the birth of a prince. The christening of the baby was here at Hampton Court, and

was celebrated with great pomp; we can picture the grand procession of nobles and gentlemen, bishops and clergy in their robes, choristers, and great ministers of state, Thomas Cromwell among them; then the infant prince carried in great state, and his half-sister, Mary, following behind as god-mother. The gloom of the great Hall was lit up by torches carried by servants, as this stately procession entered from the Watching-chamber. We see it moving slowly toward the entrance, passing down the wide stairway into the court, and so through the cloisters into the chapel. This was a very beautiful building then, but except for its fine decorated roof, its past glories have departed.

Years after that christening Edward was here as King, under the guardianship of Protector Somerset; but we pass over his reign, and that of Mary. It was during the time when Elizabeth was queen that the palace was most full of life and brightness and gaiety; you may see several portraits of her in the different rooms; we know her so well as she is represented in ruff and farthingale (large hoop), with reddish hair, and the white slender hands of which she was so vain. We cannot help lingering a little longer in the great hall, thinking of the many banquets and festivities that took place here, as well as in the watching-chamber close by, where companies of actors used to rehearse their parts when there was going to be a play or a masque. At Christmas time there was plenty of such amusement; and we can scarcely imagine *how* magnificent this hall must have been on one of those festive nights. How could they light it up? They hung little lamps right across below the roof on wires stretched over the whole space; so that, looking up, it must have seemed as if stars

were glimmering in the wonderful carved work up there. Besides these there were candles along the walls with gold or silver reflectors behind to throw out the light. Then think of the goodly company of guests assembled to look on at the play; the queen and her court; the stage set up just here in front of the minstrels' gallery, the gay scenery, the actors in their fanciful dresses coming in by the openings in the screens. They were allowed to have the pantry for their dressing-room, so you see the arrangement of the Hall fitted in very conveniently. When Elizabeth was succeeded by James I., this magnificence was continued, and it is very likely that Shakespeare himself may have performed here. The masques, which began with just "dressing up," as children love to do in their games, and which, as we have seen, Henry VIII. enjoyed quite as much, had become very splendid by this time.

Now at last we must say good-bye to the great Hall, and go downstairs again; before we see any more rooms, we should like to go out into the fresh air, and look for any traces that may be left of the Tudor gardens. People nearly always go to look at the great vine when they come here; that is not nearly as old as the time we have been thinking of, but it is in the same part of the grounds as the garden we are looking for. The buildings on this side are specially old and quaint-looking, the red brick deeper in tone; and just here we come to a small gate, beyond which lies the most old-fashioned little garden you can imagine. It is shut in by low brick walls, which in summer are covered with creeping plants; there are straight narrow paths, irregularly flagged, and flower-beds, where in the old days bloomed sweet-scented lavender and rosemary, violets, sweet-william, and other blossoms that are favourites

still in cottage gardens. In the centre is a small pond and fountain with steps leading down to them, and there used to be strange stone monsters on pedestals at the corners of this little plot of ground, which goes by the name of the Pond Garden. Here perhaps Queen Bess walked in stately fashion with her ladies, or in company with the Earl of Leicester, in the days when he was hoping to win her hand in marriage. Of course this is only a tiny fragment of the old gardens, which were laid out with sheltered walks, protected from the cold winds by close-clipped hedges of yew, for winter days; while in summer, there were shady bowers where one could sit, and gardens such as this to walk in.

Stuart Days.

The first Stuart Kings did not do much to change the Palace or its grounds. Very soon, indeed, Charles I. had other matters to think of, though he is remembered here for the great collection of pictures which he made. When his quarrel with Parliament had got as far as the Grand Remonstrance, and his attempt to seize the Five Members—(I am expecting you to know all this, you see, so I only mention the facts)—he came here with Queen Henrietta Maria and some of their children in a great hurry, for the uproar was so great in London that they were afraid to stay there. No one expected them at Hampton Court, so no preparations had been made, and we are told that they slept very uncomfortably that night. That was in 1642; some years later Charles was there again, but this time as a prisoner, though he was treated courteously, and allowed to see his friends. He was visited here, too, by Oliver

Cromwell, and many debates took place between them as to the terms of peace laid by the Army before the King. In the midst of all this an unexpected thing happened; one evening it was suddenly found that the King was missing. He had been busy writing letters in his private room, so had been left undisturbed; and meanwhile had left the Palace by a secret passage leading to the river-side. Accompanied by two attendants, he had crossed by boat to the south bank, and from there made his way to the Isle of Wight; only to be again made prisoner. After this there was no more hope of his coming to any agreement with Cromwell; it may well be that Charles could not conscientiously have accepted the terms laid before him; the pity is that he did not act sincerely, but tried to play off one party against the other while negotiating with both. We honour him because he was faithful to the Church in England, and suffered for his faithfulness; while yet we see that his belief in "Divine Right" and the absolute rule of kings led him to make many mistakes.

Our next picture of Hampton Court shows us the Parliamentary agents laying violent hands on the royal property; selling part of Charles's fine collection of paintings, and much of the old tapestry, though happily, as we have seen, some of it was kept. Even before this time the beauty of the chapel had been spoilt; and the stained glass of the windows broken and taken away by the Puritans. Cromwell came to live here when he was Lord Protector; and we have a pleasant picture of him seated in Henry VIII.'s Great Hall, listening to the strains of the beautiful organ which he had had brought there from Oxford. The player was no less a person than the poet Milton. The organ is not here now; it is in a fine

old Abbey in quite another part of England, and perhaps some day you will come on it by accident, and will hear, "This is the organ played by Milton." Then you will know it is the same that pealed out its solemn music in the Hall of Hampton Court.

Now we have come back from the Pond Garden to the newer part of the grounds, and are looking out on the stately avenues of lime trees that stretch away from this point towards the park; they were not here in Tudor days, nor did either Charles or Cromwell ever see them. It was the second Charles who planted them when he came to live here after the Restoration; you remember he had spent a good many years of his exile in France, so he fancied that the grounds would look most beautiful if they were laid out like the gardens he had seen at Versailles. He had been in Holland too, and perhaps it was in remembrance of that country that he made the canal over there which is called the Long Water, planting trees along its banks. Here in imagination we may meet with an old friend from our last chapter. I mean Mr. John Evelyn, who came to pay his respects to the new queen Catherine, and does not seem to have at all admired her Portuguese ladies. Nor did he care for her native music, which, he says, "consisted of pipes, harps, and very ill voices." He tells us about these very same avenues, and about the canal, which was then nearly finished. He too, wondered at the beauty of the tapestry in the Great Hall—the same we have seen; and he speaks of the pictures, and the collection of stags' antlers adorning the rooms.

The East Front.

Let us now turn from the gardens, and look at the long range of buildings forming the east front of the Palace. Think of the west side which we saw first of all, and tell me, which do you like best? Here too is red brick—but —"It is a much lighter red," you say, "and there are no black bricks." Yes, and the red is all of one tint, whereas in the Tudor buildings the bricks are of many varying depths of colour—some light, some crimson or purple. "And there is so much more white stone," you think, "and so many windows; oh, it is not a bit like Wolsey's building. It is so straight, and so grand, and all so much alike." Well, you are right; it is built in quite a different style of architecture from that of Tudor times, called the Renaissance, which began in Italy, and was an attempt to bring back the old Roman forms. Here at Hampton Court it is that particular kind of Renaissance architecture which was in fashion at the close of the seventeenth century. It has a certain grandeur and stateliness of its own, especially, perhaps, in the Fountain Court, which we are now going to see, passing once more into the Palace by the entrance on this side. Here we have again the brilliant contrast of red and white in the buildings which surround the quadrangle; there is a formal, stately dignity about them, and the carving and decoration is very beautiful. There are cloisters round the court, formed of rounded arches resting on square pillars, and we think how cool and pleasant it must be here on a hot summer's day.

These newer buildings have taken the place of a part of Wolsey's Palace, which was pulled down to make room for them. We want to know now by whose command this

was done, and who was the architect to carry out the order. It is somewhat curious that this great change in Hampton Court should have been the result of a much greater change which had taken place in England; so important was it, indeed, that we always call it The Revolution. At the end of our last chapter, we saw James II. taking flight from Whitehall; after that, he was no longer King of England, but his place was taken by William of Orange and his wife Mary. It was not only that there was a change of sovereigns; far more important than that is the fact that the right of William and Mary to reign rested entirely on the choice of Parliament, which had set aside the direct heir and changed the succession. No king since then has been able to claim "Divine Right," or to defy the will of the nation.

William, you know, was Dutch, not English by birth, and when he came with Mary to see his palace of Hampton Court, he was delighted with it. The flat banks of the river, and the canal in the grounds, bordered by lime-trees, reminded him of Holland; and he liked living out here in the country much better than being in London, where the smoke and fog oppressed him, and brought on the asthma by which he was so much troubled. Only he did not care for the ancient buildings, which very few people knew how to admire in those days; nor did he, being a stranger, feel any reverence for their past memories. He only thought he would like to make this Palace as grand as that of the French King, Louis XIV., at Versailles. It is true he was the greatest enemy Louis had, for it was the object of William's life to break the power of France, which at that time was so great as to be dangerous to the rest of Europe; yet he admired his magnificence, and tried to copy it at Hampton Court.

And the man to whom this great work was entrusted? Why, who should he be but the same one who at that very time was building the new St Paul's; if anyone could do what William wanted, it would be the great Christopher Wren. It was a difficult task, for he had to make it his aim so to build that the new should not clash painfully with the old; and it was not always possible to carry out his own ideas, and at the same time to please William. Well, we have seen his buildings from the outside, and from the Fountain Court, which he made in order to keep, as far as he could, to Wolsey's plan. Now let us go upstairs and take a brief glance at William and Mary's state apartments.

What a number of rooms there are, surrounding the central court on three sides, and looking either on that, or out on the gardens! Here is the King's Presence Chamber, where he would receive ambassadors from foreign sovereigns or deputations from his subjects. Look, it was beneath that very canopy of crimson damask that his throne was set. As a rule, the Dutch William was not liked by Englishmen, was he? He was too silent and unsociable, and did not take any trouble to make himself loved. Then people were angry at his shutting himself up in Hampton Court Palace instead of living in Whitehall and keeping up a gay court there. It was very inconvenient for his ministers to have to come all this way out from London every time they had to discuss affairs of state with the King. Part of the furniture we see in this room belongs to those days. Come and look at the carving over the fireplace; did you ever see any so delicate? and would you not almost think these were real leaves and flowers, and hanging fruit? They are all cut out of limewood. There

was only one man who could do such carving as this, yet he would probably not have risen so quickly to fame if John Evelyn had not found him one day by accident working all alone in a small cottage near Deptford. Evelyn was astonished at the beauty of the carving on which the young man was engaged, and spoke of him to Charles II., who employed him at Windsor. Grinling Gibbons was the name of this artist; there has never been such a wonderful carver in wood as he was, so no wonder William, or perhaps Wren, asked him to decorate the doors and fireplaces of some of these rooms. You may see some of his work in St Paul's Cathedral.

But we have been a long time in the Presence Chamber, and must hurry on; passing through several others, we come into the state bedroom where William slept; there is a ceiling very gorgeously painted, such as we may see in some of the other chambers. A little further on is the King's Writing Closet, a little oak-panelled room, where we may fancy William spent a good deal of his time alone, busy with letters, often anxious, troublesome ones. He had a private way out into the gardens by a little door in the wainscotting, which you can just see if you look carefully. In all these rooms there are paintings by many different artists, often very valuable and full of interest; but I have no time to tell you about these. The Queen's rooms look out on the Great Fountain Garden and King Charles's avenues and canal; it was in William and Mary's time that this garden was finished, and the Broad Walk, which everybody knows, was made.

What did Queen Mary do while William was busy attending to affairs of state and foreign wars? I do not think she spent very much of her time in these grand

rooms. She had had a charming little retreat got ready for her down by the river—a little house called the Water Gallery—and she liked best to be there with her ladies; she was very fond of needlework, and would sit for hours on the balcony in summer weather, sewing busily, and watching the boats on the Thames. Have you noticed those China jars and vases in some of the rooms? They belonged to Mary, who set the fashion of collecting blue and white china from Holland; it came to be quite a rage among the fine ladies of the time to do the same thing.

"The Rape of the Lock"

Shall we look at one more picture of life before we leave Hampton Court? "Is it a true one?" you ask. It is and it is not; partly the thing really happened, and partly it is fancy. This time not *our* fancy, though, but that of the great poet of the beginning of the eighteenth century, Alexander Pope, who himself visited the old Palace sometimes. In one of his poems he paints a lively picture for us of life at Hampton Court in the reign of Queen Anne. We see a gaily-painted barge sailing on the river, and in it is a party of ladies and gentlemen of fashion; they are dressed just like the people in Addison's "Spectator," which I told you about some time ago. We wonder most at the width of the ladies' rich brocade petticoats, stiffened with wire; their curled and befrizzled hair, and high head-dresses. The beaux of the party are very imposing too, wearing those huge curled periwigs we have seen before, and coats with very long wide skirts, much decorated with lace and embroidery; ruffles at the wrists; and high-heeled shoes. These fashionable folk are on

their way to Hampton Court, most likely to visit some of their grand friends in the Palace. The belle of the company is the fair Belinda, who is enjoying so much all the delights of this water excursion, the sunshine on the calm river, the soft sounds of the music that accompanies them, that she has quite forgotten her warning dream of that morning. Her pet lap-dog, Shock, woke her out of it suddenly by jumping on her bed, so that the vision of the fairy-like being who called himself a Sylph, and who told her to be on her guard against some great danger that day, has quite faded out of her mind. She does not know that there are numbers of these tiny Sylphs, invisible to mortal eyes, ready to protect her, though they are ignorant of what the evil is which threatens the beautiful maid; it may be that some harm will come to her new gown, or to her pet Shock. (Pope suggests gently, you see, that a lady of fashion could not have worse troubles than these accidents would be.)

Now at last the old red walls and towers of Hampton Court come into view, and the barge is rowed up to the landing-place. The gentlemen, carrying amber snuff-boxes and Malacca canes, which are all the mode, assist the ladies to alight, with many bows and polite courtesies. One of these beaux is called by Pope the "Baron"; he does not give any of the party their real names. This gentleman is greatly smitten by Belinda's beauty, and especially admires the two long curls that hang down over her fair neck; "if only," he thinks, "he might possess one of these treasures, what a happy man he would be! Dare he, can he, steal one?" He has to bide his time, and meanwhile the Sylphs are watching. Now we have a pretty picture of court life at the Palace; the fashionable party

are seated with their friends in one of the quaint, stately drawing-rooms looking out on the trim gardens and avenues. It is just such a chamber as those we have been passing through, with panelled walls and painted ceiling; there are deep window-seats where Belinda or Clarissa can sit chatting with the Baron—or with that other gentleman called Sir Plume. Some rest on chairs or couches covered with Queen Mary's beautiful embroidery; there are high mirrors and delicate porcelain in the room. We can hear a buzz of conversation going on: all the court gossip is being told in this corner, news about Queen Anne in another; here one lady is describing the newest Indian screen she saw the other day, and another is telling about the last ball she was at.

After a time something more exciting is proposed, and they play at the fashionable card game called ombre; then the servants bring in all the necessary apparatus for making the coffee, for the ladies of the party like to do that themselves, grinding the berries in a little mill and boiling the water over a silver lamp. Now they are all sipping the fragrant drink from dainty china cups; and at this critical moment the Baron sees his opportunity. No one notices except faithless Clarissa, who hands him a glittering pair of scissors; and of course, the Sylphs, who see the danger now really at hand, and vainly try to blow aside the lady's hair, or tug with all their little might at one of her ear-rings. Clip! The curl is cut off, while Belinda's head is bent over her coffee-cup, and a valiant Sylph who has interposed his airy form is also cut in two—"But airy substance soon unites again," says the poet, consolingly. But now the deed is done, what a scream arises when the indignant Belinda finds what has happened! What a com-

motion there is in the Palace, and what quarrelling among the belles and beaux, would take too long to tell you now. Some day you must finish the story for yourselves in the poem called "The Rape of the Lock"; Pope wrote it in this half-serious, half-laughing way so that the people who were really quarrelling because a gentleman *had* cut off a lady's curl, might not be able to help laughing too, and so would make up and be friends.

There were other gay parties after that in the Palace in the reigns of the first two Georges; and much worse quarrels, I am sorry to say. There were dull times and merry times, but nothing happened as interesting as what had gone before. Since the death of George II. no English sovereign has lived there. It was one of the many kind acts of Queen Victoria to throw the Palace open to all visitors, so that we may go to see it on almost any day we like.

And now we stand again outside Wolsey's entrance gateway, and take a last look at the silent walls and towers, which, could they speak, would have many more stories to tell us of the great Cardinal himself, as well as his successors here. Just as it is true that the halls and chambers we have seen to-day are only a part of the huge Palace, and that there remain still quaint courts, old-world rooms and galleries that we have not visited, so too we know that the pictures of history we carry away in our minds are only a little fragment of the interest that can be found here. The gates are just about to be shut, for the red winter sun is going down over there beyond the bridge; and we leave the Palace to its quiet inhabitants and its old, old memories of the past.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Hall of Great Events.

Look at this picture of days long, long ago. A broad tidal river overflowing its banks and forming wide marshes, with here and there an upstanding island. One of these, a wild spot at first, covered with thorn and bush—called, indeed, Thorney, meaning, "The Isle of Bramble"—is chosen very early for the site of a little rudely-built Christian church. We should think such a place would be quite inaccessible to travellers; but no, for just here the water between the island and the rising ground further away from the bank is very shallow, so that a man can wade through. When the tide is ebbing, indeed, it is quite easy to do so. There is a ford, too, from the island to the opposite shore of the river; people have to travel far up stream before they can find another. So it is no wonder that this island has become known as a convenient place for crossing. By and by we see a larger church being built where the first one stood, and forming part of a Benedictine abbey; then a king settles near with his court and builds himself a palace close to the waterside. The marsh is gradually being drained and turned into cultivated fields and meadows, but little streams, as well as the great river on one side, still protect the higher ground on which the buildings stand,

and make it still an island. Years pass on, and the palace grows in extent and beauty; a fine hall is added to it; a wall is built around it, and gates are erected. Then we see the Abbey church rebuilt; slowly and bit by bit, under different kings, becoming ever more glorious and beautiful; the monastery precinct, a little town in itself, is, like the palace, surrounded by a wall enclosing it with its church from the outer world.

Come back to that same spot to-day, by the same river, and what do we see now? Ah, I know you are ready to answer, for I promised that we should see Westminster again, and the Thames; so I need not tell you that I have been talking about the palace which we generally call Edward the Confessor's, and about his beautiful church, finished just at the time of his death; but built afresh in Plantagenet times. That at least, the Abbey of Westminster, which we know so well, is here still; and how glad we are that is so, and that its old grey walls, its glorious arches and clustered pillars have not been destroyed by any Great Fire. Looking round us, we can indeed scarcely understand that this ground on which we stand could ever have been an island. Where once the marshes lay extended, cheerless and desolate, are busy streets, huge buildings, and lines of houses; the little streams that flowed into the Thames have all disappeared, nor do we see any wall or gates of stone. There is no ford now across the Thames, nor is it needed, for there is Westminster Bridge on our left. But the king's palace? Well, I ask you, is it there?

The King's Palace.

It is just possible that now you are a little bit puzzled how to answer. For there is a group of splendid buildings with towers and pinnacles, close to the river bank. "But then," you say, "I thought those were the Houses of Parliament." So they are, but think a moment. Have you never heard them called the "Palace of Westminster?" No sovereign lives there, so that is only a name given for the sake of old association, really because where those Houses now stand was once the old palace of Edward the Confessor, and of all our kings after him down to the time of Henry VIII. Is there nothing left of it now? Nothing old at all? We shall see in a moment; meanwhile I must tell you that it is not nearly a hundred years yet since a great part of the King's Palace of Westminster was still standing. Then came a great fire, and destroyed it nearly —not quite—all, so that new buildings had to be erected where Parliament might meet. They were opened during Queen Victoria's reign.

The great Clock Tower, in which Big Ben booms out the passing hours, is nearly in front of where we are standing; it belongs to the new Houses. But close to it there really is a part of the old Palace, nearly all that is left of it. To see this we must cross the road, and enter the wide space enclosed by railings, called New Palace Yard. Once, you see, it *was* new, when William Rufus built his great Hall as an addition to the Confessor's palace, and said boastfully that, splendid as it was, it was only as a bed-chamber in comparison with the whole of the great new palace he meant to raise—and never did! But this great space was then, and always afterwards, the outer court or

bailey of the building. Old Palace Yard, which lies between the Parliament Houses and the Abbey, was the inner court.

Is, then, the great doorway in front of us, with the mullioned window above it, the front of the Hall that Rufus built? Not actually, but Westminster Hall, at which we are now looking, does stand on the site of his building, and its walls are composed partly of the stone which he used. In that old Norman Hall many interesting things happened, which belong, as do most of the events we shall think about in this chapter, to the gradual growth of our rule of law and liberty in England. That is a thing that concerns you and me and everyone, and it is good for us to know with what difficulty and trouble our privileges were won for us.

The Growth of Freedom.

We have spoken of charters before, such as that one given by William the Conqueror to London, but the Magna Charta was a much wider thing, since it was for the whole nation, and all the rights won for Englishmen in later times were based upon that. The signing of the Great Charter at Runnymede was not the end of the matter, though; you know what struggles the barons and clergy had afterwards to make the kings keep their promises. There was Henry III.; scenes passed between him and his lieges, painted for us by Roger of Wendover or Matthew of Paris, which took place at the old palace, at any rate, some of them in the Great Hall itself. We see the young king with his minister, Hubert de Burgh, beside him, confronted by Stephen Langton, the great Archbishop and

the barons. They will give Henry no aid in money till the Charter is confirmed. Years after, when his promise has been broken again and again, he is once more obliged to submit. It is a very solemn scene, and very terrible for the king, we should think, for there stand the bishops and nobles with lighted tapers in their hands. The Archbishop pronounces a sentence of excommunication against anyone who shall hereafter break the Great Charter; and, as he says the words, the tapers are extinguished and dashed on the ground. Then Henry very solemnly renews his oath; surely not to break it again!

Alas! He forgets very soon, and there are the old complaints and grievances once more, of foreign favourites and waste of the nation's treasure. So we have one more picture of him, and this time we think it must be in the Great Hall of Rufus. Henry finds himself again among his barons, but now they appear armed from head to foot. "Am I then a prisoner?" he asks, looking from one stern, determined face to another. They tell him what it means, and it really amounts to this: that since he can choose only evil advisers, he must hand over his authority to ministers of their appointment. This scene is almost the beginning of the Barons' War. It leaves the struggle as yet far from decided, but it shows us that Englishmen even then had made up their minds that the king was not above the law, and that his ministers were to be responsible to them as well as to the sovereign.

Parliaments sat in the King's Hall. There was the assembly called by Simon de Montfort of which you have often heard, when for the first time burgesses from the towns came to sit with knights of the shires, barons, and clergy. As years passed away, other rooms in the palace

WESTMINSTER HALL AND THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

were used for these gatherings, and then Parliament was separated into two Houses. The Lords sat in the Painted Chamber; the Commons went to the Abbey Chapter House close by. Now then, you see, other classes besides the baronage and the clergy were represented in Parliament, which was becoming the great national assembly.

Westminster Hall and its Surroundings.

Now I think the time has really come when we may go into Westminster Hall, and see it as it is now. Pass with me through the arched doorway. We find ourselves in a great and spacious hall of stone, lighted by many windows high up on each side. Just opposite to us is a wide flight of steps under a lofty archway, and above is a great window filled with stained glass. But the chief glory of the Hall, and the oldest part of it, is the grand oak roof, though it has not nearly so much decoration and rich carving as the one we saw at Hampton Court. It is more massive, and glorious in its greater simplicity, while it covers a much larger space. Look up at the huge beams of timber; we are fortunate if the sunshine comes pouring in to light up the carved angels bearing shields. Do you see the designs cut in stone running all round the walls under the windows? There is one especially, of a white hart lying down, which comes again and again, though one carving is never quite the same as another. What is the meaning of this, we wonder, and will it give us any clue as to who was the builder of this beautiful hall? Yes, for the white hart chained (you can always see the chain) was the favourite badge of Richard II; and there too is his crest, the lion standing on a helm. It was he who raised this

lofty Hall in the place of the one built by Rufus; it has been very much altered since, but the roof, its chief beauty, is still the same. He completed it in 1398, just in time to keep his Christmas there with all the splendour that he loved so well. We have met with Richard already several times, have we not? In Smithfield with Wat Tyler's peasant followers; in the same place at a splendid tournament; and now we see him banqueting in his palace only a few short months before his downfall, of which the splendid hall he had built was to be the silent witness. On that sad day Richard himself is not there, for he is a prisoner in the Tower, but Lords and Commons are assembled in Westminster Hall, and the charges against the king of misgovernment are read out. He is deposed by his own subjects, and then his cousin, Henry of Lancaster, rises from his place among the peers, and claims the vacant throne. He is elected by the voice of Parliament; and by that right, as you know, he reigned, and his son and grandson after him. In their time, then, Parliament was strong.

Come out again for a moment into the courtyard, and let us try to imagine what the Palace was like in those days. Remember there was a wall all round the building, even along the Thames bank; it was pierced with gates, the finest of all, on the side furthest from the river, built by Richard himself, and called the High-gate. On the opposite side was an arched gateway leading to the King's Stairs by the waterside. Just where Westminster Bridge now begins, there was a wool-market in those days, and a very important one. Near it, opposite the hall, was the old Clock Tower, and in the courtyard a bubbling fountain which on great holidays poured out a stream of

red wine instead of water. There was a gate, too, which led from Old Palace Yard into the monastery precincts. For the monks of the Abbey had always very close relations with the Palace.

The Council Room, which went by the name of the Star Chamber, stood very near the river, almost indeed where our Clock Tower is now. The ancient Exchequer Chamber was close by; here, in still older times, the King's Sheriffs came to present their accounts to the Barons' Court. Later, however, this Court was moved to the north-west side of the Great Hall.

Now again we can fancy Cardinal Wolsey in his barge, rowed down from his palace at Hampton Court. We can see him alighting in state at the landing-place, and coming through the gateway to take his place as judge in Westminster Hall; or he might come by road, riding on his mule covered with rich trappings, as was more often the custom. The King's Bench and Chancery Courts were held at the further end of the Hall, opposite to the door at which we went in. You know the pretty story of Sir Thomas More, how when he was presiding over the one court, he was not ashamed, great and famous man as he was, to cross over to the other side where his father, Sir John More, sat as judge, to ask his blessing before he began his day's work. This he did morning by morning, so that we are not surprised that later he was so reverenced and loved by his own children. It was in this same Westminster Hall that his trial took place, and that he was condemned to death. You know we saw him brought back in the barge to his prison in the Tower, weak from long confinement and leaning on his staff.

Meanwhile, over there in the Chapter House belonging to

the Abbey, statutes are being enacted of tremendous meaning; we have heard of them before: the Act of Supremacy, the Acts suppressing monasteries. The Commons will not meet much longer in the Chapter House; in the next reign they too, like the Lords, sit in the Palace, only by themselves in St. Stephen's Chapel. Henry VIII., you see, had gone to Whitehall, and from that time Westminster has ceased to be the royal residence.

The Stuarts.

But the Great Hall has not told us nearly all its story yet. We have been talking about the Tudor period, when the kings were strong, and not the Parliament; but by the beginning of the seventeenth century a new middle class had grown up—country gentlemen, with property of their own, and opinions of their own too—and many of these sat in the parliaments of James I. and Charles I. Here is one picture in Westminster Hall, which we enter again, that we may be better able to see it. It is the trial of Strafford, the King's great minister, before the Lords, the Commons being his accusers. You see how far that principle has got now, which was only at its beginning in the reign of Henry III.: that the men who advise the king, and act for the king, and are chosen by him, are yet responsible to the nation for their doings. There is Charles himself present with his Queen, only hidden by that curtain of arras, listening to the whole of the proceedings, but powerless to stop them or to save his friend. The judges sit in state, the Commons on either side; and Strafford, proud and fearless as ever, stands before them, and makes his defence. We are shown by the tablet here in the floor, as

exactly as can be known, where he stood. You must read the doings of the Long Parliament if you want to know how the trial ended.

You remember, in our last chapter, the hurried departure of King Charles from Whitehall, and his brief stay at Hampton Court? The fortnight before that event was a most anxious, tumultuous one in London, and especially at Westminster, where Parliament was sitting. The Grand Remonstrance, setting forth the misgovernment of the reign, had been published, and was in the hands of everyone; the streets were thronged with people, partly perhaps holiday-makers, for it was just after Christmas; yet it seemed that they were there chiefly to express their discontent. It was a dangerous time, for besides all these there were a great many of the King's disbanded soldiers, who had lately been with him in Scotland; they hung about Whitehall, and sometimes even came to blows with the Londoners. That happened here in Westminster Hall, which in those days seems to have been quite a public place; for there were little shops along by the walls, where books and other wares were sold. We hear of the King's men, who just at this time got the name of "Cavaliers," chasing some of the citizens about the Hall; *they* got the nickname of "Roundheads," because of the Puritan fashion of cropping the hair. Everyone seems to have felt that the crisis of the struggle between Charles and his Parliament was at hand.

Come then, let us imagine ourselves here in Westminster Hall between one and two o'clock on a January afternoon in the year 1642. Business is going on in the shops, but there is a stir of excitement among the people, for it is known that messengers have been

coming and going between Whitehall and Westminster during the last few days; and it is whispered that the King has some design against several of the chief members of Parliament. The Commons have been sitting this morning in St. Stephen's Chapel close by, and, after an hour's interval, have just resumed their debates. Everyone around us is talking about these rumours, when suddenly a murmur of voices is heard outside, and then a cry. "The King is coming, and is bringing soldiers with him!" No one quite knows what it means, but there is a general panic; the shops are hastily closed, and the Hall is cleared. Only we, being invisible, stay to see what is about to happen.

As we listen breathlessly, through all the hubbub and confusion outside we hear the steady tramp of armed men; now they pour, several hundred of them, through the doorway, yeomen of the King's guard, cavaliers in plumed hats and love locks, and form into line along both sides of the Hall. King Charles comes last, walking with quick, determined step, and passes through the long lane of armed men, till he reaches the archway that leads to the cloister of the Palace; entering by this, he begins to ascend the stairs to the Chapel of St. Stephen. He has bidden his followers to stay behind in Westminster Hall, but many of them, in spite of his command, crowd after him. We follow too, and are privileged to enter with the King and his nephew, after loud knocking, into the stately Chapel where sit the representatives of the English people, and where "never king was, but once King Henry VIII." The door is kept open, for some of the armed men are standing just at the entrance; but bold as they are, they dare not enter, for Charles has bidden them "on their lives not to come in."

Is this grave assembly of gentlemen, for the most part plainly dressed, taken by surprise? It does not seem so, for they rise very quietly at the King's entrance, uncovering their heads; he glances round quickly, as if looking for some one in particular, but cannot find him. The Speaker leaves his chair, and Charles stands beside it; then, in slow and stammering tones demands the five members he has come to seek, and to arrest as traitors. There is no answer; then, "Is Mr. Pym here?" he asks. Again that stern, sullen silence; and then the King questions the Speaker as to where these men are. You know the answer so well: "May it please your Majesty, I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place, but as the House is pleased to direct me." Spoken kneeling, and ever so humbly, it means this: that the sovereign has no right to interfere with the liberties of Parliament. "I see all my birds are flown," says Charles bitterly, and retires baffled; and as he goes, the long silence is broken at last by angry mutterings of "Privilege! Privilege."

You know why Pym, Hampden, and the three others were not to be found; that only just as the King reached the door of Westminster Hall they had left the Chapel. If Charles had been a few minutes earlier, there might have been bloodshed, for his followers were quite ready to use violence in case of resistance. What did the Commons mean by their cries of "Privilege," do you ask? Charles had to hear that same word repeated again and again the next few days in the streets by an angry people. It meant that he had offended against the rights and privileges of Parliament by attempting to lay his hand on any of its members in an unlawful way. When next you go to see the Houses of the Lords and Commons, do not forget to

stop in the Peers' corridor to look at the picture of Speaker Lenthal making his brave speech on his knees before the King.

Do I hear some one asking where the archway is by which Charles passed from Westminster Hall into St. Stephen's Chapel? It is not there now; you will only find a tablet to mark the place where it used to be.

There is another spot, over there on the steps, where you may often see a group of people bending over the inscription which tells why it is memorable. I need not tell you what they are reading, for no one goes to see the Houses of Parliament without visiting the place where "Charles Stuart, King of England" stood before his self-appointed judges and was condemned to death. This was not the act of the people of England—"not of the tenth part of them," you remember the wife of General Fairfax cried out from the gallery. Nor did it end the struggle for absolute monarchy, or the next scene we are to look at would not have taken place.

Westminster Hall is crowded from end to end for another great trial, this time before the judges of the King's Bench, which you remember sat at that upper end before the great staircase was made. The accused are seven in number: the Bishops who have signed a petition to James II., against his illegal Declaration of Indulgence. If ever men were loyal to their sovereign, these are: Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury; Ken, the brave and holy man who has never been afraid to stand up for the right before the highest in the land; "We honour you, but we fear God," he said to James; and five others. Yet they are now accused of seditious libel because they have said that the Declaration is unlawful. Well, you know how the trial ends;

the jury give their verdict, "Not guilty," and at once a great ringing shout goes up from the crowd of spectators, and is echoed back from the great oak roof. The people outside in New Palace Yard and on the river bank take up the joyful cry; everyone is on the side of the Bishops. Why is it? Because the Declaration of Indulgence was contrary to the laws of the land, and James claimed to set himself as king above the law.

The Revolution.

Only a short time has passed, and now we see the Great Hall full of life and joy and colour. It is the coronation banquet of William and Mary. Many such feastings have been held here after the hallowing of other kings and queens in the Abbey; but this one represents the triumph of the people. The succession has been changed; and perhaps there is one anxious moment when, according to ancient custom, the champion, armed from head to foot, and mounted on a noble horse, rides into Westminster hall. The royal herald is beside him to proclaim the challenge to the enemies of the new sovereigns; the gauntlet is dashed on the ground; let anyone who dares to dispute the claim of William and Mary take it up!

Did anyone come forward? Evening was fast coming on, and the Great Hall was deep in shadow; it seems that in the twilight people fancied they saw things. Else why was that queer story told afterwards of an old woman on crutches coming forward to pick up the glove? Most likely the Jacobites got up the tale so as to throw ridicule on the coronation feast.

"Greater Britain."

It is quite clear, then, that Westminster Hall is a silent witness to the growth of our national liberties: and to growth of another kind too, as we shall see, which is still going on. The eighteenth century was the time when England was fast extending her empire beyond the seas; you remember Wolfe at Quebec, and Clive in India? Many of the great statesmen who passed through this hall on their way to St. Stephen's Chapel or the old House of Lords, cared greatly about these beginnings of "Greater Britain." There is the Earl of Chatham, almost with his last breath protesting passionately against the giving up of our American Colonies—which nevertheless have to go. There are Fox and Burke pleading for the better government of our dominions in India, won bit by bit by the East India Company, whose charter dates from the reign of Elizabeth. And here is Westminster Hall itself, in 1788, crowded again for one more great trial. Peers sit as judges, and the Commons are the accusers; we are looking on at the famous impeachment of Warren Hastings. What a wonderful scene it is! The walls of the chamber are draped in scarlet; the peers in their robes are one blaze of colour. Queen Charlotte is present with the princes and princesses; there are men and women there whose names are famous in art and literature. And the man who stands at the bar, small in stature, with pale face and high, powerful forehead! He has had a long splendid career; from the time when he was a boy at Westminster School close by, he has won all the prizes and carried all before him. He has done a tremendous work in India, as Governor-General; has brought in a better system of government, won the af-

fection of the natives, crushed the enemies of British rule; why then does he stand here? Edmund Burke, who leads the impeachment, accuses him, in a torrent of eloquent words, of oppression and misgovernment. But there are different opinions about it, and it is hard to get at the truth.

The trial drags on for seven years, and at last, near the end of the century, Warren Hastings is acquitted of all the charges brought against him. Yet he is not quite clear of blame; some violent and unjust acts he has done. The importance of his trial lies in this: it laid down the great principle of righteous government in all the dominions belonging to Great Britain; everywhere the very poorest native should live under a rule of justice. It would be terrible indeed if it were not so; if England, that fought so hard for her own liberties, should refuse to give the same to others.

There are no trials held now in the great Hall, and no coronation banquets; it is simply the entrance hall to the Houses of Parliament. One wonderful scene did indeed take place there at the very end of the nineteenth century, when the people came in their thousands to do honour to the great statesman who had just died, and whose body lay in state in the hall of Richard II. That statesman was Mr. Gladstone; there have always been different opinions about his political work, but that day showed how he was reverenced as a great and good man. Slowly, very slowly, the long line of people passed silently through New Palace Yard into Westminster Hall where the bier stood. His tomb is close by in the Abbey, where other great statesmen of whom we have spoken are also buried.

* * * * * * * *

The Abbey.

Come, we will finish our visit to Westminster by crossing the road to the great and glorious church of Henry III. We may go into the chapel of St. Edward, and remember the king who first built the Abbey; there is his shrine, and around it are the tombs of other English sovereigns. There is the simple monument of marble which marks the resting-place of that great Plantagenet, Edward I., as well as the more splendid tomb of his father, poor weak King Henry, whom we have seen bearded by his barons over in the old Palace by the river. Others are here whom we have seen in our pictures of history at one time or another. Queen Philippa, whom we heard of from Froissart; the effigy on her tomb is said to be a real portrait. She was one of the best of the queens, brave and yet full of tenderness. We must look at Richard II., and think of him once more, for have we not been spending a long time in his beautiful Hall? The effigy of gilt brass is a true likeness of what he was in his later years. Anne of Bohemia, the wife he loved so passionately, lies beside him; he should be holding her hand in his, only that both arms were broken off long ago by Puritan soldiers. Look, there is Richard's badge of the white hart, as well as other devices. The chantry of Henry V. is close by, and we can see his shield, helmet, and saddle. We can go into the lovely chapel of Henry VII., Tudor in its style of building, and look again for the portcullis and the rose in the windows and decorations. It is strange that the two rival queens, Elizabeth and Mary Stuart, should both rest here; the Abbey may well be called "the temple of silence and reconciliation."

But we might go over the whole range of English history

if we wanted to see all the monuments here; no one could do that in one visit, for it would take years to know them all. We came in here really to rest and think; so we will go and sit down where we can best see the glorious choir and nave. These lofty pointed arches and clustering pillars are better, I think, than anything else we have seen; they speak to us of heavenward longing and of highest aims. Some of the lives we have touched in our attempt at realising history seem like these aspiring arches, not satisfied with anything but the best. There is St. Alban, setting his new-born faith higher than life itself; and Wystan, gladly giving up an earthly crown because he caught a glimpse of one that should be everlasting. Day dreams of chivalry and knightly honour; hopes of winning back the Holy City, stirring in the heart of every true Crusader; we saw such things as these in the Knights of St. John, and in men like Sir Walter Manny. There was love of knowledge among the tumultuous scholars at Oxford; love of poverty for Christ's sake in the early Franciscans. We have seen kindly deeds, such as leave sweet fragrance behind them; as in Rahere's Hospital, Wykeham's College, and Sutton's School. And we have met with patriotic men, who fought or suffered for freedom's sake, or who looked on to the good of future generations, building for them, laying up for them, writing for them. It is true we have come across some people who failed through their own selfishness or ambition; but we do not think much about them just now, as we linger in the solemn stillness of the old Abbey. The others seem nearer to us; for it is the lives of those who have aspired that make us want to aspire too.

THE END

W. Jolly & Sons, Printers, Aberdeen.

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